

ARNOLD R. TRIMMER:

REMINISCENCES OF THE NUMBER ONE RANCH

IN CARSON VALLEY, NEVADA

Interviewee: Arnold R. Trimmer

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Description

Arnold R. Trimmer, a native of California, spent nearly his entire life in Carson Valley. His parents moved from Diamond Valley, California, to the historic Frey ranch at the outskirts of Genoa in 1909, when he was a child of four. Mr. Trimmer attended schools in Genoa and a few miles away at the Douglas County High School.

At an early age, Arnold Trimmer developed a great curiosity about why things happened and what made machinery work. His interest in the history of Carson Valley is nearly all-consuming. Because of this deep, imaginative inquisitiveness, Mr. Trimmer has made Carson Valley his own. The early people of the area—Lucky Bill Thorington and Snowshoe Thompson, for example—are as familiar to him as if they were his neighbors. His knowledge of the activities of great and lesser-known people of Carson Valley makes him a repository of considerable note.

Mr. Trimmer made a living by ranching and raising hay and cattle. Perhaps nowhere in printed literature are there such detailed discussions of people and their artifacts in such a small milieu. Historians in the future will find his descriptions of farm equipment and its uses most instructive. Scholars will also find very engaging the depiction of everyday life on the ranches, in the forest, and in the towns of Carson Valley. No detail is too small to have escaped Arnold Trimmer's analytical attention.

Mr. Trimmer's contributions to the local historical society and volunteer fire department are numerous and important. He presents sketches and folklore of Valley people, discussions of community life, a chapter on logging in the nearby Sierra Nevada, descriptions of family life, observations on changes in home and ranch practices, and a retrospective conclusion.

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An Oral History Conducted by Kathryn M. Totton

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler’s meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Arnold R. Trimmer is a California native, who has spent nearly his entire life in Carson Valley. His parents moved from Diamond Valley, California to the historic Frey ranch at the outskirts of Genoa in 1909, when he was a child of four. Mr. Trimmer attended schools in Genoa and a few miles away at the Douglas County High School.

Very early, it appears, Arnold Trimmer developed a great curiosity about why things happened and what made machinery work. His interest in the history of Carson Valley is nearly all-consuming. Because of this deep, imaginative inquisitiveness, Mr. Trimmer has made Carson Valley's history his own. The early people of the area—Lucky Bill Thorrington and Snowshoe Thompson, for example— are as familiar to him as his neighbors on Genoa Lane. His knowledge of the activities of great and lesser-known people of Carson Valley makes him a repository of considerable note.

Mr. Trimmer is a rancher by occupation. In addition to absorbing the Valley's history, he has made a living by raising hay and cattle,

and meanwhile has sharpened his powers of observation along with the machinery. Perhaps nowhere in printed literature are there such detailed discussions of people and their artifacts in such a small milieu. Historians in the future will find his descriptions of farm equipment and its uses most instructive. Scholars will also find very engaging the depiction of everyday life on the ranches, in the forest, and in the towns of Carson Valley. No detail is too small to have escaped Arnold Trimmer's analytical attention.

His intense interest in the affairs of Carson Valley has made Mr. Trimmer a valued member of the community as well. His contributions to the local historical society and volunteer fire department are numerous and important.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Program, Mr. Trimmer accepted readily, expressing considerable interest and—naturally—curiosity about the process. He was a cooperative, full, hospitable chronicler of Carson Valley's and his own history through seventeen taping sessions, all at his home on

the Number One ranch where he has lived for seventy-four years, between November, 1981 and April, 1982.

Mr. Trimmer's review of his oral history resulted in only a few changes for clarification and no changes in language. The memoir includes sketches and folklore of Valley people, discussions of community life, a chapter on logging in the nearby Sierra Nevada, descriptions of family life, observations on changes in home and ranch practices, and a retrospective conclusion.

The Oral History Program of the University of Nevada Reno Library preserves the past and the present for future research by tape recording the memoirs of people who have been important participants and observers of the development of Nevada and the West. Resulting transcripts are deposited in the University Libraries at Reno and Las Vegas. Mr. Trimmer has graciously donated the literary rights in his oral history to the University of Nevada, and has designated the memoir as open for research.

Kathryn M. Totton
University of Nevada-Reno
1983

PARENTS' EXPERIENCES IN DIAMOND VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, ARRIVING JUNE 26, 1858

When my family first moved to Diamond Valley, they lived in a log cabin to start with. Then after the family left in 1867, went back, stayed a year in Missouri and a year in Kansas and come back, then they got their property right there northeastward from where they first lived. They also lived in a log cabin there for a while before they built the home.

Of course, the pond that was in connection right close there, well, that was the swimming pool for the youngsters [laughs] - And 'course, they raised ducks in the pond that way, had chickens. In the way of food they raised potatoes and garden vegetables and turnips, peas, cabbage, tomatoes. 'Course, cabbage, a lot of it was put up in the fall as sauerkraut and then used throughout the winter quite a while.

Kathryn M. Totton: You made your own sauerkraut with the big crocks and all?

Oh, yes, in big crocks; they a lot of times used the barrels even. Then later, sometimes, they even canned it later for the winters to

keep it from going too sour. It was good sauerkraut. We made it many a year here. I have a cutter out here in the cellar. When we had more help that way when there's all handwork in farming, we put up quite a barrel here of sauerkraut.

What did you eat with the sauerkraut?

Well, you used it with potatoes and meat and that. Just use it like you'd use peas or corn, just take out a little and use it on it that way, being prepared by cooking.

Of course, all the places had apple trees and they'd use a cider press and make some fresh cider to drink, and then also put up a barrel that'd turn to vinegar in time. So, there was very little vinegar purchased that way. It was apple cider vinegar.

How long did that take for it to turn to vinegar?

Well, the first fermentation makes the—what you might call hard cider—alcohol. Then, it'll start again and referment from the

sugar and turn into vinegar. So sometimes, it's two or three months before the vinegar is finally made. They generally add a little of what they call "mother" from an older barrel, or sometimes put the molasses on a piece of brown paper and put in, it'll help to start the "mother" and help it to make it turn into vinegar. [Laughs] Sounds funny to you, but that's the way they did. 'Course, where they had a barrel that way, they'd get a little of the "mother" out—it was kind of a grayish-white, and kind of stuck together—get a piece and put in a new barrel and then it'll make vinegar faster. Those things in farming that you saw years ago, well, you don't see too much now [chuckles].

Back here in Genoa in the old newspaper in 1902 in November, the editor of the newspaper said Steve Kinsey—that's right across the street from us in that brick house here on the other side—had a large orchard and he made fresh cider, sold it, then they'd boil it to a hard cider. They don't exactly boil it; they hold about 140 degrees for about ten minutes and then you can put it up and it keeps. And he said, he announced that his hard cider was now ready for sale, and the newspaper editor, Smith, stated, "I just had a sample, and I know it's good!" [Laughter]

That was the way the newspaper states it. I could get it, I think I have the copy right here. Yeah, he was vouching for that sample [laughs].

At the old home in Diamond Valley, the barn was quite a ways from the house. It was built that way; they figured in case of a fire that they'd only lose one or the other, because there were no fire departments in those days or anything. That was the object behind the distance between the two.

Another thing that was done in the early days, take the saloon here in Genoa and the

lodge hall, and also the stone building in between. In the case of the saloon, there was a layer of bricks, the floor laid over the ceiling joist, and a layer of brick laid over them so the roof could burn off and the fire wouldn't get through to the building inside. You see, they'd put a flooring on top of the ceiling joist, then put a layer of brick in the saloon. Well, I saw here in the fire they had burned the roof off, but they saved the inside of the building.

And the same way with the stone building. That had clay that they got down here near the first river, a layer over the boards and that saved the interior—they lost the roof—but the fire didn't get through to the inside of the building.

And the lodge hall—it was originally a one-story building here in Genoa, the Masonic lodge has it now, and when it was a one-story building, it was filled with sand between the floor joists. The same fire that burned the roofs off all three buildings, burned the upstairs part and down to the sand, and there they got it out and stopped. So they had the downstairs intact. [Laughs] That was schemes that were used years ago when firefighting was pretty primitive.

The Snowshoe Thompson home in Diamond Valley had a fireplace that they used in the end of the home. Part of the original part was log and the sides had been trimmed and then refinished over it with some board siding in later years.

Mother said as a little child, she'd been there many a time in the place and they had bellows hanging on a nail by the side of the fireplace. The mother-in-law, Mrs. Singleton, would scrape down the live coals and put a little kindling on it and another piece to start up the fire towards evening, use the bellows to blow to start it.. I happened to find the bellows in the attic at one time. The leather was hard and brittle and broken on it.

That one had hung by the fireplace. There's one that you always have on the fireplace. It was a necessity then, 'cause a lot of the time they cooked by it too that way. They had a swinging hook so it would swing the cast iron kettle on a chain over the flame in the fireplace from one side. In fact, there's generally a place on each side that way to swing in. Fasten a little chain with a hook on it and fasten the kettle that way to cook things.

My grandfather built quite a number of fireplaces along with carpenter work, which his father was also a carpenter. Then in the real early days, when a person passed on, they made the caskets then. There wasn't caskets to be obtained. But he worked many a times for [Theodore] Hawkins, a neighbor, that way in building caskets. And the ladies would line the insides. Sounds funny to tell, doesn't it?

See, this Theodore Hawkins and his father, they lived just out in the south end of Diamond Valley. So, they visited back and forth quite a bit. They were good friends. In fact, the younger children of the Hawkins family called my grandmother and grandfather "grandma" and "grandpa" 'cause they didn't have no other grandparents in this country. Whenever they'd see 'em coming, that was what they would run and tell their mother. In fact, the youngest daughter of the family is still living up here in town, Ione Fettic. She's very deaf now. Don't get around too readily, but that's the way—her earliest remembrances of my grandparents.*

TEAMING TO BODIE

When the family lived in Diamond Valley, when my dad was fourteen years old, in 1876 in the fall, he bought potatoes at fifty cents a 100-pound sack, hauled a load out to Bodie where they sold for six dollars a sack—the mining camp of Bodie.

Did he haul them by wagon?

Yeah. It was all wagon and team. That was his first trips into Bodie; he was only fourteen years old then. He was born in '62, and this was in '76. Then later, a few years later, he went to driving a twenty-two animal team for another teamster named Hank Lovelady, hauling into Bodie. Then he got the nickname of being the "kid on the road," or the youngest person.

How does someone control twenty-two animals?

Well, they used what they call a "jerk line leader," just one single line. In one steady jerk, the leader would turn left and with two jerks would swing more to the right, then in between the horses' swing spans were named, and as they're going around the turn, called the name of the horse, and they'd get over the chain, and this team would be pulling out to one side to keep the center line and teams and the wagons following in the road. They'd follow back down and call the ones they had to get cross back. Sounds hard, but that's the way it was done. So, you didn't exactly go to sleep [chuckles], because the roads had a lot of turns in them in the early days.

In Bodie, they stayed at the Boone Feed Yard to quite a large extent. On one occasion, Dad said that both he and Hank Lovelady—and Hank Lovelady himself drove a six-horse lighter, they called it the fast express, hauling smaller articles in which they charge higher price—they both got unloaded, the teams put away at the feed yard, started up the street, and they said a fellow about a half a block ahead

*See: *History of Abraham Hunsaker and His Family* (Salt Lake City: Hunsaker Family Organization, 1957) in UNR Library

made a quick stop, looking across, started to reach for a pistol, the man on the other side doing the same, both shot, and both fellows fell!

He said *they'd* never seen either one. So he said one glanced at the other and turned around and walked back to the feed yard. He said they didn't know what it was over. He said they didn't like to have to stay over an extra day on a coroner's inquest with the big team and the other because feed was expensive in Bodie.

No, there was lots of shooting scrapes in that Bodie. That was considered a pretty rough camp. See, it had several high periods where they'd strike a good vein of ore and then there'd be quite an influx of people. The remains left of Bodie now, after several different fires, is now a part of the California state parks system. I was there a few years ago, it's been about five or six years ago now.

Another thing, a teamster along the road run on to another teamster had trouble and stuck, 'course, they'd help each other out, take however many span of the big team they figured they'd need, transfer to the other, get the man pulled out, back all right and on the road so he'd go again. Then the reward was to take the bells off the lead team until they met again when he'd hand them back.

The lead team had bells that set across the top, about five bronze bells so you could hear a team coming around a turn that way; thered be a little noise. That was the way they paid each other [chuckles]. 'Course, the next time they'd return, they'd pass, and they'd stop and hand the bells back [laughs] the help was all paid for and settled then. No, they'd never pass one another up in difficulty.

How long did your father do that?

Well, he worked through in the eighties various times that way and hauled there before he quit it. Of course, wintertime, everything was closed every year. See, Bodie was snowed in. So down to the end of the summer and into the fall that way, they'd haul in supplies.

Some of the trips they'd go through by Sweetwater and over that way going into Bodie. And other times, they'd go up through Bridgeport and over towards the edge of Mono Lake and go in. So, it kind of depended on the weather and road conditions as to which way they used after leaving Carson Valley area and getting out to the Mountain House where the roads forked.

What kinds of things did they carry?

Well, Dad, freighting with the big team, went out from the depot at Carson City and took all the mining supplies, groceries, store supplies, anything that was there on the freight depot consigned to Bridgeport stores that way. So it was articles pert' near every description.

Another little trick, they'd back a big freight wagon up to the depot platform to load. At the end of the tongue it's fixed with the iron and two eyes, and they take a pair of the stretchers, hook into the eye, and take the wheel team and turn them back facing the wagon, and they can push the wagon back up to the platform. I don't know whether you understood me or not. At the end of a tongue, there's a circular kind of a ring on each side where they could hook the pair of stretchers in and turn the wheel team facing the wagon. That way it was easier to handle and back the wagon right up against the platform. Dad said he's seen two fellows in Carson standing one time, they'd pulled in, hitching teams, they said, "How they ever gonna move those wagons to get them up to the platform?"

After a little while, they see them push one in, he says, "It's kind of hard to believe, but it sure works." [Laughs]

I think there's a wagon tongue here from freight team days, it has the iron and chains that was made especially on the ends for that purpose. And instead of using the neck yoke like you did on the smaller wagon, there was a light chain that went up to the breast strap from each of the wheel horses and give them a little freedom and movement that way to turn.

All the big teams were drove with just the one cotton line to the left or near lead horse. The man would ride what they called the near horse of the wheel team, the one next to him on the other side of the tongue was the off horse. They used a rope back to handle the brakes on the wagon. So, as a result, he was in the dust most all the time [chuckle]. So that's why all of them got to using chewing tobacco, for their lips, keep them from crackin' where there's alkali dust spreading, like lots of places on the road. If you didn't, said your lips would get raw in a short time.

TALES OF SNOWSHOE THOMPSON

You mentioned to me once earlier that your father worked for Snowshoe Thompson for a while in Diamond Valley.

Yes. In May in 1876, Snowshoe Thompson was seeding grain, and my father was driving a team and used what they called a brush harrow to partly cover the seed that way so it would sprout easily. And the last day he was out, in the afternoon he began to feel sick and rough and he asked him to go over and catch one of the older stage horses, by the name of Dan, that he could use and could ride bareback. So, he rode bareback and finished seeding by hand, tied a piece of rope in one corner of a sack around

over to the other to be turned back and open, hang across over his shoulder and back, and in his hand he'd catch grain to sow that was two or three fingers according to the swath he was throwing each time. His horse was gentle and he'd walk along slow gait. Then he went in that evening, he felt so rough he never got out again and passed on in a few days.

'Course, they figured he had pneumonia when he passed on. Dad, the grandfolks—the grandfather and grandmother—said later when they began to learn more about appendicitis, they said when he had his earlier pains, they kind of wondered if it didn't start with appendicitis and then developed into pneumonia. 'Cause, then, very little was known of appendicitis and, in fact, it was two years later before the first surgery on appendicitis was performed in Missouri. So it was almost an unknown.

No, Thompson, you see, he did a lot of other work besides taking mail in the wintertime over—. He drove a stage line to Monitor and Silver Mountain in the years when the mining camps were running. And then, after he quit the driving stage and the mining camp had dropped down, he gave one of the Wells Fargo boxes to my grandfather; it came to my father, and which I have now.

Thompson had also, earlier that same year, in his trips out along the mountain looking at timberland, he slipped and fell down a rough area and flipped through a few pieces of rock that showed the prospects of gold and silver. He was going to go back and look it over after he finished seeding, see if it was just a surface outcropping or might go down, but then he passed on so he never got back. Of course, the rock was never assayed for value and his wife said, "Well, it hadn't helped him, so I guess it wouldn't help anybody else." And nobody ever saw it any more [chuckles].

And no one knew exactly what spot where he found it?

No, no he didn't. He was on the way and he slipped someplace, and he slipped down a rough area and catching himself and trying to break his slide. And he had one of the pieces of rock in his hand when he got down to the bottom and he said it showed it carried some gold and silver that way from the looks. So, he asked Grandfather to go with him, figured they'd dig in and see what they could find. But, he didn't live to do that, so, nobody knew just where it was.

What happened to his wife after he died?

Well, they had a younger son and he passed on, I think, in less than two years. And then she later married a neighbor by the name of Scossa. She got quite erratic in a number of ways. One of the relatives, one of the Scossa families that live up here in the south end of Carson Valley (up until the later forties when they passed on), on one occasion when a brother-in-law of my father had come back, they called 'em and told them to bring back a person they'd known years ago, and it turned out they hadn't seen each other for forty years. She met him at the door, she said, "Charlie, you ol' devil, you. I never will forgive you for stealing my bread."

"I'd begun to think I'd stopped at the wrong house" [laughter]. Then his wife's husband goes to the door and he started laughing. And he got in and then they told about what it was over because they knew she wouldn't cook too much feed for the threshing crew and they always helped out. They took a lot of bread and things they could that way over. And this particular time, the threshing crew had got there the evening before and they hadn't had too much to eat

or too much breakfast, and Charlie, he'd managed to swipe the bread they'd brought and they had a lunch out by the threshing machine that morning. So she had to wind up and bake biscuits for noon. So she wasn't feeling too happy right then [laughter]. And her husband grinning about it, "Well," he says, "I've always told you, you should have put that bread in with the baby clothes and they wouldn't think to look there to find it." [Laughs]

Then they had quite a friendly talk about things that had happened. They said on one occasion she had rhubarb pie baked, and they said her husband liked rhubarb pie, and he got down to the pie first and took a bite. He opened his mouth and gagged a little, and about that time she came back from the kitchen and says, "What's the matter?" She says, "Is it sour?"

He says, "Sour? Oh, Jesus!"

Come to find out, she'd made the rhubarb pie and put no sugar in it [laughter]. No wonder he couldn't talk for a little bit after getting a big bite [laughs]. That would be sour. You would agree with him, I think all of us could.

Then another time, said she had brought pies when they were threshing that way, which were stationary machines at that time, and thered be all the way from ten to fifteen men generally involved in threshing. And she'd brought three pies to be cut into five pieces each. She took a glance at the table and said, "Too many, too many pies." She takes the pies to the kitchen and comes back with one pie cut into fifteen pieces [laughs] for the threshing crew.

So they were just oddities, of course. You couldn't hardly blame her, she'd had a lot of grief that way with both her husband and son that way within a couple years time.

Mrs. Scossa was a Singleton before her marriage. And the Singleton family was buried in the Masonic section of the Genoa cemetery. So, when [Thompson] passed on, he was buried just to the north of it in the town section here. A lot of people wondered why he was brought here when there were cemeteries closer to Diamond Valley. But that would explain it, though, when the members of her family were buried here.

A GHOST STORY

Could tell you about a ghost story. Don't know whether you want to hear it or not.

Well, a brother-in-law of my dad's, William Maxwell, it was the last day to pay taxes in Alpine County where he's living, in fact, he's living in a part of Diamond Valley—more or less the southern edge of the ranch property that my grandfather had. He said he was up to Markleeville, the county seat, to pay taxes and on the way back, it was starting to—wind was blowing, a little snow started falling—and near what they call the summit between Woodfords and Markleeville, there was a house stood back on one side of the road and there was quite a meadow in back of it.

He said the apparition, the saddle horse stopped, turned his ears and looked and watched it, so he said he knew he wasn't seeing things. He said it looked like it moved above ground like a white lady, had long, golden hair like she had been combing it, hung, it moved in the wind. And he said it seemed like she was wearing a gown, and you could see it move back and forth in the breeze. And it come out towards him and beckoned like it wanted him to come to the house in back, but he said he was too scared to go to see what it was.

And Ione Fettic said that the man and his wife that lived there, said the wife disappeared and he always claimed she went to California

with friends, but nobody ever saw her along the road.

And then, a year after that, I was with Frank Walker over here with his younger son Hubert, and Frank told us that he had the same incident happen with a stage team when it was starting to snow late in the fall. And he said his team could see the apparition, said they all turned their head, stopped and looked, but he said, "I was too scared to go any closer." He said, "When I got a chance to, I started up the team and went on." But he said, "I never told anybody 'cause I never expected anyone to believe me." [Laughter]

I told him that Dad's brother-in-law had seen the same thing at one time, and I said he was the same way. He hadn't told it because he didn't expect anyone to believe him [chuckles]. It would kind of scare you.

He said they knew they weren't imagining things because he said the horses could see the apparition as well. They turned their heads with their ears forwards, and their nostrils got a little large in breathing while it was watching. But he said it kept beckoning-like and turning back towards the house and come out a ways and turn and go back. And it looked like it moved a little above the ground 'cause the wind kind of swished around the gown back and forth and the hair, like a person's combing her hair, you could see it move from one side to another as it turned in the wind.

Did you ever hear of anyone else?

I never heard of anyone else. If they did, they probably was afraid and didn't expect anybody to believe them. But, I've heard of the two that way, and Frank said, "I'm glad someone else saw it because I knew I wasn't imagining things!"

Then, Frank Walker also drove stage mail up to Woodfords and Markleeville. And in the heavy winter of 1889 and '90, he said there was almost a period of six weeks that there was hardly any mail come through. And of course, the first mail in the winter, packing on skis, taking first-class that way and registered, and he was getting up near this house, the man was living alone, and it's getting quite dark, he was beginning to watch—a little moonlight was showing between the clouds and storm—for the house. Figured he'd stay with him overnight.

He said he didn't realize how deep the snow would become in that length of time. Pretty soon he said you could see a little smoke stack above the snow level. The fellow had dug steps out and packed snow out to the top. So, he said he wound up to stay overnight with him. Said he'd packed snow in the buckets that way when it'd blow into his steps and then packed it out again after he got dug out to the surface. They said there was only two feet of the stovepipe in sight. That was a rough winter.

Then he said on another time while using skis packing in first-class mail, he said he had a mountain lion follow him for quite a ways. He said every time he stopped, the lion would stop. He said he just stayed so far back of him. But he said he was glad when he got in sight of Markleeville. See, the lion dropped out of sight then when he come in sight of the town.

There aren't any mountain lions left around here now, are there?

There's mountain lions in the Pine Nut Hills. In fact, about ten years ago—. I don't know whether you came in by the Jacks Valley sign down here?

I didn't come in that way, no.

Well, I was coming back with my son-in-law—he had property in Sparks that they later sold—and we saw a mountain lion cross within the headlights of the truck. He was on the run going across the road, he wasn't waiting.

That happened in Jacks Valley?

Yeah. Coming into the Jacks Valley from the 395 when you turn and start to come uphill and come in along the edge of Jacks Valley. It was down on that part before you got into Jacks Valley.

Then, up on the cattle range, way back from the road a lot, in the twenties and the thirties, I'd occasionally hear a mountain lion scream there. They'd make the round of maybe fifteen, twenty-mile circuit and you'd hear him one day and then he'd be gone. It'd be a week or two before he'd be back again. They seem to kind of travel that way in a lot of places. The only thing, the scream is a high pitch like a woman screaming for help, you might say, and it might be a few hundred feet away or quarter of a mile or more, with the sound, you can't just tell. [Laughs] Sounds kind of scary.

'Course, there isn't so much lion hunting now, so I think they're increased, especially in the Pine Nut Mountains, to the east of Carson Valley. But they generally keep out of sight. It's very seldom you get to see one.

[Billy Merrill] ran the store at Woodfords, and of course, the saloon as well, which adjoined the store on the side, earlier years, although they'd had several fires there over the years, and in fact, one only a couple of years ago that damaged the store, and rebuilt. But in the districts in California for commissioners and that (it'd only be at that time when men voted), there'd only be a few votes; sometimes a half

a dozen votes would be all that would be in the district. So he'd work to try to manipulate and get people that he wanted elected. And in the falltime late, there was always a number of the loggers and woodcutters stayed over winter there, when it got too stormy to stay out in, cuttin' cord wood that way to go to the Virginia City mines. So he'd generally give them something to vote for him. (So Billy Merrill was a fella that he'd start to whisper, and then his whispers kept gettin' louder, so by the time he finished whispering, you could hear him a block away, was the way I heard my folks tell it.) [Chuckle]

And he said in particular one year, one of the older fellas, he wanted a sack of flour to vote the way Billy Merrill wanted him to. And it went on till it got within a few minutes of closing time in the polls—finally, he heard him take him off to one side, and he said, “Well, go get your sack of flour and go votes”

And he said that's what the fella did: he went over to the store, and packed his sack of flour over and set it down outside of the building where the polling booth was, and went in and voted, and come out and packed his sack of flour home. [Chuckling]

But the way he'd check up on 'em, to see they voted the way he paid 'em, he'd give 'em a name of a different Indian for each one to write in for justice of the peace, so he could check [chuckle] on the votes then they were counted. So he had quite a scheme. There were smart men then, too, or people.

The man's name was Billy Merrill?

Yeah, they called him Billy, 'cause William'd be his right name. No, he ran the store for a long period of time there. In fact, his first wife passed on, and he had the characteristic of

usin' the knife in his right hand, and he'd line up the food along the blade with a fork, and he managed to put all his knife down, the point in his throat, and clean if off at one time, and then load up his knife again. So eventually he married again, and the second wife was trying to get him to use a fork instead of the knife. And he said, “Well by golly, you just can't teach an old dog new tricks!” [Chuckle] And he kept on usin' his knife. [Laughing] Kind of funny things to tell, but—

About what time was this, that he was owning the store in Woodfords?

He was runnin' it in the—oh, in the eighties, and nineties, and nineteen-hundreds. He was quite well up in years when he passed on.

But the folks were always amused about his whisperin', though—each word just kept increasin' in volume till you could hear him nearly a block away, 'fore he finished whisperin' to the person. [Chuckling]

And of course, they ran the post office, between his wife and himself there, and any mail come in that they'd kinda like to look over, they kept it, and steamed the letter open, and look it over. And of course, the postal inspectors weren't quite as strict in those days, and they could manage to get by.

On one occasion, it was a brother-in-law of my dad's, said he and another person in Hope Valley had bid for work in building that was going on at Blue Lakes Dam, on supplying meat for it. They figured whichever one got the bid, the other one'd go in with 'im to supply the meat. So, well, they figured they should hear from the firm. Well, one day, in fact it was the day that the letter was given to him, he said, well, the wife said, “Well, I heard you got the contract.”

And it was Bill Maxwell, which was the brother-in-law of Dad's, to supply the meat. And he said he hadn't had a chance to look at it, 'cause he'd just taken it out of the office. And he come to look at the envelope, and he said it was very plain that it'd been steamed open. [Chuckling]

And in fact, one of my aunts—Dad's sister—caught her reading' a letter of hers one time, well she said, "What can you do?" Says, "I'll say I didn't, while you say I do." [Chuckling] So, she was keeping well-informed about the mail that went through the office, in the 1880s and nineties. Since there was no one else that was interested in havin' the post office, they had kinda a free hand in handling it, along with the store.

If you noticed in this pamphlet in '87, they're a part of it that way, from the mailman, he was askin' him to check on the cost of ice cream tables and chairs, and dishes; of course, he spelled ice cream the way it sounded to him, which was i-s-e and c-r-e-m-e. No, of course many of those people had very little chance to go to school, so they had to spell words the way they sounded. Anyway, they got the meaning across. [Cackle]

And of course, it was six miles further on south, before you came to Markleeville, which was the county seat of the area, and that was quite a small town, as the Alpine County was the smallest county in population in California. And of course, wintertime, they was well snowed in, so there was many a winter, when it'd be quite a while between mail deliveries. First delivery for the mailman'd pack is on snowshoes, as they called the skis in those days.

And then there was times when they used the snowshoes on the horses, which was a square fiber pad with a metal plate on top,

fixed so it would clamp over the hoof, and made about a ten-and-twelve-inch square. The horse had to learn to walk with 'em to keep on top of the snow or he'd get tangled up and fall down.

They were made of what?

Well, there was a metal, a quarter-inch plate matched to fit calked horse shoes, with a belt material riveted to the bottom side. [There were] places where the calks of the horse's snowshoe would drop through on the heel of each snowshoe and also on the toe, and then there was a clamp went around the top part of the hoof to hold 'em on. And if a horse fell down, then they had to take the snowshoes off before he could manage to handle his feet to get up again.

There's a set of 'em up here in the Genoa Court House Museum that were used by Frank Walker. I've seen 'em over at his place many a time when I was a youngster, and his son taken em up to Verdi—Wesley Walker—then later he gave 'em back here to the museum, since they were used here by his father.

And then his father also had a buffalo robe fur coat he used in cold weather. And of course, as a result of that and having sleigh bells, he was the standard person to play Santa Claus at the school Christmas parties.

2

EARLY-DAY GENOA

I was born in Santa Barbara, and I was only six weeks old when my dad and mother came back to Diamond Valley and bought the property there from his father and mother, who in turn went to Santa Barbara, as most of their children were employed and living there. Most of them were married, of course, at that time, and Grandmother kind of wanted to go down to where her daughters and them were in Santa Barbara.

So, then, we lived there on the ranch property until 1909, and well, it really needed more land for farming than it had, so they decided to sell, and we traveled north. And at that time, it wasn't cars—cars [were] seldom seen outside of your larger areas, larger towns—so, you traveled by two four-horse teams and covered wagons.

We left in March and went up as far as the Canadian line in the northern part of the state of Washington, but they didn't find anything that looked any better than the farming land and what they left here. In fact, not quite as good. So, we wound up and come back. As a result,

they bought the Frey property and moved here on the Frey ranch in August 16, 1909.

So my dad drove one four-horse team and his brother drove the other, and then a couple of friends of the family went north. I have an account of things bought on the way in various places where they stopped along the way. Here, I'll get it out and let you look at it. It's kind of like a log of the trip that way that Mother kept. That'll get you an idea of the things they bought on the way.

Of course, they made bread, used a Dutch oven that way. The men made the fire, and Mother would fix the dough and that ready, but she figured the Dutch oven's a little hard for her to handle, so the men had to take over and watch it for the cookin' in the evening. 'Cause it was only in some towns where you could obtain bread, and other times, you were on your own. You had to make your bread in the Dutch oven. It makes mighty nice bread.

We set it down in the coals. The fire'd burn down, rake coals over and then pull coals up around, maybe some over the top of the oven

so the top will cook, you see. I think you've seen Dutch ovens, haven't you?

Oh, yes.

Mmm hmm. No, to be set down, they'd dig a little pit and pile a bunch of coals. Then it would cook in the coals, the bread would.

It was up near Paisley, Oregon, we'd see geese on haystacks as they stood over from the winter before. It looked odd to the folks; of course I was only a little fella, see them, too, and they asked a fellow, "Well, how come the geese are in the haystack?"

"Well," he said, "they're nesting on the haystack."

They said they couldn't figure how did they get the young goslings down.

"Well," he said, "the little fellas get on the backs of the mother goose, and hangs onto the feathers and they fly down with them" [chuckles]. That was the explanation they give.

So, he said the men kinda doubted it. So he said they tied two lash ropes together and threw over the stack, and a couple held on one side and the other climbed up the other, and he said they found they was. The goose was sittin' on a nest of eggs. There was no joke about it [laughs].

Another place on that trip where we stopped, there was a clay formation in the soil and the fellow had a well dug. It was probably only ten feet or so down to water. And of course, we carried two barrels, a barrel on each side of each wagon with water to use. You didn't always know just what you'd find at the next stop in traveling.

And the ol' fella said, "The well is right over there," and he says, "You're welcome to all the water, but," he said, "you'll have to use a pole because a mare's colt fell in yesterday and I haven't figured how to get it out." It drowned

in the well. [Chuckles] He said by pushing it over to one side you could tip out a bucket of water. [Laughs]

Sounds hard to tell it. You kind of lose your taste for water. [Laughter] Well, that was an actual happening. I saw the colt in the well when I got close enough to look over.

In another area, a place out of Spokane, Washington, a few miles out, there were a few cars that get out that way, a real dip downhill a ways and went across a little flat farmland, and there's always a muddy area at the bottom, and a car never got through it. The neighbors that lived close to there always had the job of hiring him to pull the cars out. And the next place they moved on and stopped on beyond, he said, "We're always suspicious about him because," he said, "that puddle never dries up there. We think he hauls a little water at night to keep it wet." He said, "It's the best paying thing he's got around there." He said, "A car never gets through it." [Chuckles] And he wasn't gonna lose a good-paying proposition.

Then in Spokane, we had a runaway where a car backfired passing a team. Well, it was a young colt the mare had. He did get cut up a little, being on the chain side and running into a doubletree with a chain and the harness. He didn't get hurt enough where he couldn't go on. The little fella got tenderfooted, so, the blacksmith made us up little colt shoes and put on him.

That was the only set of colt shoes I ever saw; they're made out of light metal like a racehorse, about like what a racehorse shoe is. I have some racehorse shoes in the shop, but the colt shoes, I lost. My nephew, my sister's son, got them and took 'em out showin' 'em and he forgot to bring them home—guess they disappeared. 'Cause, we kept them after we took them off because they're small that

way, just the size of the colt's foot, and they're quite curious and light. [Chuckles]

Then in coming back through Reno, past the railroad tracks, which Commercial Row runs along them, there was a fire had started to the east of Virginia Street. And the fire department was coming down the street and they were using the steam boiler used in those days pulled by horses, and well, it's like the Currier and Ives picture. They used the wood soaked in kerosene to start a quick fire to get up steam by the time they get to the fire, and so there's a heavy chain of black smoke laying back down the street behind them.

Well, that part, I didn't forget [laughs], but the fire engine was operated by steam before the gas engines come out, you see; the steam engine run the pump. But see, they started their fires with this wood soaked in kerosene, so to start it quick to get up steam in the upright boiler.

That would make a lot of black smoke.

Oh, it did. We saw heavy black smoke. There was just a stream; they said there was a stream of smoke from the firehouse to the fire unless there was wind blowing to disturb it. But the fire was over to the east on Commercial Row in a building at that particular time.

And then we came to Gardnerville and camped there for some days while Dad was looking around to figure where wed try to settle. The Frey property was one of the places for sale, and he finally arranged to buy it. We moved here, as I said before, on the sixteenth of August.

'Course, we had been used to camping out that way all summer, and first night staying in the house, well, it seemed awful hot. [Chuckles] I remember that! Well, we

slept in the wagon is what you did. The bed was in the covered wagon that way. 'Course, air breeze comes through the wagon on each end. I remember that, that we slept in the upstairs bedroom here and it seemed awfully hot. 'Course, August was hot weather.

So Frey, he had several horses, racehorses, that he thought quite a bit of, and quite a number other. All total we had thirty-two head of horses here, and we had our own two teams of four horses each, so, as a result, horses was high-priced and we could sell most of them. That was before trucks were really coming in to any extent. And the few that were starting [to] show up was hard rubber tires in those days.

So, that cut down on the original—what we owed on the place was \$24,500, so by 1913 we got it down to \$13,800 in sales of the horses and sales from the produce of the ranch. Then that was where it changed and showed a mortgage for \$13,800, while before it was on what was considered was a bona fide deed from 1909 to then.

Frey's son Will, in California, had heard the father and mother had sold; he forged a check on the parents, and of course, the state of California got it and he wound up in San Quentin, and the mother was trying her best to get him out.

Did she succeed?

Well, she succeeded by—a family by the name of Norgaard who had lived here in earlier days and were living in the northern part of California and buying property for *them* and they'd turned the amount that we owed to Norgaard and helped them pay for that property. So, the mortgage was to Norgaard. And she moved there and she was puttin' down in her plea to the pardon board that they told Willie that they wanted to sell

and if he heard of a place to buy, to secure it for them. So, under that situation, she got him off finally on parole. He was kind of an honest son! [Laughter]

There was another brother—see, there was—the first wife, there were three children in the Frey family. There were two sons and a daughter. She passed on, and then years later he married again and there was three more children. There was two sons and a daughter. And over here from the older family, Walter Frey ran a butcher shop in Gardnerville, and he'd take dressed pigs in that he bought from around the ranches. And I was with my dad, and another person that they knew come in. They got talking, mentioning about the family, and one of them remarked, "I haven't heard anything of Francis." (That was the younger half-brother.) "Wonder where he is?"

The older half-brother says, "I don't know, but if he's where he ought to've been, he'd been busting rock twenty years ago!"

[Chuckles] He had quite an opinion of his half-brother. In fact, when this half-brother passed on, he was buried up here in the family plot in Genoa cemetery. Walt lived in Gardnerville, but he didn't come over to the funeral. [Chuckles]

Right at the time we come here, this Francis—the family didn't know where he was 'cause he had been havin' a butcher shop in Placerville, and he left the area of Placerville before the sheriff caught up with him over stolen beef. [Chuckles] You see, the father, Mr. Frey, ran a slaughterhouse here, and he also ran a butcher shop uptown. So, I guess sometimes they got in difficulties; they didn't always own the beef that was butchered [chuckles].

In fact, when there was a heavy cloudburst here in Genoa, there was a Negro family that lived uptown here. They had a peculiarly spotted cow which ran out along the road for feed, and she'd disappeared. She was quite fat. And this cloudburst come along and washed the hide up down near the slaughterhouse. So they said she got paid for the cow without any argument [chuckles]. That is what Frank Walker told me. 'Cause, he was living here. So, there was a lot of kind of questionable activities that went on at times.

You know, a lot of old butchers in the butcher shop, when they were weighing a piece of meat, they'd forget to take one finger off the scale. You might have heard of that, I don't know.

We see jokes about that once in a while.

It was no joke. It actually happened.

What happened when they got caught?

Well, in this case with Mr. Frey up here, there's a gambler and he used to come out and pick out his steak to take over to the Raycraft Hotel to cook. And he'd been forgettin' to take his finger off the scale along. So, this time the gambler was gonna let him know he knew it. He grabbed for his hand and then he reached over towards the meat block for a cleaver, and Frey started to pull back, said, "What? What?"

He said, "I bought it long enough, I wanted to get my weight this time!" [Laughter] That was what Frank Walker also told me.

Did that cure him for a while, I wonder?

I imagine as far as that customer was concerned he was probably very careful. 'Course, I doubt if it did with others. though, 'cause he's lookin' up the scale, he figured

they'd be lookin' up where he was at the scale instead of lookin' down at where his hand was. [Chuckles] That was why they got by, you see, 'cause he'd be lookin' up at the weight on the scale. You wouldn't notice him forgettin' to have taken one finger off the edge of the scale [chuckles]. No, it was quite a trick of butchers.

Then, Mrs. Frey told us that one year here she was takin' care of the ranch, and her husband went to Placerville and was running a butcher shop there before he had started the one here in Genoa. She had occasion to go to Washoe Valley, and so she nearly always had her fortune told, went to see Mrs. Bowers at the Bowers Mansion.

So, she said Mrs. Bowers was a wonderful fortune-teller. Said she was lookin' in her ball and she said she could see —looked like a long table. "No," said, "I think it looks like a bar." Said, "Yes, I know it is 'cause it has a brass rail and there's a number of men standing there," and she says, "I'm sure one of them looked like your husband. He's raisin' up a glass as though they're having a toast to each other." Said, "I think you better go over and see what's happening."

She said, "I went over to Placerville and that's just what was goin' on. He was spending all he was making there treating his friends in the bar. So I closed the shop and brought him home." [Laughter]

'Course, I think Mrs. Bowers knew the old-time butchers, that they were all good when it come to drinking, that she didn't have to look too hard into the crystal ball herself. [Chuckles] 'Cause she no doubt knew where her husband was working and what he was doing.

Then, Mr. Frey, when he was fifteen, he was among those that were in the north end of Carson Valley where the citizen's trial was handled concerning Lucky Bill Thorington,

from which he wound up and was hung over harboring horse thieves, as they put in their record. And Frey was one of the youngest there. He was fifteen years old, as his wife told it later. And he wound up driving the wagon out from under him and he said he was too scared to say no. That was what his wife told us after he passed on.

So then, when this Uber was lynched here, he was hung on a tree limb which was a tree just inside on the Frey property down the lane here. So Frey promptly had the limb cut off so that he'd be sure there wouldn't be anything like that happen again at that particular place.

So, you could see why he didn't lose no time cuttin' the limb off. 'Cause the limb looped over the road, went out in kind of a semicircular over the road, as I understood.

But it wasn't there when you bought the property?

No. You could see where the limb was cut off. It's all healed over now and you just see a little bump in the tree. 'Course, then it showed, because that was in 1898, November, and we bought here in 1909, and of course, it had started to heal over at that time when I saw it, but then it showed quite plainly. There's now a marker on the tree that the Boone family made and we put up a few years ago.

One little connection with Will Frey. It was when the Goldfield-Tonopah incidence was startin' up, there were quite a few that grubstaked prospectors. And Will Frey and another man had grubstaked one prospector that had found a good claim.

The neighbor, Frank Walker, was here, they were eating supper, as they furnished meals, people'd come in. A fella come in, he said, "Mr. Frey, have you heard the good news?"

"No."

Well, he said the fella who grubstaked, in which Will put up half the grubstake, had found a good claim and his share was \$60,000 he got for it. He said the father had a knife in his hand, he turned it over a couple of times, looked at it, said, "Well, I know Willie, and I'll give him sixty days to spend it."

And Frank said he was workin' here, and he said in a little less than sixty days he wrote for money to come home [chuckles]. That's hard to believe, huh? But Frank Walker, the neighbor, said that actually happened; said he was sittin' at the table. He said he kind of kept track and he said it didn't quite make sixty days till he Wrote for money to come home [laughter].

'Course, there was some rich finds made then in both Tonopah and Goldfield area in those few years when they were starting up.

It's interesting that their influence stretches this far north. Did a lot of people from this area drift on down there?

Well, tell you another little incident to show how people moved out. There's a bell up here that was used in the school, and to start—this Frank Walker told me about it, 'course he was living here, young fellow, and said that the Catholic church was starting to try to build a church and this man brought in a load of lumber and the bell. He had come up from California; apparently he had lived here or had a home here. He had come in of an evening with a load, and the same evening there was a news of a gold strike arrived. Said the next morning there wasn't any Catholics left in town interested in building a church. So he gave the load of lumber and the bell to the school district. They were expanding, wanting to put another room onto the schoolhouse to make two rooms. So, you can see what happened overnight sometimes

[laughs]. They all wanted to get in on the initial groundwork of the gold rush. He said they didn't wait till the next morning; he said they left during the night.

So, the school district got the school bell. It's up here in the museum. Fact, I gave 'em an account of it, and they put it on the bell there on the frame of the bell that way, printed down below.

MORMON STATION, UTAH TERRITORY

The original owner of the Frey property—it was Ranch Number One—was Colonel Reese, the man who had started the station known as Mormon Station in Genoa. As the more settlers had come in, they figured they had better keep records, so they established what they considered as a squatter government. They figured it was over the mountains and closed during all the winter months from California, and it was a long ways from Utah. So, that was the way they got around the situation.

They only had one little book to keep their records and the bylaws that they'd drawn up in. They used on one side along for all the bylaws that they'd set up, then turn the book around the other way and started from the back and kept the court records for the justice court.

So this one little, like a little notebook that was used in school, served a dual purpose. That shows you how much paper was around the area right at that time. [Chuckles] It was only this one little book was all they had available. That type of notebook with a hard back was still in use when I started school for notebooks for use of children.

And the Martin Gaige family, in the Thompson and West history of Nevada, was one of the last ones to use it, and it was in his family. But by the time the Thompson and

West history was published, they didn't know what had happened to it.

And then years later they found that Morris Harris had the book in his store safe. He was tellin' us about it one day. So we went over, and he let us take and look it over, and we—my mother and I—asked him how he'd come to get it. It was considered as missing and nobody seemed to know what had become of it. Well, he said his brother Abe bought a dresser from one of the Gaige family, and when they got the dresser home they found the book laying in the drawer in the dresser among some odds and scraps that was in it [chuckles]. So, it was lucky it got saved.

So they'd never said anything about it apparently. So no one else knew where to come to up to that time.

So then in the early thirties [we got] involved in water in the Carson River, and George Sanford represented all the water users up and throughout all this area against the government and the Lahontan Dam area in Fallon. Told him about it, and at first he wouldn't believe it. He said, "I don't believe—it cannot be in existence." He said, "I've looked for it for years."

Finally, I told him it was, I'd only read it the night before, in fact.

"Well, how could you do that?"

Well, I was over at the Morris Harris and he got it out of his safe—that he had it and the way he'd come to get it.

Well, he says, "I want to see it."

I said, "Well, I don't know whether Morris will let it out."

"Oh, yes," he said, "he'll let *me* have it." He says! "They're financially obligated to me." He said, "You go by tomorrow, you're coming down," and he said, "Morris will have it ready for you."

And Morris did. So I took it down to George Sanford, and he had the state highway

engineer (was a close friend of his) run off a photostatic copy for him. And Bob Allen, highway engineer, run off one for himself. Then it turned out the man that did the work ran a third one for himself [chuckles].

So the book stayed with the Sanford family, and it never got back to the Harris. They finally dropped out of the store business, older, and passed on.

The pages were really yellowed in it, and all of the writing was clear. Writing was made with quill pen in those days. It was very legible, so it really photostated quite nice. That was a long time before the Xerox came in. The only way to take it was photostat then.

In the preface to the reprinting of the photostatic copy in the *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly* in the summer of 1966, they state in their preface that the book was six-by-seven and one-half inches. On the front of it is a piece of paper pasted which was torn—more or less worn through the middle and on top, and you can still read it, it says, "First Records of Carson Valley-Utah T-E-R, 1851."

That's the color of the front of the book. It says, "Blue and white mottle." It's a hard back, but it's blue and white mottled that way. This was a label they pasted on it.

Yeah, it sure—it was. And the way it got preserved is a good question [chuckles]. Yeah, it was, 'cause they didn't bother to look through that dresser. It stood unused apparently for some years, and they didn't think there was anything worth bothering in it, and he just bought it as it was. And when it turned up, he recognized it was something really had a little value to it. So, they kept it in the store safe after that.

'Course, the time I saw it, the string binding in the back had broken, and the leaves were loose in it then from just over the years. I handled it real carefully while I was lookin' at it.

And in the back of this photostat from the Nevada Historical Society, they said that this was made from a photostat that had been made from the original book, but at that time they didn't know where the original book was. George Sanford didn't say any more about it, I guess, and going through to Bob Allen that George Sanford had it there with his collection of law papers and records. And when George Sanford passed on rather suddenly (he got rather sick and passed on), then of course, his son got the things and he came in possession of the book.

In the meantime, George Sanford had also bought quite a bit of stock with the Dangberg company that'd been sold real cheap in San Francisco to the point where he got, you might say, controlling interest. Then he put his son Graham in as handling the property along with John Dangberg. 'Cause the older member, Fred, had passed on a few years before. Then Graham has since died of a heart attack. His wife is still living.

So well, I heard Grace [Dangberg] said she knew where the book was, and she was figuring on giving it to the historical society eventually. So it laid between her and Graham's wife, you might say [Chuckles] as to where the original book was.

But in the description of the first land claim, the lone pine, the first this way south of the hot springs, was the starting point for the description of the first land claim, and here's a picture that was taken after the tree was struck with lightning which killed it. [Shows photo] See where the strip of bark was taken off? That marked the starting point. 'Course, the tree died and we eventually had to cut down the dead tree.

That was before they had any government surveys through and before any patents were issued. Now, the road originally run along the edge of the brush there. The road passed within a few feet of the tree.

(It was one of the Henshaw family took a picture from the road off a ways here and then had it enlarged. In fact, I got this from Ione Fettic. They had given one to her.)

And after the tree had died from the lightning strike, we finally had to cut it down. Down in the lower part, they found several lead bullets and lead slugs in the wood. They even found a heavy buck shot.

I wonder if people were just using it as target practice.

Well, it was around that tree where a shooting scrape developed that the second owner, Warren Wasson, had figured he would put a little building up there when he was arranging to buy the property and they hadn't altogether made a full detail of terms. And he pulled in with a full load of lumber, and as a result, the son-in-law of Reese, Trumbo (and in turn he had a younger son with a smaller gun, loaded with bird shot), and they wound up in a shooting scrape with the Trumbos there behind this tree.

I guess it was the younger person that shot at [Wasson] and struck his face and powdered him with fine bird shot. Warren Wasson looked up to see what it was. Trumbo had ducked behind the tree but he had forgot to pull one leg back, and you could see a good part of the leg, and he shot at that with a .44 caliber pistol and broke his leg.

So that wound up the scrap—. And they had a yoke of oxen and what they called a "stoneboat" there to remove stones, and a sled is really what it is. So they got him on that and brought him up to the doctor here in Genoa. The doctor, glancing at Wasson with blood along his face and shirt, and said, "Oh, don't mind me, Doc," he said, "that fella's got a broken leg. When you get him fixed up, then you can pick some bird shot out of me." [Laughter]

So then Wasson figured well, he'd better come up closer to town. So, he changed and moved up here to the edge of the land, joining the town. And he put up a little stone building. He said he was gonna have one place where he could go to sleep at night and know he wouldn't get shot at. He said he didn't mind this person shooting at him in the daytime!

So then later, there were wood buildings added in front of that, and it became part of the early-day house and eventually a cellar. The building is still standing here.

THE FREY RANCH

This house was built in 1885. It was well-documented; there's an account in June of where the foundation was being laid. Then in a issue in the early part of September of the *Record*, which was published in Genoa, Mr. Frey had invited everybody to come to the housewarming that he was holding the next weekend. And the week afterwards in their weekly publication they give the account about the good time that everybody had had at the housewarming. It lasted all night. They had refreshments and music. They said all the partitions were not in downstairs so they'd have plenty of room to dance.

Well, these partitions, like here and this one, and this. one through here is the main partition; that was in. [Indicates walls separating the kitchen from the other rooms.] Then there was one running along the hallway to the front and that was a main partition. But each side was open that way. So they said everybody took him at his word. 'Course nowadays you don't hear of a housewarming.

One of the younger members of the Dake family said his father and mother came to the housewarming and the three children were left at home. He said they felt kind of slighted, and they wondered what it all looked like.

So he said they slipped out, and they got to where they could see; and there were lanterns hung out around the house, and he said all they could see was people moving around. So he said there was a big crowd that took up the invitation to come to the housewarming [chuckles].

And at that time it was built out of all clear lumber. And it was inch-thick with—boards were rough on the other side and planed on one side and tongue-and-grooved for the interior finish. On the outside there was the rough, footwide, diagonal, one-inch boards all around the outside on a forty-five-degree angle. And then the outside finish was placed over that. The two-by—fours around the house are mortised into the sill and squared by two inches on the inside edge, and that's mortised down two inches into the sill. Now, that all was hand-worked. And Mrs. Frey said at the time the house was built it cost them \$5,500 (on one of the times she was back here to visit).

That was a lot of money for that time.

You bet it was, in those days. Then she said that they could go to the sawmill and get the rough-sawed lumber like they use for sheeting to nail shingles on, and she said that was four dollars a thousand when you picked it up yourself at the sawmill—for a thousand board feet. [Chuckles] Sounds funny to tell it now, but that's what she told us.

'Course there were local sawmills scattered along through the hills here in places, and said you'd go and haul it from the mill. It carried quite a few knots and they considered it as rough lumber. She said that was what they asked for at the mill.

And of course, this was all cedar shingles to start with. Then I reshingled the house after we had moved here; I helped. Then later,

after a severe fire in town which occurred the following June after we came here in 1909, the following June in 1910—and you see what the effects of the heavy wind that'd occurred, in which twelve fires were put up around the barnyard from shingles landing at one time. And the wind changed, and they got the fires out, and we were in the clear on it—had to watch for just an occasional one drifting this way.

FIRE OF 1910

That fire was started in what was the country's poor farm building, which had originally had been the white house owned by Lawrence Gilman. And one of the tenants had sulphur smudge to kill bedbugs and didn't get it properly fixed, so the wood adjoining got hot and started the fire. Burned the building down and a heavy wind that came up right after the start spread the fire all through that part of town. As a result, fourteen buildings burned that day.

That was most of the downtown area, wasn't it?

Yeah. Nearly all the business part going towards the courthouse, including the woodwork of the courthouse, burned that time. All that section burned, and then across the street where the log cabin was, the first building, burned with it.

I heard William Adams say that he was coming back in a horse and buggy from Gardnerville, and he could see the smoke startin' here in town, so he stopped and he was here among 'em. Said he see burning shingles land on the roof of the log cabin and said maybe we'd get together and put it out. And he said one of the others standing there said, "It's just an old building now used for a barn," he says, "no use bothering to save."

[Chuckles] Yeah, I hear him tell that (it was Rufus's father) one time. He said that.

Well, the building *was* being used as a cow barn at that time by the Hansen family and the stepchildren were Champagne, their name was. She was a widow, had later married Hansen.

At that time property values had begun to drop down here in Genoa. She had more insurance on her house than she could sell it for, and she was hopin' the house *would* burn so she could collect insurance. And the neighbors, particularly the Hawkins family and the Virgin family across the street, see that she wasn't taking any care of it. So between themselves and their help, they'd run in and put the fires out and they said she couldn't order them off or she'd lose the insurance and she says, "Some son-of-a-gun runs in and puts the fire out every time it starts." [Laughter] They said she was quite a person to swear. She could swear easier than she could talk.

In fact, after we had moved here, she had an older daughter that was married that passed on. And in those days the body was kept at the house, and generally, three neighbors would offer and change between then and sit up overnight that way with the body.

This particular night my father was the one and Mrs. Dan Hawkins across the road and her sister Mrs. Hattie Morrison. Well, the other two—Hattie Morrison went home to get some coffee and that. Along near midnight they moved around and start the fire up again and made a little noise, and Mrs. Hansen showed up and give 'em a cussin' for wakin' her up. [Chuckles] She didn't feel so bad, but what she didn't appreciate getting woke up. They said they'd brought the milk and the coffee from Hattie Morrison and also from Mrs. Dan Hawkins across the street, and they were just starting the fire up to help keep it a

little warm in the house while they was sitting up while the body was in the casket in the adjoining room.

'Course they did that in those days. One reason, kind of on account of mice and things that way. Mice or cat or anything that way would chew on a body if they got a chance, so they'd sit up.

Then there was another time with Mrs. Hansen, and it was a baby of hers that passed on, she had the four little children who were in the fourth grade as pallbearers. The little fellers dropped the casket and they said she gave em a cussin' on the spot. She didn't feel so bad. [Chuckles] That was what Frank Walker told me. He said he was at the funeral. [Laughs] There were some great characters.

Her first husband was a saloon keeper and her second husband was also a saloon keeper. He ran a saloon. In fact, it was his—Hansen's saloon burned in that fire; it was across the road from where she was living, only a short ways from where the fire started in the white house. And the saloon was part of the shed roof on the side of the Central Hotel, which was a brick building. But all the roofs at that time were wood shingle. Of course, it was dry and a lot of them curved a little, so if a burning shingle landed on 'em, well, another fire was started.

The only fire engine in the area at that time was a hand pumper in Gardnerville, and they had to move that by horses. They got over as far as what was the Marquat ranch, now Settelmeyer. By that time, the fire had dropped down so there wasn't any need to come further. There wasn't any more recent buildings. They were able to catch that and handle and manage to control—those that were living here.

So eventually they turned and went on back to Gardnerville with the hand pumper. They didn't get any further than about a mile

and a half from Genoa, you might say, on the other side of the river. That's where those silos stand now.

So the firefighting—all you had was buckets and shovels that way. You'd pack water where you could.

Not very efficient.

No, it was pretty hard, especially with a heavy wind blowin' and fire spreading rapidly from one roof to another. So there were a number of buildings burning at the same time.

Then at the county courthouse, they had built a new vault and the son of the county clerk, Hans Jepsen, said he'd helped pack the books and placed in the vault just the day before the fire.

Did the interior of the courthouse burn?

Yeah, all of the woodwork burned. The woodwork was replaced again. The outside walls stood. They did change a part to the south and enlarged it and used brick from the other building where the woodwork had burned off to the south. The brick was made at a similar time, so that's why it all matched up. But the original building was oblong.

They did that in 1910 after the fire, then?

Yeah, after the fire, it was rebuilt. And then it wasn't till 1915 when the courthouse was finally moved to Minden. Then the school trustees got a chance to buy the building for a school for \$150.

So, the last year and part of another, I attended the school that was held in the courthouse. That was how I come to know quite a bit about the arrangement of the rooms and what they were used for in the building.

So, when the historical society obtained it, I had to help 'em out a lot in getting the place rearranged that way and where the courtroom was. In fact, some of them didn't want to believe me 'cause the jury box was set on what'd almost be considered the wrong side now, with the witnesses to the left of the judge and the jury box is on the opposite side near the wall. But then the moldings where it had been changed showed for that, and Hans Jepsen, he said it was that way, so they had to put it back in restoring that way. In fact, even the federal court in Carson City was built that way; the jury box set to the right of the judge and the witness chair went to the left.

Then in the restoration work, that I helped quite a bit on—. In the original building they had a circular table that was in front of the judge's stand for the counsel. And that had been moved some years before the fire over to the justice court in Gardnerville, and then when the change was made there, it had set out in the weather a while. They were able to obtain it and refurbish it and put it back in the old building.

And then since they changed here at the state legislature at Carson, we was able to get the railing that was used (it was light oak which was the same as the original was) from that. It had been turned over to the Nevada Historical Society at Carson to replace the railing and the judge's bench and that. So it's all been replaced in the original type of oak from the early days. They had been used for years in the legislative building in Carson prior to the building of the new legislature building. We were very glad to get it.

So that is why eventually, afterwards, they gave me a plaque that way for helping them restore them to the way the buildings were because they found out that I knew quite a bit about it.

Then Hans Jepsen was also the son, you see, of the county clerk, and our views were the same and we both agreed on what we'd seen. 'Course, he actually was around the building more than I was, when it was actually in use as the courthouse.

And the courtroom was used for parties and also lots of times there were large gatherings and speakers conducted there and that, throughout the earlier years. And I heard my great uncle tell, the real early days of Nevada after becomin' a state, said two men were running for secretary of state and somehow they got their itinerary mixed and they both wound up here the same evening to speak. Well, they figured they might as well make use of the situation, and they tossed a coin and the large man went out first. Of course, it started towards evening, so he figured he'd talk and take up the time, 'cause there was only lantern lights that way. It wouldn't give the other fella much time to speak! He got down to when it was getting almost dark and people getting rather tired, he said, "Why look at my little opponent," he said, "he's so small I could swallow him."

Then he finished his speech and sat down, so the little fella got up and said, "Well, I know it's getting late," and said, "You've been listening to the lengthy speech of my worthy opponent." And he said, "I'll make a comment about one of his last remarks in which he said I was so small that he could swallow me, and I don't doubt but what he could, but," he says, "I want to tell everybody one thing, if he did, he'd have more brains in his stomach than he ever had in his head!" And he says, "I thank you," and closed the meeting.

And he said he got every vote throughout the area; went out and was elected! [Laughter] He turned that one remark to his advantage. Made a very short speech but he made it to

his advantage. [Chuckles] My great-uncle said he heard the speech.

That's a good one.

It is. And it turned out good for the little fella. He won the election. He said as far as the word got spread, he said he got all the votes throughout the area as far as the story got spread on the large man. 'Course, all of them realized that the large man was just takin' advantage of the time; it was gettin' late and he was trying to just outtalk and not give any chance for his opponent to say anything. It was gettin' near dark, and they just had lantern lights, you know, and such as that to go on by. And I heard my great-uncle Will tell, another time here at the courthouse an Indian had been picked up; he had part of a bottle of liquor on him; he was drunk. Of course, they locked him up to sober up.

Next day, when he was a little sober, he come before the justice of peace, and had the bottle setting on the table as evidence. The Indian kept eyeing it. And [the justice of the peace] says, "It was liquor, wasn't it?"

Well, he says, "I don't remember."

He says, "You know good liquor, don't you, when you taste it?"

He says, "Yes."

Said he reached over and got the bottle; before they could get it away from him, he drank all the bottle. So, they had to turn him loose. There was no evidence left. [Chuckles] So, he said they had the Indian drunk again [chuckles].

But no evidence.

No. Their evidence was drank up so there's no evidence left. They had to turn him loose [chuckles]. So, that was a happening here at the courthouse.

What else do you know about the house that Warren Wasson built on this land?

There was a stone building, and then the wood building was added. And the wood building—part of the wood building, which Wasson built, was moved in the south part of town. And then after the fire of 1910, my dad and great-uncle, William Trimmer, moved it for Henry Champagne, which was a stepson of Hansen that owned the property where the saloon stood. And Hansen had moved to the Reno area, and so they moved it by team back down to the side of where the Hansen saloon stood, and Henry Champagne, the stepson, opened up a saloon there, following the fire of 1910.

Then it stood vacant a few years, and the Hawkins family used it. Theodore Hawkins was justice of the peace, and he kinda used the building as his office to some extent. Then as Theodore got older, it became vacant, and Frank Fettic, who ran the other saloon here in Genoa, bought the property. And then his son married Ione Hawkins in the wartime—1918—and then after he returned from the war his father gave the property to him, and he tore the building down and used the lumber in building the present house, which sets across the street from the log cabin. So it was largely built from the material used of Warren Wasson, right around after 1860 after he put up the first stone building.

In fact, I have a letter here from a granddaughter of Warren Wasson. She was askin' about if we knew where he lived here at Genoa. Said that she was back one time with two of her aunts, which were daughters of Warren Wasson; they'd moved to Carson and didn't remember where the family had lived here in Genoa. So I told her we happened to own the property, [chuckle] and also the stone building still remained that he'd first built as a

result of a shooting scrape, when they wasn't fully settled on land value that way, and the son-in-law, Trumbo, thought he was a claim-jumper—.

I remember you told me that. Was the wood building built right near the stone building out here?

Well, Mrs. Frey told us there was four steps between the kitchen and the stone cellar—the stone building, which was used as a cellar by them. She said there was four steps between that and the kitchen door, so it was very close.

I guess so, yes. Did she say anything about what the building looked like, the wooden one?

Well, yes. I saw it; it was not too high a ceiling—a lot more like the present-day house, around eight foot probably in the ceiling, or a little less. And then it had a shed run off on the one side, which was additional rooms, and the entire building was moved by my father and Great-uncle William. The cellar by our house was a bedroom in the Wasson house—by Mrs. Frey.

You saw it when it was sitting here on the property, before they moved it?

No, I saw it when I was up here where it'd been moved—the way Frank Walker told it and identified it as coming from Warren Wasson, and also Mrs. Frey mentioned the same, that after they built their new house here in 1885, then they sold that. It was moved up on property that Hansen owned in the south part of town.

It was close to where the Meyer-Kassel now is—he was a painter that come here. He painted some of the governors' pictures here

in Nevada. He was just over in adjoining that property—at that time it was owned by a family by the name of Gray. And Mrs. Gray moved to Carson, so the building stood pretty much vacant for a number of years till the Meyer-Kassel bought it. It was only rented once in a while for short periods of time, as there wasn't much demand for property or for rental either, following the removal of the county seat and the change to Minden for the stores and Gardnerville.

In fact, the adjoining property was in a brick building, and the brick was made down on the Genoa Lane here, just across from the first bridge and stream. And in the middle teens, after the courthouse was moved, that property sold for four hundred dollars. Kinda hard to believe now.

Four hundred dollars?

Yep, that's all. A man by the name of Peterson was workin' for the rancher Fritz Schacht, bought it, and Schacht put up a good part of the money for him to buy it, and he gradually paid him back. But the price was four hundred dollars. It stood vacant for a year or so—.

The courthouse building?

No, this little brick house on the southwest part of town. It was built by Lucky Bill Thorrington way back in 1856 or '7, right around that time.

BRICKMAKING AND BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

How many brick kilns were there?

Two, in this area, and then there was another in the Gardnerville area somewhere.

I don't know where that was over there, but on this part here, there were two—the Adams was the second to start.

Then there was one down on the property down here where you showed me?

Yes, just across this first bridge and stream, and to the south of it there—a hundred and fifty feet or so. That was the first one where they made brick.

What was involved in that?

Well, there they'd dig up the clay. There was quite a clay bank along on both sides of the road there. Then they had to puddle it with the water they'd get from the slough stream, and then they had sand which they'd get from the river to form the brick, and then of course, fire their brick kilns to finish makin' the brick. So some of 'em was rather soft, and of course, some near the fire was quite hard and turned pretty dark. Same thing as at Adams—the bricks right around the lining next to the fire would be almost black. Sometimes they'd cake together, and be laid out in chunks that way. Then they used the bricks a little further out to build around for the kiln to fire.

What was the kiln itself made of?

Well, they laid their brick arched over and left a center channel to put in their pine nut wood, as a lot of the time it was used in the fire for higher heat, with a smokestack at the farther end, and it may be thirty, forty feet long or so. And of course, having to use that wood that way, there was quite a varying temperature, and some of the outside brick would be rather soft. We worked and replaced quite a number, even from the Adams up here in the courthouse that was made that

way, softer brick, in repairin' and overhaulin' it after we obtained the building for the museum. And then take it in the courthouse, the division walls on the lower floor was made from the use of a lot of broken brick in that—in makin' the interior walls.

Frank Walker said they ran short on water one year—a very dry year—while that was in operation, so they dug a hole in the streambed to get water to puddle and make their brick. And the next year, of course, the storms were heavier and the river stream was runnin' fuller. And there was four girls wadin' down the stream, and one stepped into it and drowned. Her name was Hill. I think the first was Susan—I wouldn't be too sure, as I understood, but the last name was Hill, from Frank.

About what years was that kiln in operation did you think?

Well, it was in operation in 1855 or '6, 'cause the house across the street here was built about '56—gettin' ready to move into for Steve Kinsey when he was married, and the brick for that came from that kiln there. So that's why I placed it as the first kiln—'cause the Adams family didn't move here till '56, according to the records of purchase that way of the land.

I had thought that they were here earlier.

No, their name isn't in anything—in any of the property between '52 and '5 in that first records I have here. But then when the territorial records started in '66, it shows a purchase by Adams, and a man by the name of Brown, I believe.

It was definitely the first brick kiln in the area, 'cause this Kinsey house across the street was built—the bricks were built from that, so

Harry Hawkins always told me. And they were related to Kinsey, you see. The relatives in the aread stay there at different times. So it very definitely places it back where it was around in operation, you might say, by 1855. And he never said the date when it first started, but I guess he didn't really hear anyone say. It was the fact that this house was built over here when Kinsey was married, and then I think the records show he was married in 1856—he was buildin' the house, preparin' for the bride, at that time. She was the one that was related to the Hawkins—his wife.

Do you know of any other buildings that have brick from that?

Yes, this one that sold for the four hundred dollars—the Lucky Bill purchase was made by brick from that kiln. And I shouldn't wonder what that Central Hotel probably was, too, 'cause it was one of the real old buildings. And the Genoa Bar up here—they run as the oldest in the state—its brick would be from that kiln, here on the Genoa Lane.

I wouldn't be surprised but what the house where the Settlemeyer family lives across the two rivers would probably be another, 'cause the main part of that was brick in the real early days. See, the family that owned that built the toll road from Genoa to Esmeralda; it was Boyd—called the Boyd Toll Road.

Yeah, you see out on the 395 where they have the sign up where the road crossed it. You can stop there and notice and see on each side of it where it'd been graded up, across through the fields now.

And then in the earthquake of 1887, the Boyd property in there and corrals was on the eastern edge of that area of the fault, 'cause the cracks ran through the ground through the barnyards, and the house was cracked with that, and then later they put rods through and

bolts from one side to the other in repairin' the house. It's fixed now so you don't notice the crack, but when I was a youngster, the crack showed quite plainly, 'fore the house had been repainted and smoothed over.

The westerly side of that earthquake fault was along the foothills back of Genoa here. And that was a real heavy shake. Grandma Fettic said she lost—every fruit jar in her cellar was thrown off the shelves and laid on the floor, broken.

So 'bout the first carpenter work I did after we moved here, I made strips for my mother and put in front of the shelves out here in our cellar, so the jars couldn't slide off if another earthquake come along. 'Course I wasn't very old then—in fact, I had the wood plane that my uncle'd given me and used the smaller old wood plane—he had a steel plane, but that was strictly out of use for my part. I used a little wood plane in gettin' the wood planed. They was afraid I'd be careless as a child; I'd chip the blade on a steel plane, and it'd have to be resharpened, so I stayed with the wood plane, which I still have. It was one that my grandfather had brought over from England—or great-grandfather, I should say—one of their carpenter tools.

There's several of the tools I have here that they brought from England; they're still in use, so there's good tough material in those days. No, steel planes were quite rare then, right around the turn of the century and afterwards. And down when I was a little fellow, and get out and pack tools back and forth for my uncle in Diamond Valley, and so—he gave me the small wood block plane, and I could use that, but I was strictly to leave the [steel] plane strictly alone. I was quite impressed that way—I'da kinda liked to've used it, but it was off limits [chuckling]. Yeah, you bet. 'Course I could see, 'cause a little youngster was very likely to be careless and set it down on a nail

or something that way, or strike into a nail and chip the blade. And then he'd have to regrind the plane to use it, and so of course he had good points in tryin' to keep the plane in good shape.

Although I was pretty careful with the wood plane, too, because I'd watched him the way he'd handled the other, and I didn't want to be too inferior [chuckle] as a little fellow. But of course it stood me in good hand learning that type of work and carpentry work and packin' the tools back and forth for him and watchin' him 'fore I could say the names of the tools.

So here, when we needed a new milk house in 1916—I'd only been twelve years old that fall—and Dad had torn down the older slaughterhouse, so we used the material, and my great-uncle come in and he worked with me and poured the cement floor, and well, all the rest of the woodwork, I did on my own. So I wasn't too old when I got a start in carpenter work. And I never thought anything of it. My dad left me alone, when I was twelve, on my own—go ahead and build it, which I did, and the building's standing here on the edge of the barn now. So it made it handier for a milk house, from where we had to move the milk with a cart before to the building that was used as a milk house.

You mentioned the slaughterhouse?

Yes, that originally stood on the north side of the road, which was the Salmon and Johnson—they had it between 'em. And Salmon apparently ran the slaughterhouse part, because up here on the (I think as I told in the session before)—the butchershop buildings still remain, and made over into a house that had been a butcher shop when Salmon had it, but the slaughterhouse that was down on this property, which was on the

second land claim on the north side of Genoa Lane, which is also part of our property now. And in the early deeds that described it and give the chains and links and direction from the southwest land corners to where the building stood in the deed on the property.

'Course in those days, you see, you didn't use feet—they used chains in measurement. And the chain, that was comprised of a hundred links, so it made approximately 9.37 inches for each link, 'cause the chain was only sixty six feet in length. So twenty chains would make one side of a forty-acre field.

Twenty chains?

Mmm-hmm, would be one side of a forty-acre field. So you're 1,320 feet, in our measurement of present day, and made it out even in chains, which was the way of measurement in those days.

So that slaughterhouse, then, stood over across—?

Uh-huh, the north side of the road, and then years later it was moved down across that stream, and on the opposite side of the road from where the brick kiln was, which was over in the stackyard on the north side of the road. It stood there for quite a few years till the Freys eventually moved it back in the lower part of the willow pasture, as we call it, on this side of the road, where, as a result of a cloudburst, the willows kept growin' and that, and then it was rocky and it never worked over into farmland—stream run down.

It was always referred to as willow pasture, 'cause it *was* a little pasture—grass grew in parts of it, and the rest was willows. 'Course it made a handy place for what we called the "mahala willows." The mahalas would stop and get the little willows and prepare to use

for basket material, which I've seen 'em make. Seen 'em gather 'em and work the bark off the willows with a piece of glass, and then divide some of 'em up to get the part just underneath the bark to use as the lace—makin' the basket where they lace the one row of willow to the one underneath that way.

'Course the Indians now, they use the cane, most of 'em, 'cause they can buy that ready-made, and it's a lot easier than havin' to prepare the willow, for makin' the lace part. They're gettin' modernized. [Laughing] No, but I've watched old mahalas make that. They used a piece of glass to scrape, and then make a split with their teeth and get it separated from the inside pulp, and get the part that would be just under the bark, that was tough that way, to use as the binding and lace, in making willow baskets.

We have a small one here. My grandmother on my mother's side of the family used for needle and thread, which is well over a hundred years old now. In fact, my mother used it the same way—kept needles and thread and thimbles in it, a pair of scissors.

Then upstairs I also have a small basket that mahala made and give to my older sister for her to put her doll in to carry. It was a papoose basket, the larger one, but she made the smaller size for a doll. It's hangin' upstairs in the clothes closet. I oughta get it down and let you see it—they're kinda—you don't see 'em outside of museums nowadays much. [Chuckle]

No, this basket that they used for a sewing basket, well, you see, the grandmother on my mother's side of the family was married in 1862, and so there's some time after—probably not too long after that when she obtained the basket. I never heard my mother say, but my mother was the third child in the family. So the basket really—we've taken a

little care of it and it's lasted a long time—it didn't wear out too soon.

One other room of that early-day Wasson house survived; it was moved up here, and then an extra outside and siding was added to it, and it was used for the cellar up here at the house where I live now. It was plastered inside, and Mrs. Frey said it was her bedroom there, so whether it was used as a bedroom by the Wassons, there's a big chance that it was.

And it's still standing out there?

Yeah, it's the inside part of what's the cellar out here, and then they added two-by-sixes around it to fill in with sawdust around the outside. But the old part shows the straight up-and-down boards and batten, so it makes it back from the real old early-day building. And she always referred to it as her bedroom, in what was part of the Warren Wasson house, where they first lived until they built this building.

Sounds like it got moved around in pieces then, didn't it?

Yes, it did. Well, probably the first part was built, and then there was additions made, too, as they generally were with the early-day houses. They had added the bedrooms onto them; it wasn't always built all at one time.

Let's see, the Frank Walker house back here was added onto apparently, from the looks and what I understood from Frank, probably about four different times rooms was added on. Some have been torn off now, although three of the additions still stand. It started out as a two-room house, and then they kept adding on as time went on. The family become larger and needed more room, so rooms were just added on.

And there's no doubt it happened with the Warren Wasson, 'cause several of the children

were born here at Genoa before he moved to Carson. So early-day houses that way were built more or less that way as they first started out, and then they added on in a few years as the—'course, the lumber became more available, and as they figured they needed more room. So I think—no, I didn't happen to mention that this cellar out here was a part of the early-day Warren Wasson house structure, 'cause I never heard Frey say that they ever built any more on any more than what Warren Wasson had, till they built the new house here, which they built all together at one time.

When we were reroofing the cellar back here back in the thirties, taking off the old shingle roof and putting on the metal (it was starting to look like it would get where it would leak), I found a well-worn scythe blade laying overhead, where it would cut the—in cutting hay by hand with scythes. The blade is down in the blacksmith's shop now, set over in the back part of—hung overhead. I kinda wondered how it got upstairs, up in the upper part in the attic part [chuckling]! How it got placed there, 'cause it'd been there apparently a long time.

No, Wasson did quite well as bein' Indian agent. He's credited with kind of averting some of the Indian uprisings and helping keep the peace. He did get quite a bit of credit in avoiding a lot of serious difficulties.

Of course, I being alone as a small child in Diamond Valley, I wasn't used to playing with other children. Then, after we had moved here, I was seven years old and I was gathering eggs in the barn. I was crossing the beam; well, my father had crossed it, so I didn't see any reason why I couldn't. I had quite a few times. And I got a little careless, as a youngster, and I fell off the beam. And I felt worse about the fact the bucket had turned over and dropped on the eggs and broke all thirty-four eggs.

I had learned to count and write up to a hundred and learned the alphabet with my mother, and simple words. And so, as a result, I didn't start to school till I was seven-and-a-half years old. I started in February and the teacher, Mrs. Mary Hill, she promoted me to second grade at the end of the eight months term which was in May then.

She said I knew most of the first grade work. So the next year I studied rather long 'cause I didn't play much as a result of a back injury. I didn't know really that I had broken it at that time. I didn't know till forty years later, so I stayed out of ball games and things 'cause it was always hard to stoop quickly and make quick catches. I just didn't realize, really, what it was. So I put in my time studying instead of playing, so the next year I finished the second and third grade, and by then I was the youngest member in the class from then on [chuckles].

Then another time, at the old school back up on the hill, the youngsters on recess would get back up in good weather, and use an old piece of tin or a shovel to sit on and slide down steep hillside for a ways. The teacher would ring the bell three minutes before the recess was up so the boys could get back and lined up to march into the schoolroom.

Girls would be all standing with the vacant places in between; the boys would slide in from each direction and of course, as a result we was all out of wind and panting. Well, it was several minutes before school could start, before we were able to talk. [Chuckles] Of course, we were all good and healthy.

Then there was another time, Andrew Christensen, a boy in the older grades that way, he had an apple or two along in the fall, and he decided he'd kind of like to roast an apple. So he had us little fellows gather some twigs for him, and he made a little fire which accidentally happened right under an open

window—in the warm weather—where the upper four grades was in the larger room. Of course, smoke was curling up by the open window and teacher see it, and she went over and peeked out and she see him sitting there with the apple on a stick, roasting it, and a little fire.

At that time, water was brought to school in a bucket, so she carefully got over and emptied the bucket of water over on him and the fire. He said he didn't mind getting' wet, but he kinda hated losin' his half-roasted apple [chuckles].

'Course, way back earlier in the history there was some of the teachers didn't have too easy of a time, occasionally, 'cause the larger kids was eighteen and nineteen years old and still going to grammar school. The high school hadn't been started (that was earlier before I'd entered school). So as a result, they were just more or less creating mischief and makin' it harder on the little fellas who was goin' to school.

In fact, one incident Bert Dake told us (his father was the justice of peace for years here, also coroner, and they also ran a rather small mortuary), and he said he and his brother was up along those years, passed the eighth grade, and they kind of wanted to quit school. And his father said well, they'd have to go to work. Well, what could they do? They had the property at the south end of Genoa. He said there's a rock wall between two fields; they could [move] the rock wall about a rod over and rebuild it again. He said they had to move it with a wheelbarrow.

They worked and got it all built up and went in and told the father; he looked out and said, "Well, boys, you did fine work. Now," he says, "if you don't want to go to school," he said, "you can move it back to where it was."

And he said that the next Monday they were in school. [Laughter] He said it looked

too big a job to start to move it back a rod with a wheelbarrow. He said they didn't mind the first move.

The brother who told it, his name was Bert Dake, and he had a younger brother, Ray. [Ray] worked in the store later here in Genoa, Johnson store. They had a large coffee grinder set on a metal frame, as they'd get the coffee in those days in the coffee beans plus the chicory; they'd mix it according to whatever the person would want. Then, if they wanted it ground there, they'd get it ground. They could take home the coffee beans and grind 'em in a small grinder at home in the kitchen. We have one of the grinders here—used a lot to grind what they want from day to day—fresh coffee.

Other people would get it ground there. He said there was an Indian come in and he'd get some ground up that way in this large grinder. It stood on a frame which itself sat up, oh, about five foot high.

So, this Ray Dake fooled around with wet batteries that way, and he had some rigged up in the basement of the store. And he had one wire hooked up to this metal frame on this grinder, and then he had some nails driven through the floor and hooked up to the other lead with a coil on that.

And this Indian had come along, they'd occasionally get to grind. He said he was barefooted, and he said he hopped from one foot to the other. They said that he stayed with it till he got through grinding, but they never did get him to touch the coffee grinder again [chuckles]! We said they lost their coffee grinder. 'Course, that kind of backfired on him; he had to do all the coffee grinding after that [chuckles]. Yeah, comic happenings.

BLACKSMITHING

You couldn't blame him for hoppin' up and down, 'cause most of the Indians

in those years were barefooted. They grow quite a callused foot. Heard my dad say there in Diamond Valley at one time, the Indian came into the blacksmith shop and watched 'em when they were workin' putting calks on horse shoes and workin' cutting off pieces of hot metal and sparks, and said he'd never say anything. He'd stand in a certain place against the bench. And they seed him comin' that day and they see there was some hot pieces there in the dirt. He said the Indian got it on his foot a little bit. He sniffed and said, "Smell somethin' burnin'."

Pretty soon, "Yow!" he said, and went up in the air. It had burned through the thick sole to where he felt it. He said he'd never come back in the blacksmith shop again. He'd stay outside the door and look in [chuckles].

Another trick was to get a person to pick up a piece of hot metal. And there was a story told on that where a man was watching one time, and he'd accidentally picked up a piece of hot metal and they were kinda kidding him about it. They said, "Why, the little boy over there knows better than that." He said, "He don't pick up anything hot when we're working."

He says, "How's that?"

He said, "He goes over there and spits on it first to see if the spit starts bubbling before he'd pick up a piece of metal that you asked him to!" [Chuckles]

Well, it worked. I know I've done it many a times working when I wasn't sure the metal had cooled enough. Saved a scorched hand or a burnt hand.

In fact, we did a lot of our own blacksmith work all through those days that way. The leather bellows and forge that we had here at the ranch, we gave to the museum up here now so they'd have an authentic bellows and forge in it.

And where they got the other tools was a blacksmith at Millerville. And he had one of the hand-cranked blowers and that didn't look very authentic for the early days, not like leather bellows did. [Chuckles]

Did you do blacksmithing work then yourself?

Yes. I learned. I worked with my dad and my uncle and worked in the shop welding. 'Course, in welding metal you had to be careful and get good blacksmith coal that didn't contain any sulphur, 'cause a little bit of sulphur, then the metal didn't weld; you couldn't hammer it together when it got heated to the welding stage.

Most of the blacksmith tongs and that were made from pieces of metal that was picked up from wagons that had been burned along the Forty-Mile Desert before you come into Fallon. There'd been quite a lot of scattering, so we have iron hinges and casts around the place here that were made in the shop in the early days from metal that was picked up along that Forty-Mile Desert.

And as Thomas Knott had built the sawmill here in Genoa, he said he packed a saw over on muleback, and some bearings, also a shaft for the saw, but he said all the other metal they needed for around the mill to make tracks and that, he said they went out to the Forty-Mile Desert. He said it was easy to pick up all they needed plus wagon chains and that for use in logging.

That Forty-Mile Desert was rough that way, crossing the alkali salt flats with teams that way, and many animals perished along the way. They'd give up and have to leave a wagon, you see, and they'd often burn it then, or the Indians did. A lot of times Indians'd come along and there'd be the iron laying where the wagon had been burned.

So, that was the way a lot of the early iron was obtained for use around making hinges and things that way. 'Cause, a blacksmith, he could hammer it down and get any kind of shape he wanted.

Where did the blacksmith's coal come from?

I guess it had to be brought in—probably first'd be around by boat, I imagine. Then, after the railroad, they probably could get it to come over by the railroad from the east. But it had to be coal that didn't contain any sulphur, and it was sold as blacksmith's coal. 'Cause, sulphur kind of caused an alloy of the metal and you couldn't weld two pieces together.

See, two pieces of metal would be heated to where they'd start to sparkle and then hold 'em over on the end real quick and hammer 'em together and they'd weld together in the hammering. You catch them, the iron would start to burn or sparkle; it'd really reach the melting state, it'd be melted on the surface. You lay the two pieces together and hammer and they'd stick right together then on the end.

You 'didn't waste any time when you pulled the two pieces out of the fire. And you'd watch 'em, 'cause if you left 'em too long they'd just keep burning up and getting smaller—get over and start welding.

There's tongs down here in the blacksmith's shop where the pieces are welded—two and three pieces welded together in the handles of 'em where they made their own blacksmith's tongs and things that way.

How did you determine just the right temperature?

Watch in the fire. Sometimes you'd lift a piece a little bit out of the fire and watch and see when it'd start to throw off the sparks. It

showed it had reached the melting point. You could see the iron would be bubbling all along the iron, when it reached that melting; then it'd throw off a lot of sparks.

It was quite a sight to see. I was always one to watch it. In fact, I did. Fact, where I got in difficulties in Diamond Valley when I was a little fella and just learning to talk. I was watchin' Dad and his brother working putting calks on horse shoes and welding, and Dad told me to go up to the house to get lunch along the middle the afternoon.

Mother said she looked out the window and said I'd take a couple of steps and turn around and look back at the shop, and a couple of more steps and look back, and I got up about the kitchen door and I guess I thought by that time that Mother hadn't seen me and I could go back. The only thing, she had and she caught me before I got back to the shop. She said my uncle had used quite a few swear words and said I tried my best to use all of 'em. I figured I'd had real bad luck. I couldn't stay and watch that welding going on [chuckles]. So I was feelin' real bad; it was a lot better to watch that welding than have to go to bed. [Laughter]

She said I could hardly say a word but she said I was trying to say every word I had heard my uncle use. She said, "Up to then I never heard you say a swear word," but I figured I was in a real bad fix. [Chuckles] Kind of tellin' a story on myself.

I was real small. I wasn't talking very plain. She said she could hardly understand what I was sayin', but I was tryin' my best to make use of 'em 'cause I figured I had real bad luck right when my mother had finally caught up with me [chuckles].

Of course, I always tried to help my mother as a little feller. Can you notice this finger here where the nail's ridged?

Yes.

Well, Mother, alone, was cutting some alfalfa that was close to the pigpen for the pigs. So I got a butcher knife to go down and try to help cut to give a little handful. Only I made a mistake and cut too high, and the first thing my mother knew was that my hand was all bloody. And I was still cuttin' away; I hadn't quit cutting 'cause I grew up that way. I didn't complain. I always thought, I guess, it went with the cutting of the alfalfa. I made a big slash and I cut through this fingernail and through the finger down to the bone. But I was still working cuttin' alfalfa; I hadn't quit.

What did your mother do?

Well, she had to bandage it, put a little bandage on my finger. But it soon healed up, and the nail finally grew together, but it split right through to the bone, she said. The scar's still there. It used to show more plain than it does now, but it was right down through. See, I had my little hand around a handful of grass and I cut too high. So, but that's the way I did. I wouldn't cry over anything that way.

You could have bled to death.

Yeah, I know. But that's the way I did it 'cause I was always tryin' to help that way from the little fella on up. I grew up that way 'cause there was no other children around to play. So, I tried to help wherever I thought I could.

THE RAYCRAFT HOTEL AND ITS ENVIRONS

And mentioning the Raycraft property, which we purchased in 1939, probably should go into a little history of it, as it was a hotel, one part. And then another building alongside

it survived, but the hotel was torn down by—long before we bought it. And it was built way back in the 1850s when lumber was very scarce. The old neighbor Frank Walker was around during the time when it had been torn down, and he said in many of the rooms, underneath the wallpaper they used the sides of boxes and crates and shipping crates in fixing up the room, preparing to wallpaper it. It kinda shows that lumber was real scarce! [Chuckles]

It must have been.

So that had to be back in around shortly after the middle 1850s, 'cause the sawmill—it was between '54 and '5 when it first started up here. The first mill that was built in the Carson Valley was up just out of Woodfords. And then right afterwards one was built here at Genoa by the same family—the Knott family. And then a little later they added a gristmill here at Genoa, both of which were run by water power. And then the stones for the gristmill come from France. In fact, they were in segments, and then had an iron tire band around 'em to hold 'em together. It seemed like most all the early-day milling stones came from that one area in France that was—. And then later this mill was moved up to the foot of the old Kingsbury Grade where they had the better source of water power. And it was run there for a long period of years. And the mill building stood there till way along in the teens. In fact, it survived the cloudburst at the Kingsbury Grade in 1912 and didn't happen to get moved. [Chuckles]

And then coming back on the Raycraft property with their hotel building, the early-day records showed that J. L. Salmon owned the building and operated it as the Salmon Exchange with a bar in the one part

of it. And then the adjoining building was in two sections: one section held a butcher's shop, and the blocks used for trimming and cutting meat was cut from a large pine tree; two of 'em sat in there. That shows the early-day solution for a meat-chopping block [chuckles].

And then along in the early 1860s it changed where [D. W.] Virgin, who was a lawyer, had got control of it. When the Raycraft family come here, then they managed to take it over, and went on and conducted it as a hotel. And of course, they furnished meals. It had a record of very fine meals being served there. And the other building, as the stage lines come into use, was used for the headquarters for the stage, in which Raycrafts ran stage line from Carson City to here, and it also handled mail and that. (They never moved the chopping blocks out, and the back of it was the frame and meat hooks for hanging meat.)

And this Salmon was also involved with J. R. Johnson. In fact, land we have north of the road showed in 1860s as J. R. Johnson and J. L. Salmon as owners. And they had a slaughterhouse on the corner of the property, which it even give the chains and links and the compass direction from the fence corners to the location. So in that way the building played quite a part in the early-day history.

And then on the north side of this remaining building that was standing when we purchased it were the two rooms, and they had use as—at one time was used as a doctor's office; another time the district attorney had it there; they also published a newspaper, *The Banner*, for a little less than a year there. A few of the issues are in the state library at Carson; I don't believe they have the complete issues of it. It didn't print too long. But that was the building where it was printed right around the middle 1860s.

And then earlier this [William] Stewart, who was a lawyer, had his office there just before the rise of Virginia City. And he moved to Carson and then to Virginia City, and later he became a U. S. Senator from Nevada.

Yeah, he had his office in that same building on the north side in two rooms. When he first come here, he had his office, and then later moved to Carson, and then shortly after Virginia was starting up, he went to Virginia City. So it shows the building was old!

When we purchased the property in 1939, it was in pretty bad state of disrepair. In fact, most of the roof had—shingles had crumbled and broken off. I didn't like to tear it down for the fact bein' an old building, and it had a lot of historical use back of it, so eventually we made it over into a home. That's where our daughter lives at present.

In those few years prior to my daughter coming back here, after it was finished, it was rented. And one lady that had it became postmistress, and we added a room on the south for the post office. So that's why there comes two doors on the front of the building at present time: it was the post office and a home [chuckles].

What kinds of things did you find when you were doing the remodeling in the house?

Well, there was a few odds and ends left. Among them was some of the material that was used—equipment—to shrink the end of the boiler tubing that was secured from Virginia City on the pipeline that brought the water down to the property. And the other one was to make the other end a flare, so that it made a slip-joint pipe out of the discarded boiler flues from Virginia City, which occurred prior to the time of the water system being put in, as evidently the

water around Virginia City would cause a lot of trouble in the boilers, and they'd just soon cause the deposits where they'd lose efficiency and they had to change flue fairly often in the boilers, although that boiler pipe was very tough. Most of it is still in use in the pipeline from, as Raycraft put it, he came here in '64 and found it in operation, and it was his understanding that it was put in in 1863. The pipe's clear and nice, looks good, any section we've ever looked at [chuckles]. So the steel tubing was a very efficient pipeline!

Then also there was two books from stage drivers in there. One of 'em was only a part of one, and I didn't take 'em out right at first after buying it, and one of the neighbors got the best one, so I have a part of the other one that isn't quite complete. I'll get it out and let you take it, so you can see what went back and forth—the things that the stage driver was asked to buy in Carson for and deliver along the way between here and Woodfords, Markleeville. And well, there was quite a few Chinamen various times, and they carried money to make payments from Chinese to Chinese store. 'Course, he gives the name of the Chinaman in English, and when the Chinaman signed for receivin' the money, of course, the signature was always in Chinese! [Laughs] So the stage driver was gonna be sure that he wouldn't be blamed for not delivering any of the money or funds that he had been given to pay bills for other Chinamen in Carson at the Chinese store and various Chinese places.

Each one of these Chinamen had to sign it, but 'course, the signature is in Chinese characters! [Laughs] I'll remember to give it to you when we finish, if you would like to look over it. It's only a part of a book, but it'd give you some idea of the various requests that way, which the stage driver got in those days for buying from stores in Carson and then delivering on his trip back [chuckling].

No, I'm sorry I didn't take the other book at first, but I didn't think about it goin' missing so quick! [Chuckling] I've understood one of the neighbors has it, but well, he's taking good care of it, so I guess it's—have to say it's all right.

And then there was some vinegar barrels in the back part behind what was the butcher's shop and the stage stop part of the building. 'Course, in refinishing it, they had to put in two-by-four studding all around because it was made the easiest way it could be in the early days when their lumber was very scarce, and there were no two-by-four studding or corner that way.

How was it put up then?

Well, the sides were nailed on the floor; it was first laid with the timber that belonged on the floor nailed to boards. And then they raised each side and the end filled in. As a result, they didn't have to use studding; it resulted in just the single walls. And originally there was battens on the outside. And then later in the front they added a shiplap type of a siding, and that had mostly came loose, and it was off at the time when we purchased the building.

And 'course, the boards were all various widths as they got from the early-day sawmill; they took what they got and wasn't particular. They was very happy to get any width of board [chuckling].

And the rafters was of various widths, so some of them weren't uniform. Some was four-by-six; some as high as four-by-eight. And later we made it two bedrooms in the upper parts, so we had to work and trim them, get them matched, so we could put the siding and ceiling back to even up for the odd sizes of rafters, which goes to show also early-day construction [chuckles]. And some of them

showed a little bark on one edge where it wasn't—from the rounded part of the log. As long as the three sides was squared, well, the fourth side wasn't particular. It furnished something to use in building [chuckle].

So as it went on, there was quite a bit that way from the various uses that the buildings went through.

Then there was the woodshed building—stood in the back, which is still in use. Had to reroof that, of course, later.

Then up at the Sheridan field, that we first bought, was from the Singleton family. And that went back on the 1852 water right, as we mentioned, 'cause Singleton was an early-day settler here in the valley. And they also had a Negro woman with them, who was large and heavyset and apparently had been a slave back in the East, but since there wasn't anything that way, she lived all her lifetime with the family here.

As a family member?

Yep, she lived with the family and did chores in the house, I guess. I think I may have told you about the trick that was played on the—.

Oh, you did! At that masquerade party?

The same woman, yeah! The masquerade ball was quite an event that way for celebration of New Year's. [Laughs]

And of course, when it got down here later years, the masquerade party was dropped, or it was smaller; I never happened to see any of them myself, although they did have little local parties. 'Course, in those days here we was very often snowed in when there was heavy snow on the ground, and so there was only just people who lived here locally

that gathered for their little party. And I remember on one of 'em, there was different ones bringin'—it was one of the younger men bringin' a pound coffee can—furnished coffee for the group at nighttime; but he'd used the can for his coffee cup, so he could get a good drink—have plenty of coffee to drink [laughs]!

Yeah, he'd use a pound coffee can; that was always his special coffee cup. He later married Ione Hawkins. 'Course, her married name was Fettic, and her husband's name was John Fettic. They were married during the wartime, shortly before he went in the draft in the war. And later after coming back, his father had some property here in Genoa that had been used as a saloon, which the building that we had moved onto had originally come from the property here that we have and was part of the Warren Wasson home, and had been moved uptown on property that Hansen had. And then my dad and my great-uncle, William Trimmer, moved it for him after the fire of 1910 down onto the Hansen lot, where the building had burned in that fire. And then a relative, Henry Champagne, had opened up a bar and ran a few years there. Then he moved to Gardnerville and took in what was called the Corner Saloon, where the present-day Nugget that way is there now. (You know, the same one as we've read—the fellow that gives in the special free mealtime there in [January] there in honor of their doings for Christmastime back in his home country. He gives a description of all the pigs and whatnot he had to furnish the free meals for everybody! [Chuckles] And Sharkey's Nugget is a name that now goes by.)

I was just trying to be sure I had this traced straight. The building that was here on your property—

It was moved after the Freys had built this house. They sold it and it was moved up on the property that Hansen had, who was also a saloon keeper and was running the saloon that burned in the fire of 1910 across from where the log cabin and park now stands, 'cause they tore the building down after her husband got back from the war. And his father had given him the property, and then they used salvaged lumber in building their house—as they built a smaller house. She's still living; she'll be ninety this year. So you see, you're comin' around to a good neighborhood! [Laughs]

And the neighbor lady next to where my daughter lives there by the Raycraft Hotel property—she also worked as a younger person there and helped around the hotel. She was ninety-seven last year. She's still getting around. She's pretty frail, but she gets around, and works around—has a number of flowers she's looking after. Some years back when she was ninety, she wasn't feeling very well, and the son and the daughter-in-law took her to the doctor in Carson, and the doctor said, well, she should live and take life a little easier. And so the daughter-in-law said, "Well, we've made it quite a bit easier for her. We got her a nice, light, rubber-tired aluminum wheelbarrow."

And the doctor straightened up and said, "My, you're a hard person!" He didn't realize that she'd been usin' a heavy, wooden, iron-wheeled wheelbarrow in takin' fertilizer around to her garden plants before, and she was goin' to insist on getting out, so they were tryin' to make it as easy as they could, as long as she was going to do things [laughing] I But the doctor mistook it; he thought that they were expecting her to do such things!

What is her name?

Her married name is Lena Falcke, although her maiden was Lena Giardella.

I've heard her mentioned, too.

Yes, you probably did 'cause she's really the oldest person in town now. You have to give her a lot of credit. In fact, a few weeks ago when they had a Saturday supper raisin' funds for this delinquent children's home that they're starting over here in the valley where forty acres of property are donated for, her grandson got her down for the supper. 'Course, she didn't stay; she went home right after the supper.

That's still something, though.

You bet it is. So give her a lot of credit for getting around. And of course, she insists on trying to help at the house. Daughter-in-law has kind of a time that way, tryin' to persuade her to get her to be a little easier, but she still thinks she ought to help in getting the meal ready.

No, I see her several times a year 'cause we've known her ever since we've been here, that way. And they used to raise quite a garden on the property when we first come here, and now they have let it go to lawn. The neighborhood children, they enjoy getting over there and playing on it—including the grandchildren.

'Course, Lena, she does make quite a few little, small doughnuts and that, and treats the children that way, so they don't miss out on opportunities to go over and play [laughing]! And anyway, they figure it's keepin' the children off the Street when they're playin' in the big yard [chuckles], playin' their ball game.

When the twins were quite small, they used to get away every once in a while and go over to see her, 'cause they figured they'd

always get a doughnut or something that way. And so one day she asked 'em, said, "Does your mother know that you've come over?"

"No."

"Well," she says, "you better go home and ask your mother if it's all right."

A few minutes later both little tots showed up, and they said, "My mama said we had to stay home."

"Well," she said, "in that case, I guess you won't be able to stay." [Laughs] They had to come back and tell her, though, 'cause their mother figured they were makin' themselves a nuisance [laughing]! But she is very nice to the little children around the neighborhood that way, in gettin' 'em to come in and play their ball games and tag and various games in the large yard.

So 'course, the Raycraft family, there were several living when we first come here—the older sons, that way. And the hotel was being run by the mother. She passed on, and then the wife of one of the sons, Ed Raycraft, ran it for quite a number of years, before she moved to Gardnerville.

And then the Candy Dance had started up. Two of the sons lived here and occasionally a third one—they used the dining room for several years in serving meals for the Candy Dance till the roof began to get bad that way. And then finally they had to leave and go over and hold it in the Masonic building that they had fixed the downstairs up for a dining room that had been used for a store when we come here. And so that went on for a place for serving the meals for the Candy Dance until after the firehouse was enlarged in the later sixties. And then a kitchen was put in the back part of it, and it was right adjoining the dance hall. So then the firehouse became used for the supper. Set up the tables that way for serving their Candy Dance supper, 'cause it had a convenient kitchen that way and was

just right close alongside the dance hall. The dance hall was built by the Raycraft family back in the later 1880s.

It must have quite a history, too.

Yeah, it's had a lot of use that way in dances and that. And when we first come here, there was occasionally those traveling show outfits and vaudeville, and sometimes some movies. And the dance hall was used for those type of shows, which generally occurred a time or two every summer for a number of years after we moved here, before they began to drop out of existence. Travel around the country that way in a group, kind of put on like a minstrel show. Some were represented to be Negro—Negro characteristic and parts. And one of the incidents I remember of it was: one was asking him about things that he was doin'. "Oh yes, Mother said we were always very bright children. We all had Bright's disease when we were young.

"Well, how did you remember it?"

"Well," she said, "remember one time when we'd done all went to church, and we sit down in what was that?"

"Oh," he said, "now I remember." Said, "The fellow in back of us said 'phew,' and that's what it was we were sitting in." [Laughs] A get-off on the word—*phew* for—[laughing]!

That was one of the jokes in the routine?

Yeah, one of their routine jokes that I happened to remember; it struck me funny. [Laughs]

It must have, to remember it all these years.

Yeah, it did; I was only a little fellow at the time [laughs]. Yeah, it was a get-off on the word!

'Course, there was a woman lived here in town that was very badly burned in a fire at Lakeview, Oregon. And in fact, she just had stubs of fingers left. And face showed the scar burns on end of her nose, eyelids. And she came in and between two of the fingers she'd hold a coin (it was the part of the fingers that was left), and she put it down for the woman that was collecting for the admissions, and she see the badly disfigured edges of fingers; she looked up at her, and she promptly fell over in a faint, and they said they had quite a time reviving her. She never saw a person so badly disfigured.

This woman that thought she was rather pretty, and it never bothered her; she was quite bold going around the town. And of course, all of us that lived here didn't think anything about her—just a matter of fact. Yeah, the end of her nose she'd lost in the fire, and the lips showed it, and the eyes. But she didn't seem to realize that way how she could scare another person. We had a younger fellow that was milking here. And he was going up the street, and he was comin' down and he caught sight of her, and he crossed the street, and he come home, he said, "My God," he said, "what kind of a woman was that? I never saw a person that looked like that before!" 'Course, us livin' here didn't think anything about such, as that way.

There were quite a number of people lost their lives in that fire at Lakeview, Oregon. There was an upstairs dance hall, and there was kerosene lights, and apparently a person who had a little too much to drink had somehow managed to strike one of the lights hanging in the ceiling, knocked it down, and started the fire. And people had difficulty getting out, as the doors opened inside into the building. And so there was quite a number that didn't get out from the fire.

Was that Clara Ray?

Clara Snelling. And then she later married a man by the name of Ed Ray. Her maiden name was Snelling.

He must have been quite a person to be able to see beyond her disfiguration.

Yes. Well, they were both Irish [chuckles]. This Irishman—he'd lived around over the country that way, and they did marry. I don't know whether Rufus—did he tell you about when they were married by the justice of peace at Carson?

I don't recall that he did.

Well, in this case the Irishman worked here a lot, and of course, she knew him; she was back and forth down here quite a bit. And the justice of peace says, "Do you have a ring?"

He said, "Nope. But if I did, I wouldn't know where to put it unless it'd be on her toe!" [Laughs] The Irishman was kinda quick spoken! So you can see how badly disfigured her hands were. Yet she'd hold a broom and use the other hand to sweep, do things, and household work that way. She'd learned to; of course, it happened when she was a girl.

A remarkable person.

Yeah, it was for the things she could do and get around that way and do and handle in cooking. But the Irishman had quite a comment! [Chuckles]

Do you remember anything else about the vaudeville shows and the movies and things that used to come to town?

Well, they did always some comedy and comedy get-off's, and kinda catchy sayings in various ways.

And you had the old silent movies?

Yes, it had to be all silent at that time 'cause it was in the early' teens, you see. By the middle teens it dropped out; I don't remember seeing any more after right around that time.

That would have been about the time the movie houses started and—.

Yeah, they began to get more larger. Each town had a movie house, more or less. There was one in Gardnerville and Carson. And so they began to lose out that way, and such were discontinued. 'Course, some of those earlier pictures, something like on the order of Charlie Chaplin would be shown, and comedies that way—mostly always on kind of comedy order and lighter vein.

No, this Irishman that married this badly burned woman Clara, he'd worked here a lot and of course we knew him quite well. And he said he'd made the mistake and joined the Army when he was underage, and he was out at Fort Scott where he stayed the month. And he said by that time he realized the Army wasn't any place for him. And he said, well, the next morning he wasn't the only fellow that didn't hear the bugle blow. And of course, see, in that time it was peacetime, and the desertion outlawed in seven years. So he said in the next seven years he didn't stay over a week in one place. He said if the Army caught him, they'd have to move—be on the move to keep up with him! [Laughs] And of course, he said they wasn't looking too hard for a deserter at that time in peacetime.

And so he said one time in Reno he'd—the fellow occasionally had too much to drink, and he was getting on the freight train, and he hit the coupling bar and disconnected the train, and he was hanging onto the back cars. And 'course, when the air hose broke, as the

cars separated, it threw him, and he didn't regain consciousness till two days later in the hospital there in Washoe Medical in Reno. And he had a skull fracture and jaw fracture and injuries in that way, and the doctor didn't think he'd live. But he surprised him and did, after coming to, and said that this Catholic priest come around and kinda eventually found out that he had been raised in the Catholic church, and even in fact had been an altar boy back in Illinois, his home. And he'd drifted far afield, and so the Catholic priests were tryin' to get him to come back to church. And he said, "No, Father," he said, "I got such a big bag of sins, I couldn't get through the front door, let alone find out where is the confessional." [Laughs]

So he was quite the comic to work with and get on the—he could do all types of work. I've worked with him a lot around farm work and that. And then in Reno, he'd often worked for a man by the name of [A. E.] Kibble that did roofing. He'd started in 1905 in roofing in Reno. In fact, he roofed the first building that was put up in Minden, he told me one time years later when he was putting a roof on what's the courthouse now and the museum when it was being used as a school.

Of course, I've known him that way and seen him a few different times when he was here. And so told about one occasion when the Catholic church—I don't know whether you've seen it out in Virginia City, have you, the Catholic church, you know, with a very steep roof and high? And they needed roof repairs, but they couldn't find a roofer that would tackle it; they were all putting off. This Kibble come along, that way one day and looked it over—well, he said, he'd go in, get up where he could see the roof a little closer; there was a manhole, and this Kibble was Irish. And of course, when you step into the

Catholic church, it's kinda darkened that way most of the time, and he was trottin' along right behind the priest—the priest was goin' on a trot. And of course, when the priest come to the statue of Virgin Mary, he stopped and kneeled, and Kibble hit him and they both went head over heels [laughing]—took quite a tumble! And they got straightened up and Kibble said, "Pardon me, I didn't see you stop."

And the priest says, "I can plainly see you're not a Catholic," and Kibble didn't tumble then what the stop was about I laughing], as he didn't know anything about the Catholic church rites and traditions.

So, well, they got on up the ladder a ways, up to the top, to a little platform underneath the roof, and the priest says, "You'll have to take your coat off." And he begin to eye the priest, wondering if he was going to get in a scrap over knocking him over downstairs! And when he got his coat partly off, he said, "The manhole is so small at the top of the ladder, you can't get through it with your coat on!" [Laughter]

So he got up and peeked over the roof, and he took the job. Well, he went back to Reno, and that day he ran onto the Irishman, Ed Ray, and got him to go up and help him on it. So they got up early the next morning, and they arrived there a little after sunup, and they started in through the front to go back to pack up some of the ropes and that and fix so they could put up a gin pole for raising material; and when they got back to where one stairway started downstairs and the other started to go up around to get to the roof, the Irishman started to trot downstairs. He said, "Hey, Ed," he said, "that wasn't the way the priest showed me to get upstairs."

And Ed says, "I know it." But this was in Prohibition times. He said, "If I find what I think I can downstairs, we can both go home!"

A few minutes later he come back up with two gallons and another jug half full of the sacramental wine! So he said one looked at the other, and they went back and got in the truck and went back to Reno [laughing]! He said they had quite a time on the sacramental wine; he said it was sure good! [Laughter]

So he said the next morning when the sun was comin' up, he said both of them were back at Virginia City startin' to work. But he said the priest was too glad to see the roof getting repaired, he never said a word about the wine bein' missing [laughing], or connecting it up that they might have been the guilty parties! [Laughter] So he said they—[laughter]. Yeah, some of the funny things that happen kind of make it a little livelier in telling about it!

They did finally get the roof fixed?

Yeah, they repaired the roof. They went right on and worked on the roof, then. 'Course, they didn't go back to look for more sacramental wine; they figured they got enough the first time [laughing]! But he wasn't worryin' about gettin' condemned by the priest, if he had any suspicion about how the wine went missing!

So, back when he was injured and recovering there, and 'course, the railroad claim agent come around to see him, as he'd been injured in the railroad yard at Sparks. "Nope," he says, "I haven't got any claim against the railroad." He says, "I think I've rode nearly every railroad in the United States." He says, "I was in on your property, and," he said, "it was my fault." He says, "I uncoupled the train!"

So he said the railroad agent patted him on the head, and he said, "I'm sure glad I found an honest person!" [Laughter] 'Course, there's the question would he have got anything or

not, 'cause he was gettin' on the train that was startin' to move, but he wasn't going to give him any difficulty to prove that he shouldn't ought to be there! It was in the wartime, in the end after the first World War, and help was kind of scarce when he first worked for us. And 'course, he'd been on the hobo, and he stayed around the hobo jungles, and the hoboes in Minden were often around the railroad depot. And Dad stopped, looking—he needed to pick up another man for the hay crew—and he was the only fellow that happened to be available. And he was a short person in height and rather slender. So he said, "Partner, are you lookin' for a job?"

And he said, "Not by a darn sight!" But he said, "I guess—it's a case of have to, I might as well go with you as anybody. So where's your rig, and I'll go get my bundle." [Laughter]

So he come on and worked through that haying, and then on, and drifted out and worked at Reno and that and back, and then worked for families out at Fallon different times, but got back here pret' near every year, and he spent quite a bit of time working here with us. And this Snelling family was also Irish, and that's how he kinda got acquainted with 'em and one of the brothers of her, and eventually it led to the marriage [chuckles].

No, they both got along quite good. 'Course, he was gettin' older. And then he got injured down here when he was cutting a limb off that hung over the road on this tree where Uber was hung. And he was standin' on the ladder and chopping and notching this limb, working so it would drop; and when the limb fell, it was semi-circular in shape, and 'course, the outer end struck, and the lower end dropped back into the fence and just moved the ladder enough that he fell off of it, and he got a back injury. And as a result, he was under industrial insurance for

several years and treatment. And then finally, it offered him either more treatment or take a settlement; well, he took the settlement. And well, that was a little too much money. He went to drinkin' pretty heavily and laid out one cold night over in Gardnerville, and come back and took pneumonia, and he didn't survive the pneumonia along with the drink.

I heard the neighbor lady, Grandma Fettic, living up along the—going up the street to his—the Snelling home, where he lived with her. And she said you'd see him goin'—get around one of the poplar trees and peek around awhile, and pretty soon he'd duck around another. He got by her house, she said, "Ed, what's the matter?" She says, "You're comin' up kinda funny. I see you behind a tree, and look awhile, and duck."

"Oh," he said, "a little red devil is following me. Every time he isn't lookin', I'm duckin' around another tree." lie said, "I'm gonna lose him pretty soon." He'd been drinkin' so much, he was seem' things! [Laughter]

Then I heard him make a comment one time. He'd go on these sprees of drink; he said it got so when you sit down to eat a meal, and you watch the salt cellar and pepper and made a grab for 'em when they got closer to you, it was time to quit and start soberin' up. [Laughs] Give you a little idea of what some of the men that way who drifted around, and how they did! [Laughs]

No, you run on quite a few comical people that way among employees and them that's worked out at ranch work, and had a habit of drinking too much when they went off work, went back in the towns.

And then one time in Reno—it was durin' Prohibition—he'd went to work for a fellow that went by the name of "Curly," and he was makin' whiskey. 'Course, he'd come back from

that country where bootlegging was—went on back in the early—when he was a youngster there around Illinois, some of them along the foothill and back off a ways in his country did; they kinda beat payin' revenue that way, and make a little liquor and peddle on the side.

And he told about an uncle of his that had a farm, where he was out and helping quite often. This uncle—he'd get a cup of coffee in the morning and then add some whiskey to it and had a morning eye-opener. And so the aunt was trying to get him to cut down on drinking. And she went out with a candle in the morning, getting the eggs and bacon in the cellar. And they'd brought home a gallon jug of whiskey that night before, after dark, and set it down. And the cork was layin' kinda loose on it; it was real full. And well, they had a mousetrap there, and it caught a mouse during the night; so she goes over and drops the mouse out of the trap in the jug of whiskey—she thought she'd stop him from drinkin' for a while. He said he got up—course, it was getting daylight—and the coffee was made, and got his cup of coffee, and goes out to the cellar, and he come back, and sat down, and was drinking. And pretty soon it got too much for her; she said, "When I was out with the candle, there was something that looked kinda funny about that jug."

"Oh, yes," he said, "they filled a little too full for us last night," and said, "and I set it down in the dark—a little too hard, and the cork popped out, I guess, and a mouse got in it. But," he said, "there's plenty of alcohol in that liquor to kill any bugs that was on that mouse!" [Laughter] So he wasn't losin' his drink [laughing]; he was going on and getting his drink just the same! [Laughing] That's typical Irish for you—Irish humor!

And he said another time there was a circus come to town. And he said his uncle and the uncle's son—he said that both the boys

were usin' horse and cultivator, cultivating corn—to cultivate corn. At first, though, they go through with a harrow until the corn gets a little higher, and then they have to use cultivators later. And so the boys wanted to get to go see the circus, and well, they wasn't quite sure about the corn, just how—the height that way—whether it would mash down to go over the harrow, or have to wait and start usin' cultivators. So, "Well," he said, "we'll go out in back of the buildings and step on a few hills of corn and mash 'em over, and we'll look in the morning and see whether they straightened up." Well, he said the two boys got out first and stepped on the hills again so they were still mashed over, so they all get to go to the circus that day. [Laughs]

Did you have circuses here in Genoa?

Well, no, they came to Carson. There were sometimes carnivals that'd get to Minden and Gardnerville, but circus would come to Carson. There was the Barnum and Bailey circuses. Course, their ads would be put up. This Raycraft barn on this property that we bought, which also had been torn down before we purchased it, it had—on the north side there was the circus ad stayed on it for a number of years—the one at Carson.

Of course, people all around the neighborhood would get here and go down—they'd have a big day in Carson, goin' to the circus. It was generally three rings in that Barnum and Bailey circus. It was a little too much to watch with acts goin' on in all the rings. [Chuckles] Keep you busy looking back and forth.

So then this Ed went on—he told about his uncle. He kept a muzzle-loadin' shotgun out on the side of the barn where he milked a dairy cow or two for their own use. And if he'd ever see a rat, he'd pick up the gun and shoot

the rat with it. Well, he said one day—the uncle had gone to town—he said the two boys got lookin' at the gun, and they wind up, fired the gun. Well, they couldn't leave it empty, or he said they'd both be in trouble and get a lickin' over it. So he said, well, they didn't have much idea about how much powder it took to load a muzzle-loadin' gun; they poured in till they thought they had enough, and got the wadding on it [laughing] and the shot back in and set it back the way the uncle had it. He said the next morning they were both of 'em on the other end of the barn, harnessing up horses to go out to cultivate corn. He said they heard the gun roar, and they both dropped the harness and made a run around the barn. They said the uncle was straightened up; he was layin' on the ground, and he was rubbin' his shoulders. And he said, "Unc," he said, "did you get him?"

He said, "Get him?" He says, "What could you expect to find left of a rat when you shot him with a load of that kind?" Just another illustration of Irish wit! [Laughing]

He said another time his father and the uncle, they were lookin' at a—it was a rifle that used black powder cartridges, and they was wonderin' how far the rifle would carry. tie said it was quite a—mile or so over to where the Catholic church was; it was visible there from the ranch, at the edge of town. And so well, it was a weekday, and they didn't figure anybody'd be around the church, and so he said they up and kinda shot kind of at a point high on the church. He said the next thing they knew, he said, two girls come out of the church and looked around to see what the noise was. The bullet had struck a little above the door, they found afterwards [laughs]! They were in there in there cleaning and dustin' the pews that way, and they didn't realize that there was anybody in the church. But he said they were

very careful they didn't remark about that they knew anything about how that bullet got over to the church! [Chuckles]

Lots of the families were German, weren't they?

Yeah, here in the valley there were a lot came in. You see, that happened 'cause the Dutch Fred Dangberg—he paid the way over for German immigrants who wanted to come here. And then payin' their fare coming over. And then he also got a lot of them to take out land for them, as they got naturalized, and they felt they had to turn it over to him. And in the one instance that Maurice Mack had found a little more about the English ways and found he didn't have to, so he kept his claim and went and moved over and lived on it. So the Mack family and Dangbergs—they weren't too friendly over that part—Dutch Fred. And that backfired, although he got a lot of the land that way, when they were working for him to pay for him paying their way over. So he got a lot of help that didn't cost too much that way.

[Chuckles] No, the older Dutch Fred, as people referred to him here, he was a pretty busy fellow himself. 'Course, he did buy a lot of land, as well as that that he'd taken up, so he owned quite a bit of the valley at one time, which sons later sold off at various times, even including the Van Sickle station up here. He owned that in the early teens, and it was owned at his death and up into the early teens before the family sold it again. The same way with quite a bit of other properties around.

But I heard my dad say about him, he would go into the bar in a Faro or Keno game; he'd take out fifty dollars, probably, and if he played that and lost it finally, he'd walk off. But if he started winning, then he'd start raisin' the bets on it, and they'd soon put up their bet

limit signs. But he'd never go over whatever he took out first; if he won on that, he'd go on, but he'd never keep playin' if he lost whatever money he took out, whether it was fifty or a hundred dollars—he'd stop. So as a result, he'd generally come out ahead from time to time in playin' the games. Although he said he was a little superstitious in some ways. If a person was standin' around watchin' and he was winnin', he'd keep payin' 'im to keep stayin' there until his luck begin to change, and he'd quit. [Laughter]

A lot of funny things happened that way!

And then the Heidelberg was a saloon in Minden. It was named after a German that way. And 'course, there was a couple of partners that was running it, and every once in a while they'd have a robbery in which the slot machines in the place would be broke into, and hardly anything else would be bothered—just the money taken out of them. And fingerprinting had begun to come in. There was a man at the state prison that was studying on the first fingerprinting. Bartender one morning come found the window open back in the restroom, and the slot machines had been broken open. Well, he called the prison, and the fellow come up there 'cause there was prints on the glass in the frost that had been during the night, and the frost hadn't melted on the shady side of the building where the restrooms was, and so the fellow managed to get the prints off.

And well, the neighbor that was there who told us about it was Fritz Schacht. He said, well, one made the remark that he might as well look over the fellows here and be sure none of us was involved in it.

So, well, he took their fingerprints, checkin'—finally got down to one; it turned out to be one of the partners. He said, "Here's the one." So he said it was all hushed up; they

didn't hear any more about the robbery. And I guess the firm that had the slot machines there got reimbursed [chuckles].

So then Fritz Schacht said you could kind of see through why there wasn't anything taken around the bar or anything, 'cause he had part interest in that! So it was only the slot machines that was in there on commission that he would tackle and break open! [Chuckles]

'Course, here at Genoa this Henry Champagne had opened up a bar after the fire of 1910. They filled a flask—that is, a whiskey flask—and sold 'em. And children'd pick them up—they'd take 'em back, and the bars bought the flasks to refilling with the bar whiskey that way, selling a little cheaper than the bottled liquor. And one of the boys here in town that was around pickin'—he'd taken in—usually they had a dozen at a time when they took in and they paid them for them. And one of the bottles, top of the bottle had quite a little chip out of it, and this Henry Champagne, "Hmm," he says, "I bought a bottle chipped that way from you a couple of weeks ago." He said, "Wait a minute, I'll go out and look." He'd been puttin' 'em out in a barrel in the back and washin' 'em up before usin' 'em. And when he come back, the kid was gone. The kid had been gettin' around and gettin' a few extra bottles out at nighttime to make up his dozen. [Laughs] And that time he happened to pick up the wrong one in the dark!

So he said he didn't take bottles back to that place; he went to the other saloon that Frank Fettic run after that with bottles [laughing]! Yeah, it was kind of bad circumstantial evidence! Yeah, it was quite a little source of money to youngsters that way. They'd watch around for those flasks that especially hired men that way bought, and take 'em. I think I showed you a couple if I remember. Even one

of them had a little liquor left; it'd been lost in the hay manger in the barn. And so the fellow didn't get his last drink out of that bottle [Chuckles]; he was kinda shortchanged on it! I don't know how many years it was there, 'cause it was way back that way in the bottom of the manger, where it showed up [chuckles]. And a horse rooting around a little with some grain would get spilled out from the grain box and got the flask buried, so the fellow didn't find it.

And then there was a fellow that used to come on a drinking spree. He'd buy his bottle, a quart bottle, from the—the bar whiskey in the bar. And he'd go down along the roads here, and there were some large rocks, and he'd lay around the trees there and drink his bottle up and get so he could walk again, come back up and get another bottle of liquor at the bar and go back and lay down by the rocks down here along the lane. (The rocks got covered up and buried when this road was oiled out here in around '37.)

And so one time the little neighbor boy, Hubert Walker, come by. And he'd get so he was shaky; he smoked a pipe and he had trouble puttin' his tobacco in the pipe. His hand would get pretty shaky after he'd been drinking a few days. And if anyone come by, he'd want him to fill his pipe for him. So the neighbor boy cut up a few pieces of horsehair short, had it in his hand, and he come along 'cause he figured he knew the fellow would ask him, which he did. And so he mixed the horsehair with the tobacco and put it in the pipe, and the fellow he'd had so many drinks aboard, he didn't realize that he was smokin' partly horsehair as well as tobacco, which gave it a very decided odor! [Laughs] Only thing, we didn't wait; we had to go on. We couldn't stop any longer, 'cause we figured he might tumble that his tobacco wasn't just right pretty soon [laughing]! It was a little mischief! It

wasn't helpin' the poor fellow out altogether, although I don't know as he really realized anything was wrong!

Another time I see him come by, and he stopped at a rock and put his foot up stoopin' over, and his bottle in the back pocket, and his bottle slid out and hit the rock and broke. He hadn't started to use any of it. He looked at it a little bit and kicked the pieces around and made some uncomplimentary remarks about it, and headed right back uptown to get his next bottle! [Laughs]

I was out in the field lookin' around for birds' nests 'cause I was collecting bird eggs then, trying to get two bird eggs of every different kind. In fact, eventually I wound up with thirty-two different kinds of bird eggs. I didn't realize there was that many different birds around.

I have thirty-two in the box I made that way, and put a glass on the top and put 'em in cotton that way. Had to blow the contents out of the eggs and get two eggs of each different kind. 'Course, it was several years before I got 'em all, but eventually I had thirty-two. So some thirty-two different kinds of birds were around the area at various times. Only trouble, most of 'em I didn't know the names myself. I know they were different! [Laughs]

No, I didn't realize there was that many until I got to counting up the different eggs; I had two of each kind I'd gotten through all—over the years. So it's kinda a little bit hard to realize how many different type of birds that really are around. 'Course, sometimes I've wondered whether every kind was maybe around every year or not, but—. 'Course, it took in around all the general area and up along the hillside, too, included with that, on down through the meadows. So we—. No, I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't begun to

count the eggs afterwards, in time as I got to lookin' at 'em.

And then we've had them great white horned owls show up, too, different years here in the barn from the far north. They're really pretty. They're white with a little tinge, brownish on the feathers, so it gives them a mottled appearance. They're quite a large-winged owl. The wing tips that way would be over a couple of feet between the tips. And they're a pretty bird to see, but it's only once in a long time they show up and then stay around the barn. They're really more native farther north than here; this is kind of a little bit out of their climate, I think.

I wonder what brings them down.

I don't know. I couldn't figure, unless it happened to be heavy storms from the north that way, and they kinda—a few drift south. They're not very common right at the present. For the last four or five years I haven't seen any of them. They don't make a habit of stayin' here, so it's unusual to see them.

'Course, a horned owl, get two of 'em, and then they'd nest in the barn. I've seen the little fluffy owls; they're pretty to see, the little fellows. They're fluffy white that way for quite a little while before they start to feather out. They're like little puffballs to look at 'em almost!

Are they kind of brown before they turn white?

Well, a little bit brownish, yes. There's a mix between a brown and a white; they're kind of an in-between. But they really look quite fluffy for a while when they're little fellows. 'Course, you get a little too close to the nest, they'll squawk. They don't like to be interfered with. They're callin' help from the mother, I guess!

Does the mother come after you if you get too close?

Oh yes, the mother will; she'll get quite sassy and try to get you away.

And then, of course, there are various birds that nest on the ground. If you get near their nest, they pretend to have a broken wing and get off and flip and flop, get you to follow 'em—get 'em to lead you away from the nest. After you get away far enough, then they recover and fly off. [Chuckles] Yeah, there're several birds that way that'll do that.

Do you think there are as many animals, fish, birds, and so on around here now as there used to be?

Well, I rather think there is, but we probably don't notice them too much, 'cause some species—there's only just a few of each specie, you see, and not too many. I see three different times this spring the quite fluffy-haired timber squirrel here across the yard. They're very pretty to look at, but they usually don't get away from the mountain country, so it's unusual when you see one down around the yards here. But they're sort of a grayish color with a little black edge on the outer edge of the hair and the long and fluffy wide tail.

Another one we heard tell about, the heavy snowslide on March 17, 1882 here in which nine people were killed. Caught their homes and came down pretty well down into town on the southwest part. Kinda southwest of the canyon as they call it. Fact, the canyon after that went by the name of Snowslide Canyon. So, it was well named. 'Course, there've been snowslides come out of that same canyon since we've been here, but never happened to strike any buildings.

In this one, in one of the incidents they told about (it's the house where the Meyer-Kassel

family live now; he came from Germany and did portrait painting work—flowers, scenes), and they said that one section of the snowslide caught the barn—it was the Gray family owned the property—then pushed the barn, which had a floor in it on the part where the horse stood, and pushed that down. And he said it wound up on top of the kitchen roof of the house [Chuckles] with the horse in it. He said it was quite a bewildered-looking horse after that ride.

Then there was another family that the husband and wife —older people by themselves—were caught and killed in it. And one of the older neighbors, Mrs. Charles Doudle, was a friend of ‘em. Their name was Nimrod Bowers. And she said that the Raycraft family got the property, and they figured they had a little money buried. In those days, banks wasn’t too trustful, and there wasn’t too much in the way of banks, that way, in 1882 either.

And so, the niece and nephew come, stayed with Mrs. Doudle, and they knew that they had the money buried in the woodshed in—there was this pine tree stump that was used to cut their kindling and cut wood on, and they knew which direction from the stump it was buried. So they worked nighttime, went out, and said they recovered the money. That was \$900—is what she told us.

And Mrs. Doudle got milk here for years. Her husband was a boot and shoe maker here until he got quite elderly.

And she bought milk from you?

Yes, she did. She came down to get a quart of milk each day and sit and read the paper awhile, and back home. And her husband was quite elderly that way, and he’d lost quite a bit mentally in the later years and so—after he

quit making shoes. He hadn’t done any shoe work or repair when we come here; he had stopped that before.

And she had a daughter that was up in Washington. Eventually, she went up to the daughter, and when she was ninety-nine years old, she was out picking some apples in a tree and fell out and broke her hip. And she got over that and got around again, and two years later she fell on the cellar steps and broke the hip again. And said then she had to use the crutches and wheelchair then.

Oh. At one hundred and one.

Yes, that’s right. She lived for another year and one-half, as I understood, afterward. It was up near Yakima, Washington in that apple area, where she moved.

And one of the evenings when she was here, there was—man of the Dake family, who lived at the end of town, was doing some work here—well cleaning—and we were sitting at the table eating a meal and she got telling about it, she said she never took up any of the children’s scraps. He kinda grinned a little, and after she got her milk and left, he said there was one good reason: the children would see her comin’ and they all left. She never could catch up with ‘em. [Chuckles]

Then he told again that the family living two houses to south of ‘em was the Will Champagne boy. The Champagne boy and their son had got into an argument, a scrap, and of course, the boys, most of ‘em, I guess, forgot about it. And he said a day or so later [the Champagne boy] was comin’ by the house, and the front door flew open real quick and her husband come out on the run, and he thought something exciting was goin’ on downtown, so he started to run, too. Said about the time the husband reached the

front gate, well, she showed up at the front door, hollering, "Kick him, Charlie!" But he said then he really did go to run, but Charlie couldn't catch up to kick him. He said he could outrun both of 'em. So he said they staged a race, these three persons, down the street. [Chuckles] They had a little comedy.

You see the three of them with the boy in the lead, but he said he really put on speed when he found out what the race was over [chuckles]. So 'course, the boy had real reason to run in that case. She was hollerin' encouragement, but Charlie couldn't get close enough.

Another incident in running that way was told to me—after the Chinamen started doing other work after railroad work and such was done, and all the logging that—went into it later—cut timber for the V & T Railroad and the two subsidiary companies and went into Virginia City. And of course, each town generally had a few Chinamen that lived pretty much by themselves in little Chinese cabins. And they often had to pack water in used five-gallon kerosene cans made into buckets. Packed two buckets at a time with a yoke across the shoulders. (A lot of them pictures show em with just a stick, although I have a Chinese yoke down here that was made to fit right on the shoulders. I should get it out and show you 'cause it's really nicely made.)

And 'course, that was kinda temptation for a kid with a BB gun to shoot at the bucket if they could. And this time, Gene Fettic said he was standing out, and he said the boy was kinda hid, that shot at the Chinaman's bucket and made a hole in it and started it leakin'. He said the Chinaman caught sight of him and thought he was the guilty person. Said he started running towards him. He said he saw the Chinaman pull a knife; he said it was time for him to run then. He said he was going too fast to go in the front gate at home;

he had to go clear around the block, and he said the second time he was far enough ahead to slow up to dive into home [chuckles]! He told it on himself. But he said he never stayed out in sight, he said, when any interference with Chinamen was going on, after that. He said he got out of sight, too. He said although he wasn't involved in it, but the Chinaman mistook and thought he was the guilty person; he was gonna get even, though, with one of 'em [chuckles].

Did the Chinese have an area of Genoa where they lived?

Yeah, I could show you, I think, in one of these magazines of Genoa. You can see the little shacks, and the back part is where the log cabin of the state park now is. There's a group of little cabins along next to the fence, it was called "Chinatown."

Would that be south of the—?

Right up here at the street corner on the north side. Well, it's enclosed within that stockade and it was down at the east side of it, down next to what was the Kinsey property then, where the brick house was across the street, and that was called Chinatown area.

And here in more recent years, along in the later thirties, Henry Cordes owned the property and was livin' there, and he was diggin', enlarging the cellar of his house, and he dug into the skeleton of a Chinaman whod been buried. Said he didn't know what else; 'course he said they just reburied it again and didn't make any fuss about it or call in any other, but he said he just used the assumption that it was probably a Chinaman. But he was diggin', enlargin' the cellar under part of the house.

Then across the street from where the—it's the log cabin building here—when the

Southwest Gas was puttin' their gas line, they'd run on to a shallower grave. They just reburied and didn't make any comment about it and let it go.

There was no doubt this was a real early day burial when there wasn't any road because this was out close to the road, oh, probably within six feet of the pavement.

In front of the courthouse?

In front of the log cabin and over across where Ione Fettic lives—a little house on the west side—and it was in between the two there. Ione Fettic said she saw it there. She said it was a skull, that way, you could see it was a human being, but—. So it was a real early day burial; it was apparently before the road was too well established to be that close.

Then the same way, Frank Walker said there were two graves in the upper part of our yard here, although there was never any sign of 'em since we've been here. Apparently, early day people who lived here and before the cemetery was very well established.

And over in the Walker home area, down at the lower end of their place, there was two children's graves of the Walker family been buried. They've fenced off one of them now, the people who are livin' there—just that lady you mentioned—Ruby Barker, a town board member—think she put a little fence around it, but there're really two graves, as Frank Walker told it. They just have one fence. There was a flat stone that showed where one grave was and the other one didn't have anything to mark it.

There was two children. One fell off the bed and didn't survive the fall, the little tot. He didn't do as well as I did. I tumbled down a stairway [chuckles].

So there were burials around, that way, in the homes. It was up at the Sheridan that the

Palmer family and the Barber family, many of them were buried in the home property, and years later the remains were moved to the Mottsville cemetery there in the family plot. Sounds kinda odd to tell it now, you think about burials being on their property.

Then Henry Van Sickle, who ran the Van Sickle Station, he died as a result of a runaway of a team where he was thrown out of a wagon, and well, he lived a number of days, but—. 'Course, in those days, I guess, they couldn't treat for injuries or sometimes a person'd get a broken spleen, that way, from a severe fall or things that happened that later cause a death, and they didn't know surgery or they didn't know what it was. Nowadays, they probably watch for that in a person with severe injury.

So his request was that he be buried up on the ranch in back of the station, and he has a lone grave there now. If we have a chance we can drive by and show you. You can see the grave from the road. All the other trees have been taken away and there's only one fruit tree left there by the grave. But that was his request when he figured he wasn't goin' to live after the accident, he wanted to be buried up by the station.

And they could honor that.

Yes, yeah, they honored it, and he's buried there. In fact, his grandson was getting hay from us one time and he said he couldn't understand—he was feeding the horses at Lake Tahoe that he rented out for riding during the summer, and to make pack trips later in the fall with groups—he said there was all the names of the other members of the family, but the grandfather's name wasn't there. So I told him he'd have to go up to the ranch and look to where the lone grave was. It was the grandfather's request to be buried at

the ranch, although the other members were buried here in Genoa in the cemetery.

'Course, Henry Van Sickle was a good blacksmith and had a large stone building blacksmith shop there. Every chance he got he'd go out and work around the forge and building himself. But way back in the early 1850s, there was the shortage in nails; we had a lack of material, which it talks of in the West's *History of Nevada*. Tells also that Mott needed nails, and he engaged him to work a day to make nails for him. And he asked sixty dollars for the material for the nails and to make the nails in a day, and Mott thought it was a little too steep, so they wound up and made nails on a percentage basis, and when they counted up his bill was twice that much. He didn't realize how fast Henry could make nails [chuckles]!

I've got two or three of the nails over here in the desk that I've recovered over the years. Couple of 'em I found in front of the Mottsville cemetery where one of the Mott brothers lived [chuckles].

Had some funny things that happen. Van Sickle was kind of proud of that—the arrangement that was worked out to make the nails.

On July 24, 1891, there was a heavy cloudburst that caught both the canyon where the town receives water from and the Snowslide Canyon. Frank Walker said he seen the wall of water, and it reached the mouths of two canyons—aren't too far apart. Frank Walker from his home over there said he watched and see it coming out of the canyon, and he said it caught the overshot waterwheel that ran the sawmill in earlier years, and it finally got high enough it looked like it was almost up to the hub of it. (And his description of the wheel was as high as the windmill, and this windmill out here is thirty-three feet up to the hub of the windmill.) And then, of course,

it pushed the wheel, and he said it rolled down in the front of the cloudburst for quite a ways before it tipped over, 'cause the wheel was several feet in width, you see—made of wood with wooden buckets to catch the water on the overshot.

And that was the way Frank Walker described the waterwheel that ran the first sawmill built here in Nevada. It had a wide—four feet or so in width for the wooden bucket parts that are made with a rim on each side. So it'd make it somewhere around—in excess of thirty feet in height, from his description. He said it rolled along quite a ways in front of the tumbling water before it finally tipped over and fell. And he said it was quite a sight watchin' it.

My mother said when we lived in Diamond Valley they saw a cloudburst that came out of a canyon back north of Woodfords, and said it looked like the water was some twenty foot in height when it started tumbling out of the canyon, bringing logs and parts of trees and that with it.

How much damage did that '91 cloudburst do in the town?

Well, the Dake family lived in the south edge of town had a funeral parlor that set in the path of it, and the building moved on down to the ranch land. Afterwards they pulled it back to another location. And I saw the building when it was torn down in the thirties, and there was a fine sediment of mud on the sills underneath on that from the cloudburst. But the floor and all held together; it just floated down—pushed down in front of the cloudburst. So they picked a different location for it and put it back on higher ground.

And that was the chief damage except, of course, for the road; it washed the road out.

And then there's been other cloudbursts later since the oiled highway was put in '36 and '7, in there. Twice it has been closed south of town, where it washed in twelve or fourteen foot of dirt by the canyon about half a mile out [south] of town. And there was also quite a bit of wash from this one, where this cloudburst come through. So there was a few days before the road was opened again along the foothills. And there was also damage to the north of town, too, at the times from cloudbursts—washed and filled in across the road.

Normally these, though, have gone on the outskirts of town and not—.

Yes. Well, there has been a record of one come through, where it even brought water into what's the museum—it was the courthouse—came out down through there.

Even in the fifties there was a water ditch that led into town, was filled and closed for a couple of weeks before we got it dug out so we could get water back to the north end of town. That was when the cloudburst came out of what's called the Schoolhouse Canyon, 'cause the early-day school sat more out in front of it, where I first started to attend school.

What do you know about the town hail site?

Well, in early days, apparently there was a harness shop in that area. And close in there, there was also a blacksmith's shop stood along by where the building—where the Country Bar is, to the south. And quite a few horse shoes turned up when they were doin' a little digging laying the foundation for that—old horse shoes and that, so there was a blacksmith's shop stood in that area, and they said there was also some horse shoes turned up under the town hall, I believe that they run onto. So apparently all the earlier area

was used by blacksmiths, as a lot of the times horse shoeing was done outside.

And then there was also—real early, they made the shoes for oxen. An ox took two shoes, since they have a cloven hoof; and they just were nailed along the outer edge of the hoof and then made thinner to protect the inner edge of the oxen's hoof. The one peculiarity of an ox, though, they generally had to make a sling and raise him up because an ox don't let you raise his foot up; he isn't like a horse.

Oh, really?

No, he won't; he's not that obliging. So where they did a lot of shoeing of oxen, they had the sling put in, and they had the pulley arrangement overhead—shafts across where they could put the canvas or leather slings under the ox, and Just raise him off the ground, so his feet was available to shoe! [Laughter] Sounds funny to tell it now, but that was the way it worked because otherwise where they didn't, they'd have to get the ox laid down and tied that way so he couldn't get up, to shoe him, where they didn't have anything that way. So it was a lot easier where they had the sling 'cause they—easier to handle the ox. They could lead him into a little enclosure that way, the length of the animal, put the slings under him and just hoist him up off the ground [Chuckling] There's ox shoes turn up here around the place every once in a while.

I've also found a couple of the pins that was used through the bows at the top of an ox yoke, and then one or two of the real earlier pins before the patent pins come out. They were made just of flat metal and then had a little leather thong go through a hole in the end to keep 'em from slipping out of the bow that went around the ox's neck; the yoke fit over the top of the neck and between the two

oxen. The earlier one, there's a little flat pin. I have one here in the desk that I picked up down here in the barnyard. I don't know how many years it laid there [chuckles].

'Course, I know Warren Wasson when he was here, early 1860, used a yoke of oxen in plowing. I heard Henry Walker tell, as a little youngster, he would come by, and Warren Wasson was plowin' a little piece of ground there, putting in some garden, and the grass was, oh, four inches or more in height. And the oxen—first, one would take a bite, and another, and he was havin' quite a time keepin' 'em movin', and he asked Henry Walker (he was a youngster) to take a goad stick and poke 'em along to keep 'em goin'. So he said he was tryin' to be efficient at the job, and he got 'em both steppin' up good at the same time, when the plow struck a very large buried boulder, and they just pulled the beam off the plow and left Warren Wasson standing holdin' the handles.

And he said he stroked each side of his beard and looked up at the oxen, which only went about a rod and since no one had bothered 'em any more, they stopped and went to eating as though nothing had happened—had the plow being left behind 'em! He stroked his beard and he said, "Well 'n well!" He said, "Now who'd've thought of that?" [Laughs] He glanced between the plow and the oxen!

Henry said he almost expected to get scolded, but he said he didn't! He said he guessed he was only doing what Warren had asked him to. So he couldn't exactly blame the youngster when he was only following out instructions [laughing]. And the rock was buried, and he couldn't see any sign of it on top of the ground, 'cause there are many boulders around. We've buried quite a few around the barnyard in recent years with a backhoe when it was some that couldn't be

moved. Dig alongside of 'em deeper and push 'em over into it, and let 'em drop down—some as many as four feet in diameter.

Somewhere in the vicinity of that town hail or the Mary and Doug Southerland place down there, there's a record on at least one map of Spurgeon's hay yard?

Yes, and we own that now. It has apple trees in it that have been growin' for years. And that was correct; I think a man might have been by the name of Tinkham could have been involved earlier, but at the time I heard of it, it was always called Spurgeon feed yard. You're right, it joins the property now that Southerland has, and comes over next where the Country Bar, and then the town hall coming north. And there's also a record that Spurgeon in the early days had a person with him, and they got caught in a cloudburst south of town, and the other fellow was never found. He got out, but the other fellow didn't.

How long was that in operation?

Well, it was in operation till the railroads come into use, and that would be in 1869. And then the teaming gradually tapered off because things were shipped over on the railroad, and there wasn't so much teaming over the mountains. And going over the mountains, see, they came out from Carson, Virginia City, south; and then eventually the path was over and down through by Placerville, and Lake Tahoe and the Kingsbury Grade. In fact, a few years the Kingsbury Grade was used one way, and other teams would go back the other way up through by Hope Valley and Woodfords. And it was just almost a one-way road for big teams for a few years. In fact, they even run a water wagon and sprinkled it—I saw records—on the Kingsbury Grade, there

were so many teams hauling, going over and hauling supplies.

And of course, at places along the road teams could stop at night; see, like the Adams had built a house more or less especially for it—for teamsters to stop, stay overnight, or other people. And that happened all along the road.

And 'course, Van Sickle—he ran the special station; had five barns there and the yards. And he said it was often all the barns were filled, and the horses tied along the fences and to the wagons. In the morning he didn't take a purse in collecting for the fee for those staying overnight; he had a little blue water bucket to hold under the crook of one arm, as he made the rounds collecting fees in the morning from the teams that were stopped there. My great-uncle, William Trimmer, worked for him for about a year and a half, and that was where I heard him tell about it. 'Course, he'd see him regularly while he was working for him, and he drove a six-horse team to bring in supplies to the station. So the teams were almost in sight of each other in hauling supplies from Virginia City mines when they were running at their full height. And then, of course, there was also wood teams hauling wood, as well as those hauling freight, over from California.

And then the telegraph line, of course, had been put up as far as Genoa in the fall of '58, and then along to Carson, and through to Fort Churchill. And he said the wire from that was very handy for a teamster to throw a rope over and pull down, and cut off a piece to patch a harness when you had something break along the road—which didn't help the telegraph company! [Laughs] They said it was a handy source that way; I've heard my great-uncle say, but—. 'Course, nobody seemed to know anything about it when the piece of wire turned up missing in the line, and the line went dead suddenly [chuckles]!

And then another time, in connection with the telegraph line, there was Indians—sometimes they broke the lines; they didn't exactly like it. And so it turned out the Indians from this area would go over down around below Placerville along in the acorn areas and gather acorns, and the mahalas would pack back loads of acorns a lot of times. They'd make trips back and forth; they'd pack up what they could on their back, as far as they could look back and see the other, and then go back and get their next load and bring up, and then move on up by stages, bringing them over. The mahalas did a lot of the work in those days.

And so this time, this Indian chief—'cause a lot of them were polygamous—and one of his wives, a mahala, was over gathering down near Shingle Springs, gathering acorns. And she died suddenly. And the telegraph operator in that area—'course, he sent the word on along up that way, was passing the news along the line that this Indian chief's wife had died suddenly down there. And the Indian chief come in that day just an hour or so after he got the communication, so he told the chief about it. And, "Oh no, she good."

"Oh," he said, "this wire tell me." And said, "You keep track, and you'll find out."

And when the word got back and he found out that was the same day that she had died, he said, "You couldn't get an Indian to touch a wire that would bring over information of that kind!" Said they were all scared of it after that! So he said the Indian trouble with the telegraph line ended with that incident [Chuckling] 'cause that was a little too much for them to understand, and they wasn't gonna interfere with it any more, when they find it'd bring information of that kind back from that far away [chuckle] the same day that it'd happened.

So that eliminated one source of the trouble of the early-day telegraph line. I have

one of the early ram's horn insulators here. I have to get it out and show it to you—I don't know if you've ever seen 'em or not.

No, I got one off of Kingsbury Grade and one just south of Walley Hot Springs. I gave one to the museum in Carson City and decided on keepin' the other one to look at occasionally [chuckling]! And then William Maule also had several, and he gave to them, and so they made up a display, but I haven't seen it out in the last few years bein' shown. They have it stored at the present time, I think.

Those insulators—they called 'em ram's horn because they had the two—they hung upside down on a wooden block, and the wire ran underneath; and the way they were made, the wire could loop through them, and they didn't have to make any special wrapping or tie. And so since there was a little horn part on the two sides of the center, they got the nickname of bein' a ram's horn insulator. It was like loopin' the horn through the two sides of a sheep that way, on the ram, and it would hold the wire in its place. But there was a gutta-percha insulation between that and the metal and the wood, and on the one I've seen taken apart, it had the date of 1856 on for a patent date. 'Course, here they were put in use in 1858 when the line was run over the mountains as far as Carson that fall.

'Course, goin' through the mountains, they used trees; they put a wood block on the tree, and then this block that held the fastener in the insulator was put on this wood block, so it set away from the tree. They put a four-inch wood block nailed on the tree, several inches in length, and then the little fellow was fastened onto that. So there was one of them that hadn't been taken off that I found along Kingsbury Grade one time, I managed to get off and bring home.

And lots of those weren't made uniformly—the wood blocks in which this

ram's horn part was screwed. And you see various types of 'em in existence, and sizes. Some will have three nail holes in; some will have four nail holes through 'em—the block is about three inches in thickness. And it looks very much like eucalyptus wood to look at it, the one that I have. 'Course, they've become quite a rarity now because I haven't heard of one being found for years.

In fact, it was a long time back when I got mine. And then the other one had been dropped along the road south of Walley Hot Springs. And walking along, leading the saddle horse, driving cattle, I happened to catch sight of part of it showing up under the edge of a sagebrush [Chuckles] part of the wood, so I worked it out and brought it home! 'Course, if I'd've been ridin' horseback, I wouldn't have noticed it. But I happened to be walking and happened to be on the edge of the road on a particular side that time, and I caught sight that there was something there that had been man-made.

That's very observant.

Mm-hm. Well, a person learns that kind of watch where you're outside most of the time that way, and watching—as well as the weather, as well as everything around you. So—

And then the telegraph office here in Genoa, where they was connected with the lines that went on through Carson City, and was also a post office—that building later was moved to the Haines ranch at the north edge of town. And then in later years when it was bein' torn down, I went down there and they found a part of a telegraph instrument layin' up overhead in the attic part of the little building. So they gave that to the log cabin grounds; that was before we had started and had obtained the courthouse to start a

museum. So they have it over there in the log cabin grounds in the log cabin—a key for the telegraph instrument. So since it was upstairs in the building, they figured it stood a good chance to have been used in the early days. And there were a few of the—a piece of heavy wire was also along in the attic, where it had been brought through to bring down for the telegraph key.

Is that building still standing?

No, it was torn down. I have a picture of it; it was taken before it was torn down, but it was torn down along in the later fifties. It was moved and used for a bunkhouse at this Haines property. And then there was some more in the back part that was kind of a—used as a little blacksmith's shop in later years, too, and had a few tools in it in the blacksmith's part.

So I was kinda interested when it was being torn down after the property had changed ownership a time or so, and knowing that it'd been used as the post office in the early days and been moved there, as Frank Walker had told me. (That's goin' back to another old person [chuckles], where I got a lot of information from over the years.) 'Course, he'd seen the building moved that way and knew what it'd been used for here, and it shows in the pictures of the part of town near the Central Hotel, where it stood on the north side. So by the fact it was moved, it survived the fire of 1910! [Chuckles] So maybe there was one good point in movin' it!

No, it wasn't a very large building. It wasn't more than probably fourteen feet or so across, and then it was fairly long. And 'course, it had a V-roof and wood shingles. And one time there was a porch on it when it was used as a post office. And, of course, the postmaster, he got the job of being the telegraph operator when the line was put through [chuckles]!

I wonder if he knew Morse or if he had to learn it quickly?

He probably had to learn it. I don't think that he had any chance to know it before, so he had to learn Morse code in order to qualify for the job or to be able to handle it. So—.

So that's one of the buildings, then, that was in town and had been moved to another site.

Yes, that had been moved—often an unused building that was purchased or could be put to use at another location. No, they did quite a bit of moving of buildings with teams. There was a number of buildings moved from here over the years over to Gardnerville, as the trade moved that way. The Harris family moved some buildings that they had here when they opened a store in Gardnerville, 'cause they had run a store here for years. And Mrs. Harris was always quite obliging with families that came in to buy things at the store, and get near noontime, she'd ask 'em over to her house to have dinner with them. So it was kind of hospitality.

And of course, it also helped their business, too—the store. The families come in—they didn't mind getting free lunch at the—while they bought quite a few things from the store. Dress goods were always bought, and ladies made the clothing. In fact, little boys was often dressed in dresses—I was when I was a little fella. A dress would be easier to make than overalls.

That's a good point.

Mm-hm. No, there's a picture of me with my little baby sister here in the front room—I'll take you in and show it—where I was wearing a dress. 'Cause mothers all had the sewing machines, and you made a lot of

your clothes in those early days. There wasn't too much ready-made clothes available in the areas.

And of course, the store carried groceries, and eggs were brought in from adjoining farms. And lots of times eggs would be traded on grocery bills that way. In fact, it mostly always was. And also butter, where they made their own butter, and they churned individually in the place, and that would be sold to local stores for resale. And of course, where there was more than needed, then they'd go on out and go to California.

They have a butter-working table up here—part of the equipment from one of the Dressler ranches that was given to the museum; it's up here in the room they refitted for kitchen upstairs in the courthouse museum. And only thing, we had one bad thing happen: the other year they had a wood block cut out to stamp the initials [in the butter] that way, and somebody stole the block! And they climbed over the grating that they had in front of the doorway, or else they put a little child over it to go in and pick it up for 'em, because that wood stamp disappeared.

No, I have one of the round butter molds here out in the cellar. And we also had a square one, and we gave that to an aunt to use in California, and so we never got it back. (She was living in Carbondale, kind of southwest of Placerville.) But I have the round one that was here on the ranch when we come. The square one belonged in our family and brought with us from Diamond Valley. The round one is out here; it made a round roll of butter—one-pound rolls, we figured. It was hinged on one side, and then the two sides flipped together; and after you filled it with butter, you could open it up and take the roll of butter out. I'll have to show it to you. It's out here in the cellar. But they were made—all

of 'em, they made just one pound of—figure one pound of butter.

That's how butter got to be sold a lot by the pound. 'Course, now they'd have to put it in quarter pounds later in the little packages. In fact, an uncle by marriage of my wife ran a store in Truckee; he told about one of the happenings there. He said just before noon he got a call from a house that was along the way, where he'd go home to his house—said, "Bring a quarter pound of butter."

And he said, "Well, I can bring it home as I go to my house at noon."

And it turned out several customers come in; he didn't get away as soon as he expected. He stopped at the house: "Oh," she says, "you can take it back now. We won't need it till evening; we're through dinner." [Laughs] He said that actually happened! [Laughter] They wouldn't buy anything—any supply ahead!

He said he had that actually happen. His name was Earl Smith. And his son's name was Earl also. He lived up to ninety-odd years old himself. Wife passed on a few years before he did, and she was very superstitious on thirteen. In fact, when they was out with my wife's folks to a few of the picnics they had along the north end of the Lake Tahoe and between that and Truckee, and she was always very careful in countin' to be sure there wasn't thirteen gonna sit down at the table for a luncheon. If there was, shed take her plate and go off and sit down somewhere else! [Laughs]

And then the odd part of it was, when she had a partial stroke and only lived a few days in the hospital in Reno, and she passed on the morning of the thirteenth. So her husband said, "Well, thirteen caught up with her after all." [Laughs] But neither Annie or I could be superstitious on the thirteenth, 'cause my wife's birthday was the thirteenth of

July, and mine was the thirteenth of October! [Laughing] So we couldn't join her in being superstitious!

And I heard my mother tell one time of a New Year's dance held at Woodfords; it was a mask affair. And the husbands were supposed to pick out their wives for the partner, and unmask at the supper table—it was part of the dance. And she said, there was one man in particular, his wife was quite large and heavyset, and oh, he said he could pick her out easily. He said nobody could fool him. And the Singleton family in this valley had a Negro woman who was just about the same size and shape, that they brought with 'em when they came here in 1851 to this country.

So some of the people that knew him thought they'd play a trick of it—they got the Negro woman to come to the dance, so this fellow's wife and the Negro woman changed dresses the last dance, before the midnight supper, and of course he picked out the largest person, and his wife was keepin' out of sight till after he'd picked out and had gone to the table. And she managed to come in with a partner and sit down opposite to him, and he said he looked highly surprised at her. But she said, "Mister, you picked me out." [Chuckle]

And she said the two quarreled so much after that they finally separated and got a divorce [Laugh] They couldn't get over the fact that he'd made a mistake, even though it was supposedly done in fun.

Then there was Mrs. Merrill, she used to say to any young couple engaged, that she could break them up during the night. And in fact, there was one couple there that they made a four-bit bet on, and she succeeded and did break 'em up.

Yeah, I'll say it was—wasn't a very good person. In fact the same man, he married the other girl he took home that night, and

he always wore a chain with a little locket, and when he was quite sick and didn't think he would live, he asked the family to call this other lady to come there, and he gave her the locket back—it had her picture in it. His wife said she never saw what was in the locket before. So I guess he had a warm spot for the girl they managed to break up.

So there was some mischief years ago, you might say.

The Singletons brought this Negro woman with them in 1851?

Yeah, they were here definitely in '52, 'cause they had the water rights in '52, so I'd say they came in '51. They were in the south side of the valley.

Was she then a slave when she came?

Well, she lived all her lifetime with the family. She apparently was a slave sometime back in the earlier days in her life, and she just kept on and lived with the family, from the way all supposed; they never heard anybody say anything, but she always lived there with the family.

And then there's the Singleton daughter and the mother—they went up to Diamond Valley with Snowshoe Thompson to keep house for him, and later the girl, she married Thompson, and that's, I imagine, how Thompson come to be buried here in Genoa, 'cause the Singletons had a plot here, in the Masonic section—he would be a Mason. Of course, Thompson wasn't—he was buried just to the north and outside of it, [that's] where Thompson and his wife and son is buried.

There's quite a few people that wondered why he was buried here, when there was a closer cemetery, but that apparently to me would be the reason, because his wife had

her folks buried here in the cemetery. So that was the way it always looked to me, was why he was buried here.

Were there any other blacks in Genoa?

Yes, there was a family by the name of Robinson—the widow lived here, and her husband's name was Tempy, and they had land down here on the river. (It was a part of really their second land claim; see, it was more than what could be secured a patent to, and he secured that, and we rented the land from the widow for several years for pasture, after we come here.) And she was the first Negro woman that I can remember seein'—I always looked kinda skeptical towards her when I was a little fella. [Chuckles]

She'd come down to the house occasionally, and around the neighborhood and come down; and she passed on about around the middle teens, as near as I can remember. And the funeral, I noticed that was the most Negroes I'd ever seen at that time—the Negro relatives had come from the other parts of the area; I don't know just where they lived, but—. She was quite a large-sized woman, too. She lived by herself after the husband had passed on.

In fact, there's a comment—it was Theodore Hawkins mentioned, he was up at the corner, and was—on one side, there was Snelling lived kind of across from her and the other way, the Titus family lived—and he stopped, kinda talking, and hed probably had had a few drinks at the time and he was feelin' kinda happy, and he looked over and the Negro woman had come down to the front gate, and he says, "You're livin' in quite a rough neighborhood up here." The family across had had the smallpox, said, "There's smallpox over there," and he said, "Right across from you is blackleg."

And the Negro woman, she didn't like the comments—she said, "Mmm," and turned around and walked back to the house. [Chuckling] He was talkin' to Mrs. Titus. Yeah, he thought she lived in quite a tough neighborhood. Smallpox on one side of the corner, and blackleg on the other. She didn't appreciate the comment a bit.

What did she do to support herself?

Well, we rented the property from her, and she had the income from that, and of course then, it didn't cost too much to live in those early teens—everything was far cheaper. And I don't know whether she may have had some money left from her husband—I never heard for sure. She owned the home there, and didn't have to pay any rent, and raisin' vegetable and garden produce that way, and quite a bit of her own living from garden, you might say, which most of the families then around town had gardens. A lot of 'em had a cow or two that in the summertime run along the roads and pasture, and they'd give 'em some hay in the wintertime for feed, and have their own milk. Sometimes sold a little to the neighbors when they had extra that way. So it was partly self-supporting, you might say, from the garden produce. Potatoes, and carrots and turnips that way, where you keep 'em and use 'em way along in the winter, from a cellar. Tomatoes—they usually put up tomatoes that way and can 'em, or in jars. We always put up quite a lot for our use, in half-gallon jars. I even have a few jars out here that have that 1858 date patent mark on, from which they were made sometime afterwards, in the early Mason patent, that were left here on the place. No, there's several rows out in the cellar of shelves where they put on the fruit that was bottled and put up that way for use in the winter.

I kept the same, after we moved here, heard mention about the 1887 earthquake and the damage it'd done around where some people lost all their fruit jars and things in their cellar when that occurred. So that was the first thing I did—was planin' some strips of wood, and put up in front of the shelves, so the fruit jars couldn't fall out. 'Course, I wasn't too old then; I was only five after we come here, and that was the following spring.

But I had—well, my uncle let me use one of their older wood planes; they had a metal plane, but that was strictly taboo—I wasn't to touch that. But he gave me one of the smaller wood block planes and well, that was part of my carpentry equipment. So I felt quite important usin' it, planin' strips of wood. [Chuckles] Even though I was pretty small. So I don't know, in some ways, I think maybe the youngster did quite a few more things in those years than they do now. They think of more play now, and I didn't; I was figurin' I was tryin' to help.

I enjoyed it, I was perfectly content and happy. Of course, I wasn't near other children up there, and I didn't know much about tryin' to play with other children. I kinda had to learn after we come here. And then the time when I was right around seven, I had the back injury, and that kinda spoiled the ball games and that, because I didn't realize that I was really injured as much as I was in the fall, and had an actual vertebrae fracture. But it healed up without realizin' or knowin' 'cause I was puttin' my best foot forward, and I wasn't tryin' to make any extra work for my mother, 'cause there was a baby sister, and I was tryin' to help watch her, and figured I was doing something to help watchin' her in the daytimes, when she was getting where she could walk—relieve my mother from the work. So I just didn't expect to run out and play with the neighborhood children. It's just

the difference in the way children grow up, I guess; things to do.

And then the fire on June 28, 1910 come along, 'course my sister was quite small, and my older sister said she can remember she was quite upset about it, 'cause between us, we had to watch the little sister, while Mother and Dad was watching for burning shingles landing and putting out fires for a while, and she said she was quite disgusted having to watch her baby Sister and help. She thought she was quite a nuisance right then. 'Course, they'd taken her out in the yard, and was keepin' her away from the house in case the house should catch fire and they wouldn't manage to get it out, so we'd be all outside.

Really, I just all thought it was a part of growin' up to help watch and take care of the smaller sister, around and watch her, so we didn't think it was anything out of the way, or I didn't for my part, I know. 'Course, that sister, she played more with the two neighbor girls, especially the two Walker girls around her age that way, and they'd go back and forth 'tween the two places, where I didn't.

So I started packin' a shovel and started tryin' to help my dad irrigate when I was still pretty small. 'Spect I wasn't too much help, but at least I thought I would be though, or tryin' to be. [Chuckles]

That's something that is kind of interesting, is the changes in the methods of irrigating.

'Course there was the open ditches, and there was dams; 'course there was boxes that way, and you used dirt sometimes to help shut off in turning sometimes on those smaller ditches, changing water from one change to another, in the canyon stream here. That's when I found out—I was going out along with my dad and I was about the height of the top of the timothy orchard grass, and it was

startin' bloomin'—I come home with a bad case of hay fever.

In fact, I couldn't see very far and I got home, rubbin' the eyes, as everything was very blurry. Sit around that way and use a dampened cloth in tea, and use tea on my eyes that way to help overcome the hay fever first. And then later I found out, just placin' the tea in the eye would do the same thing as holdin' the pack on it. And also found out a little salt water would also cut inflammation, although it was rather severe. But after a few minutes, though, the feelin' was nice when I got over the first heavy burning. So I still use it at times.

Salt water drops, or packs, or—?

Salt water drops put right in the eye. No, it counteracts the inflammation. And so does tea—tea is not near as severe—drops of tea in your eye. You just squeeze a few drops from a piece of cloth that way first, and put it in, the same with the salt water. And I also found out, that when there's no other, that even a little bit of tobacco juice would do the same, but it's severe like salt water. But after your initial burning get over, the eye'd clear up, and get white again, and get over the redness and inflammation.

And also, teamsters there used tobacco in the case of a horse with colic—tie strips of chewin' tobacco with a cloth, wrap it around the bit, put the bit back in the horse's mouth, and he'll start chewin' on it and get a little of the juice—tobacco juice, and he'd stop wanting to lay down in a few minutes, and start getting better. That's one of the other uses for tobacco. I know we've used it many a times with a horse that way, when you change—having to get some new hay that was a little green or damp—and the horse'd start to show colic and upset stomach, you might

say, and that was about the best remedy she'd ever run onto.

Yeah, it was, because most all men out in the fields always had chewin' tobacco that way. 'Course nowadays, you see a lot of people have snuff. I didn't see that but very seldom when I was a youngster, it was always the tobacco at every store. They'd get the tobacco in the longer lengths that they called plugs; they had a tobacco cutter, and they cut it up into smaller pieces as the people bought it.

'Course, the Star tobacco was used quite a bit, but that was a pretty powerful tobacco. And later you began to see Climax, Day's Work, and some of the milder tobaccos in use. And of course, some of the older people, they'd get the pound cans of George Washington, Prince Albert, Union, Leader, and Tuxedo in pound boxes, and then take out in a smaller can, and pack in their pocket for smokin' tobacco.

'Course, when I got to go into high school, those pound cans was very, very handy to carry a lunch in. They had convenient handles on 'em, and all the boys used 'em. They didn't think about getting any fancy lunch bucket—in fact, there weren't any in the store. They always used a tobacco bucket.

I have a couple here. We had one here that Mother used a lot with buttons and that way and sewin' thread to put in—it covers real handy. I've had a couple that I've put in the little awls and punches and things you use with leather, so we made a lot of use for 'em after the tobacco had been used out of 'em. 'Course I know they're considered antiques now.

Of course, you never thought of that.

No, I didn't then, they were just something that was very handy; the empty can was very handy 'cause they always had the lid that way

that'd close on 'em, hinged lid. One of 'em was made to imitate a wickerware basket on the outside, the way they were painted. So they were kinda fixed up to look kinda nice. I'll have to show you one or two; they're in the washroom—they've still got things in them that way, that I use for leather work.

If something comes along where it needs sewing, I don't think anything about it; I just sew it by hand. At one time I had the sewing horse, and eventually I let that go. I used it to sew quite a bit of leather, where you could hold the leather in it between the two clamps, and sew along the top. It finally got kinda lost over the years, after we got away from usin' horses.

You could sit on it—it was made so you could sit on it, and it had a clamp and one foot that way, where you could press down with the leather strap that went from the clamp to a clamp part that pulled together, and it'd hold the harness in between, and then you'd punch your rows along the top and sew and keep changing; it was about five inches in width. They called 'em a "sewing horse." I never heard 'em called any other name.

Oh, so you could sit on it kind of—.

Mmm, yeah, you sit on the length of it—it'd be like a carpenter's sawhorse—and it had this built up higher, on one end, so it was just at a convenient height for where you could handle and sew. The one side was stationary, and the other side would pull through with the strap, and draw it over together, and hold your leather for you.

In fact, the one I had, I made; I used two barrel staves for the front part of it—used two-inch plank that way, and shaped fit to sit on. And put the four legs on it, have a handy height to sit. Didn't think such things would become antiques in later years. [Chuckles]

Were there still Chinese people in the town, when you came here?

Well, it was just about that time, was when the last moved away. There was a little building or so, up near and across from the Raycraft Hotel, where a Chinaman had lived. And he did some laundry then, some things that way. But they really—it was just about that time when the last moved away, and there was still a Chinatown in Carson for quite a few years. So, the Chinese played quite a role and quite a bit of work that way during the period of years after the railroads was built when they went into other types of work and laundries.

It was later my brother-in-law told about Carson City—he was a young fellow, and he was workin' as a helper for the boilermaker in the V & T Railroad shop. And the Chinaman come down, and he said, "Boiler leaky too much." Says, "Can't keep the fire goin'" So they went up to the laundry and took a look, and he said the boiler tubes were leakin' badly. So well, they said they possibly could put in new tubes that would have to use copper gaskets, and then he'd have to keep the pressure down, or the gasket might blow out. And he told him about what it would cost to make a new boiler for the laundry, so well, the Chinaman decided they'd fix the old one up.

So they took out the tubes and put in the new set of boiler tubes, and had to use copper gaskets as he told them. And so he told them to be careful about how it fired up, because it's possible to blow out the copper that way, and the boiler wasn't in very good shape.

So he said they got it all set that morning and they started it up, and he said along in the afternoon, the Chinaman showed up, and said his face was quite well wrapped—neck and around with bandages—and he says, "Come and make a new boiler." Said, "The older one, it go boom," he says.

Come to find out, they made a pretty fast fire; they were usin' wood. And well, they had a lot of clothes to work, and so they tossed the wood in kind of heavily into the boiler, and the pressure was up real high, and the jar was a little too much for the boiler. And of course, he got a flashback of steam out through the open door.

And so well, they made the new boiler. They took it down, took the old one out and slid the new one in, got it ready to set up, and the Chinaman, "Oh," he says, "we hooky up." He says, "Fine, we takey care."

So he said they went on back to the V & T roundhouse. He said along in the afternoon, the Chinaman showed up, and he said he had one hand all bandaged up, and he says, "Comey quickie," he says. "Fix," he says, "Hotey water comey cold, coldie water comey hot!" [Chuckling]

And he said that time he looked down at his hand, and he said, "Ow." And he said he come to find out he couldn't believe it when he see steamin' hot water comin' out of the cold water faucet; he had to stick his hand underneath it to be convinced.

So he said they went back up and got the pipes changed around, so the hot water got back in the proper hot water lines and all set up. And he said, 'course they stayed around a little while to watch and see how the Chinaman was gettin' along. He said it took two Chinamen to put a stick of wood in the boiler. Said one would slip up easily and open the door, and the other one would throw the stick at the boiler, and they'd both run. [Laughs] They wasn't gonna let that boiler catch up with 'em again!

So he said they had quite a laugh watchin' the Chinaman firin' the boiler. [Chuckles] After the two bad experiences, they were playin' real safe. They wasn't trustin' even the new boiler.

And the same boy told about the families in Carson—a supreme court justice that way [had] children, and of course, in around the birthday they give a party and only invited the children of the governor's family and state officials, and the other children, well, didn't rank quite so high and didn't get invited.

So he said there was several of the boys that kinda had a little—fixed up a little place in the corner of the V & T grounds that way; it was kind of a little clubhouse, you might say. They come by lookin' at the party, and said the cakes was all settin' in an open window there on the side from the pantry of the house.

And well, that looked kinda tempting—one boy slipped up and got ahold of one cake. Well, the next boy figured he wouldn't get left; he had to get a cake. He said it got down to—the boy who was later my brother-in-law—he said he was the last one left, and he said the only cake left was the [one with] candles on then. And he had to slip around the door to get it, and so he just stepped around. And he said the father stepped out of the woodshed, and he said he give him a kick and helped him start, but he said he didn't fall down. He still kept on goin' down the street with the cake, so he said, they had quite a party.

They had to go and buy more cakes from the bakery to supply their needs for the party. He said they cleaned out everything, includin' the cake with the candles on it, between the group of youngsters. [Chuckling]

That happened two times. The same boy told about it happening' another time. The little Chinese boy that was in the group, and the others got away all right with the cakes they'd taken off the windowsill; so the little Chinese boy wasn't showin' up for quite a while. Pretty soon they said, "I wonder what happened to him—we knew he was with us?" Said they looked out down the street, and he

said he was draggin' the ice cream freezer—he couldn't pack it, it was too heavy! [Chuckles] And he was gettin' something; he wasn't coming empty-handed. [Chuckling]

So they said they had ice cream as well as cake that time. Yeah, he said there wasn't any of 'em that was wantin' to eat anything when they got home.

This is one of your sisters' husbands that you were telling about?

Yeah, my younger sister's husband. Her first husband, Arthur Beaty, died, and years later she married Loren Andersen. They lived out to the west of Carson at the Andersen home on a little ranch property.

And then he told another funny incident there. He and his brother had a Model T Ford cut down when he was a youngster—'course the gas tank with just a board across it for a seat, there wasn't any more than to keep it running, you might say.

And the mother wanted to learn to drive a car. And they had about around a ten-acre field between that and the King's Canyon road from their home, so they got out in the field, the two boys and the mother got in and started drivin' the Model T Ford. And they drove around and around the field a few times. Finally one boy dropped off, and then the other boy dropped off, and they hadn't told her how to stop the car.

So he said she went around and around the field until she run out of gasoline. But he said they didn't come home for supper. [Chuckling] They said there was a very unhappy and angry mother; in fact, she got so scared, she never tried to drive a car again. Said that was her first and only time.

She didn't think about turnin' the key off—she didn't realize what that was for or

anything, and so she just drove around and around the field. 'Course it wasn't drivin' very fast. [Chuckling] No, you couldn't blame her for feelin' very scared, till it ran out of gasoline and stopped. But he said they didn't come home till pretty late that night. They didn't figure the mother would be very happy by any means.

No, there were several funny happenings happened with the early-day cars. There was a superintendent by the name of Bray, and a deputy by the name of [E. E.] Winfrey, and they told one account about him one time: he was learning to drive the car, and he was goin' around a few blocks and past the house; it got noontime, a little past it. Finally his wife went out, wonderin' why he didn't stop. And she seen him come, and he come by, he hollered, he says, "Minnie, throw me a biscuit when I come by next time." He'd forgotten how to stop the car. So well, she did that, and then another trip or two and he hadn't stopped, and then he yelled, he says, "Minnie, get the instruction book and throw it to me the next time by." [Laughing]

And Minnie was his wife's name. So he had quite an experience in learning how to drive his car.

They were quite a thing. Well, up here at the Walley Hot Springs—Elly Wyatt owned the Springs then, and he told one himself. The first car he'd got—'course they'd put the horses out in the pasture—and the man come out from the garage, and made a few trips with him; the first trip he made alone, he come back and he pulled into the front of the barn. There was quite a little space where they kept their buggies and that, and then back on one side it opened to the horse barn, and that part was open then, 'cause they'd taken the horses out and put 'em across the road in the pasture. And he said he pulled into the barn and he

hollered, "Whoa!" And he said it didn't stop at all, and he said by the time he got back in the horse barn part, he remembered what he had to do to get the car to stop. He said it wouldn't whoa at all! And he told that on himself.

Well, there's many laughable experiences happened with several people learning to drive cars. Some of it even as late as down around the first World War time, there was some that hadn't had cars very long.

In fact, when I was in high school the road was bein' built up through the center of the valley, and of course at that time, they graded out from each side, and there was around a two-foot embankment near the fence, and loose dirt pushed up to the center, and it had rained some. And a neighbor, John Fettic here, was workin' in the crew, and he said there was one of the members of a German family come along in the car that he hadn't had very long, and he said he got to slidin' on the wet embankment, and he slid over—slid in against the, where the cut was two-foot along the edge of the road, and of course it was wood wheels in those days in the old cars, and well, his front wheel broke when it hit the embankment, and of course, bent the fender. Said he got out and worked his way all around the car, and got back and put his hand on the door—they were all curtains in cars then; there were no enclosed—and he looked and he scratched his head, and he said, "Well now, and I wish I didn't own that car." Talkin' to himself—it was loud enough they heard him where they were workin' a ways off. [Chuckling]

And then my sister Hazel, and the neighbor girl in the Walker family here, they'd heard a person say to prop up a nail on the road, a car come by and hit it, they'd have a flat tire. So of course, said they had to try it out, and they said the first car that come along had a flat tire.

And then her brother, the older brother, Arthur Walker, heard the same, and he was down on the Genoa Lane here near the first bridge along the place, and he propped a nail or two up in the sand, and he heard a car comin'— 'cause none of 'em had any mufflers in those days and you could hear 'em quite a ways off comin'. And he said the car come along—'course he'd run over and laid down in the dry ditch, and the grass was grown rather high along it— said the car had a flat tire all right enough. And he said he didn't realize that they had to take the tire off, and patch the tube, and put it on and pump it up by hand, and he said that seemed an awful long time while he was layin' in the ditch. And he said he never tried that again; he said he was a badly scared youngster. [Chuckling]

Yeah, and the cars got kinda the worst part of it. And of course they used a clincher rim in those days, and if the tire went flat sometimes the tire could come entirely off the rim. I saw one do that along a little ways out from our driveway here, and it rolled on across the-road and jumped the fence and went out into the field on the north side. The fellow stopped, had to look around and go out in the field and hunt the tire up and get it and bring it back. [Chuckles] That was an extreme situation.

When Henry Champagne was here and he had loaned a man some money out in Smith Valley, and he had to take a Model A Ford (this was before the Model T), finally in payment for the \$400 he'd loaned the fella. And he went out to get the car and started coming back, and well, before they got out of Smith Valley it had some flat tires. In fact, they got down to where they couldn't get any more patches that he could find any place to repair, and they got the balm' rope that was used for the petaluma bales in about the last ranch there in Smith Valley 'fore you started comin' back

towards Genoa. And he said they were two days on the road, and by the time they got back here, he said, they had air in one tire, and the other three tires had rope wrapped around and around the rims of the wheels to hold 'em on. And he said he felt so disgusted, he never tried to drive the car again, and then the following summer in June, he said the car burned up in the Gray garage in the fire, so he said he lost on it after all. [Chuckles]

Yeah, he said [Chuckling] that he felt so disgusted with cars, he didn't want to tackle drivin' it again. So of course, you couldn't blame him. It was about—well, it's less than sixty miles, I guess, from where he probably got the car coming in here to Genoa.

'Course, the dirt roads, there was quite a few horseshoe nails along, so flat tires was very common. In fact, I've heard people say that if they made two trips in around Genoa to Carson and back without a flat tire, well, that was wonderful. [Chuckles]

And then Maude Fulstone Knudson, she told about one time her and her mother come on a train to Carson, and the uncle, Charlie Fulstone in Jacks Valley, and his sister Clara come down to Carson to meet 'em. And they started on the way back, and on the way back, going along uphill coming into Jacks Valley along the old dirt road at that time, which ran along by where the Fuji Park is—in back of that in the buildings now, and across—the car stopped on 'em. Well, they got out and they found something was leakin', so well, she figured, it had to be gasoline. So they had a pan in the car, so they carefully caught it and put it back in the gas tank. And after a while it quit, but still they couldn't get the car started.

So finally one of the neighbors come along goin' into Carson, so she and her mother went back and stayed at the hotel in Carson.

And by the next day, they found out the leak was in the radiator, and she was puttin' the water in the gas tank. [Laughter] So they got the car towed home, and they had to take the tank and the whole works off, and drain the gasoline out and get it, and then find out what was wrong to get the car started again. And in the meantime, while he was looking around that, he had a diamond tie stickpin, and he lost the pin and he never did recover it in the sand. So they had quite an experience in coming out. [Chuckling]

Did most of the families in Genoa have cars?

Not till some years after we were here. [We] had a one-horse rig, and a gentle horse, and there were several families borrowin' in town to go to Gardnerville with 'em, that wanted to get different things that couldn't be bought here at the store locally. So it were a few years, and then there were several years the stage was still driven by horses by Chris Christensen. And then he bought a Model T Ford and changed over and used a Ford car then. Sold his horses. He used to buy a little stack of hay here for his horses and haul it up to where he had his little stable, and also kept his stage.

And then of course, he had quite a time that way with his car, and the Western Auto, they put out a sparkplug that had four prongs on it, and he got a set of them for his car. And a neighbor seen him one day. "Why," he said, "that four prongs is pretty stout for a Ford car." So, he wound up and cut three of 'em off. He said, "They was just too stout for mine engine." He was Danish, you see, and spoke with quite a Danish accent. [Chuckling]

And then there was a neighbor who lived across from him; he had a Model T Ford, and he figured the rear end and differential needed

over-haulin', and the Model T Ford had room enough so that it was possible to put the ring gear and drive pinion gear in the back on the opposite side, so instead of goin' forward, the car would go in reverse when you put it in low.

He got it together and he went to go out of the garage and he backed up into the back end of the garage. And after several times happening that way, he concluded that something was wrong, and then began to go out and hunt for someone to help to try to find out why the car went backwards instead of forwards. And finally after takin' it out, they found out he'd got the ring gear and pinion gear in reverse, and put in the opposite of what it should be in the assembly [chuckling]. So the car wouldn't go forward at all; it'd insist on backing up every time you stepped on the low pedal.

And then I heard one of the boys tell in Carson that— well, he was a cousin of my wife's, Harry Millard. In fact, he was related through his wife's side of the family to ours also. And he was really a cousin of mine as well.

Hed got a Model T Ford that he was usin' as kind of a taxi around Carson. Well, he stopped a few blocks away from where the pool hall was, and two of the boys—when he was inside the store, got out—and they raised up the back of the car and put a little box (set back under it), so one wheel was free of the ground.

And then one of the boys went down to the pool hall and made a hurry-up call to the store and wanted a taxi down at the pool hall. And he come in and tried to back up from the street which sloped into the edge of the curb, and it was oh, a foot or more to the board sidewalk in those days— above the street in lots of places in Carson. And well, he couldn't get it to move, so finally he got out and went to the garage to get a mechanic to see what was wrong. 'Course as soon as he got out of

sight, the boys got out and lifted up the car and took the box out. So the mechanic got in, and it backed out as nice as could be.

"Hmm," he said, "I can't understand that." He said, "It wouldn't move a bit for me a little while ago." [Chuckles] So he said neither one of them could figure out what was wrong, 'cause the car was all right and in good workin' order then. [Chuckling]

He was the same one that, years earlier, had run the laundry where my wife's mother worked. And then later, afterwards he lost the laundry in the fire. And then he got his Ford car, and kinda run a taxi.

The laundry burned?

Yeah, it burned. He had a bell in the laundry, and they had the rope, and the way the fire started, it burnt the rope off first, so they couldn't call for help in a hurry. It was kinda ironic; he figured he had a pretty good fire alarm, but it turned off—the rope burned off first, right where the fire had started.

And of course, gasoline in those days was bought in fifty-gallon barrels, and then they had the five-gallon bucket with the spout, where you'd draw out from the barrel that way to put in the car. So we didn't see gas pumps till we got along in the teens 'fore the first gas pump began to show up.

Was there a gas pump here in Genoa?

Yes, the store put one in, out in the front. It was one of the type that they'd hand-crank and it would raise and pump a gallon, and then you'd have to turn the crank backwards and let it run down so it could pump the next gallon. The pump with the cylinder would raise one gallon at a time from the buried tank.

You got your exercise doing that, didn't you?

Yeah, you bet. [Chuckles] 'Course in those days—the Model T Ford and them—there was hardly any of them had over about a nine- or ten-gallon tank, at the most. So it kinda made a little extra working problem that way in securin' gasoline.

And of course, the stores, they added that as kind of an extra that way. And at first start, the gasoline drum would be behind the store generally in a little shed or something. Then of course, when the gas pumps did come in—and at first it only pumped a gallon at a time—then they were set out in the front where you could drive up to them. And of course, they figured that was a big improvement from havin' to pack the gasoline from back behind the store to the front—or engine oil either if a person bought a quart or so of engine oil. Just some of the inconveniences. [Chuckles]

'Course, the first we had in the bulk delivery there was a tank above ground that way, and then you packed the gas back in the can to put in the car from the storage tank. And later we bought a gas pump and put a tank underground.

Here on the ranch?

Yes. But the first, though, was all above ground. In fact, the first one was a thirty-gallon tank, 'cause the Model T Ford was all that used gas, and you didn't use much gas in those days. Everything else was team around the ranch—teamwork.

In fact, there was a schoolteacher, back in 1920 that came here—Meneley and his wife—he had a tank that was set above ground. Might have been as large as a fifty-gallon tank, 'cause sometimes they'd get oil drums that was fifty gallons. And some of

the neighbor youngsters had a little Model T Ford cut down, and they were slipping in and borrowing a little gasoline from him—gasoline was gettin' tin cold weather) nearly low—he'd found some'd been taken out, and he'd drawn out the rest to put in the car, so he wound up and put some water in it. And sure enough, the kids that night, they got in 'fore it got too much freezing, and got home on it. And the next day, they run a ways out before the water got in to past where—it was a vacuum tank they used, which ordinarily you'd go about three miles by the time the vacuum tank'd get empty—drainin' back into the carburetor, you see. They got stalled, and so he said they had to wind up and take the gas line out, and the tank off, and thaw the frozen line out. So he said, he knew who was taking the gas. [Chuckles] Only thing, he said they didn't bother tryin' his tank any more: they wasn't sure whether it'd be water or gasoline. So he gave 'em quite a job; he got even on 'em.

They had to thaw their gas line out—as it turned out there was some pretty cold days following, where it didn't get too warm. So he figured he got even on 'em. He didn't say anything about it, and they didn't say anything either; they was keepin' quiet about what happened.

That happened here in Genoa, yes. Yeah, he passed on several years ago, and I just seen in the paper last week or so, where the wife passed on, where she was eighty-nine. She was in a rest home in Sparks for a while.

He went on and he later taught in the high school, and he was a carpenter by trade. And while he was here, he was goin' to California to take a summer course, goin' down right along on 395—incidentally, he stopped overnight at Lee Vining, and he found out there was some building going on there and they needed carpenters, so he forgot about the summer course, and went to work in

carpenter work there in the building at Lee Vining; he thought that was a little bit more profitable. [Chuckling]

So the next thing his wife heard from him, he was sendin' back to get tools—he'd borrowed some tools from the other carpenters to start with—to get his tool chest and that. And then he got the weekend so he could get home, 'cause his wife lived here in Genoa for a few years, and there was a family.

And then they moved over to Gardnerville after he went to teaching at the Gardnerville grammar school. And then he also built one of the school buildings there, as he was a carpenter—what became part of the middle school later on when they consolidated schools.

But in carpenter work, he taught a number of local boys to be carpenters, and several of 'em went out in contracting themselves as the years went on. So he really did a lot of good in the neighborhood.

No, the first year Meneley was here, his wife taught the lower four grades, and he taught the upper four grades. And then the second or third child arrived, and he stayed and taught the upper grades one year, and they had another lady—hired a lady teacher for the lower grades—and his wife was home with the baby.

It was a little bit unusual, wasn't it, for a woman to be teaching after she was married?

Yeah, it was rather unusual, but she did, though, for the first year when they come here. I think there were probably two children, and one little girl was almost old enough to start to school. Or maybe was old enough—I guess she was old enough to start to school, and was goin' to school probably.

[The Pony Saloon was a] building in Jacks Valley, and the building was moved around down over on the other road to Carson Valley, and then there was another building in its place, and another bar opened in the same neighborhood, and they both kept the same name. I think as I understood it, it was really on the corner of the property of the Fulstone family, at that time, in the early days.

The other one in Carson Valley—there was kinda a grass flat and springs behind it, and they got the water for the building from that. Part of the building was still standing when I was a youngster. And also the building was standing there in Jacks Valley. It wasn't too tall a building; it was fairly low, but it was still there for quite a few years. 'Course there's only the trees around now, maybe some nails and things [Chuckles] that's left.

And this one in Jacks Valley, he'd see one of the large freight teams comin' along—if he had any chance at all, he'd run out with a whiskey glass and treat the teamster to a glass of whiskey. And then of course, they'd buy a bottle off of him for his efforts, so he had a little item to business. [Chuckling]

The teamsters couldn't very well leave the team. See, he was riding a wheel horse on those big teams with a rope back to the brake on the left side, and he couldn't very well leave the team, but he could stop and rest 'em a few minutes, which probably none of them minded. He was traveling as well as getting a free drink. 'Course you seen a lot of dust in those days; that's why they all used chewin' tobacco, to keep their lips from cracking from the alkali dust along the road, 'cause it'd get pretty rough on a person if he was in the dust all day long, day after day.

'Course there was people that had brass shotgun shells, and they had reloading equipment, and reloaded them 'fore there

were any paper shells come to any extent in existence. I picked up one of the old part of the reloading, recapping that way—it's down here in the blacksmith's shop—it'd been thrown out in the trash where I'd run onto it.

I did see some of 'em load, and of course, they had the powder flask in the earlier days for the muzzle loaders, which were made out of a cow horn generally. And then they could buy the thin, copper flask; and they had patent measuring on 'em to load with the little double shutoffs, so they could get the loose shot out for loading shotgun shells or loading a muzzle-loading gun.

Some of them were quite well decorated with hunting scenes on those shot flasks. They were brass—the little loading tube was brass—fitted in the end. And the flask part itself was light copper, with the hunting scenes pressed on 'em.

I've got one that will come apart—and the other part I have to hunt up down here in the shop, I laid it away—I found it, and then years later, the copper part showed up with the flask, and it has a hunting scene on it, and it'd come apart that way where it was soldered. Have to work it out easily and fit it and put it together again for an antique, 'cause it was apart long 'fore we come here, and we moved here in 1909, so it was quite a few years back.
[Chuckling]

No, things you run onto around the shop that way, and this showed out from underneath the sill of the shop—the part of the flask did here, a few years ago. And the other part was layin' up back along the edge, but I'll have to get it and put it together again. Have a reconstructed shot flask, which will be all antique parts.

I have a muzzle-loadin' gun, a couple of 'em that I've bought over the years, that were here from the real early days. One of them

come from the Cosser family, and they were placer mining when the Reese, Kinsey, and the group come by and started the station here at Genoa. They were down near where Dayton is now, and older Mr. Cosser—he stayed with us about a year and a half—he told us that they'd recovered around thirty-three hundred dollars in their mining operation, and they figured that that would give out, so then they come up and located the first available place to the south, which became the Cosser ranch. He said his brother always carried the gun with him.

His brother was one of the three that went by after Lucky Bill was hung, and takin' the other fellas back up to Honey Lake Valley, where they were supposed to have got hung up there for killin' the man and stealin' the horses.

But he said he always had his doubts about that. It was kinda the other group took over there, and he said they found out later that this fellow was apparently involved in a stage robbery to the west of Susanville, and he managed to save his life by tellin' 'em where the money was hid.

And they figured he got enough out of it, he skipped out and went to South America was the way Cosser always figured. 'Cause he said none of 'em ever could find out too much about it. He figured the others kind of profited from the adventure, and recovered the stolen money. And of course, he had to clear out and leave the country, or if he'd got caught again, he'da got hung for bein' one of the fellas for killin' this man up there, for which Lucky Bill was hung down here for havin' kept the fellows.

That was the way Walter Cosser always figured on it, and said he was satisfied as that was what happened. And he said this other group, some of which had come down here, and they got up there and they sorta took over

in charge, and left the area, and claimed he got hung, but he said he always had his doubts about it because he said it turned out that he knew who was involved in the stage robbery to the west of Susanville. And so he made the trade and showed them where the money had been buried, and he got enough apparently to skip out and go to South America because he was never heard of again.

And it was that shotgun that Walter Cosser had that I finally got from the son-in-law, George Allerman and later, after his death, the caretaker Dick Heimsoth—and I have it here. Edward and Elizabeth Trimmer lost their own guns that come out with the family in 1858. The cloudburst in between '61 and—not cloudburst, it was a heavy rain and storm—it started in the end of December in '61, and then got to the flood stage. And where the great-grandparents lived on the East Fork of the Carson River, they lost their house and that in the flood, and of course lost everything in it. They were down here in the valley and there was only a younger brother William, and sister Harriet, at home. So they got back out to the rocky bluff behind the house on a plank when the water began to get in the house, and they started to feel it vibratin'—vibrations from the flood water strikin' against it, and all that was saved was a few things in jewelry that was up on the clock shelf.

And they went out a plank from the upstairs window onto a little bluff that was behind the edge of the house, and then they had to cross—they only had one little saddle-mare there, so the brother, he held onto the mare's tail, and let her swim across the river. And then the rope that the sister was holding, she tied it around herself and floated across with the little saddle-mare. Of course they were both soaked from the rain and the storm besides, and she got pneumonia, and it nearly killed her. They had to travel a few miles to the nearest relative, my

grandfather (the Robert Trimmer family), in Diamond Valley that way, 'fore they could get a chance to get a change of clothes or dried out. So there was a lot of inconveniences. (She later married Peter Vallem, my grandparents on my mother's side of the family.)

So, that was the way that turned out. There were floods over various times, and some of them real severe throughout this area. In 1909, there was a flood that was somewhat—that was on that order, because the water reached the roots of the last cottonwood tree down along the lane on our property. So we were told by Mrs. Frey.

And one of the properties to the north of Genoa Lane, and probably a little less than a mile from it (man by the name of Fritz Seamon was the fellow that had it), and he said it was nearly a month 'fore he got back into his home, and the kitchen part, which was kind of an extended shed roof from the main part of the house and sitting a little lower than the main part, and he said the water line was nine inches under the kitchen ceiling in the house. [Chuckles] A little too much water to be comfortable.

And then Fritz Schacht was one of the county commissioners—he said the last day he got into Genoa, the mail come in, they got the Edison phonograph, which had the horn that hung on the part of the stand from it and it used the wax round disc, and he said when he got back to the river, he said the plank was floating off the top and leaving the stringers, and he said he walked across on the stringers and packed the phonograph to get home, 'cause he had his team tied up back a ways from the other side. And he said it was a month before they got the next mail again, and he said the other thing was he couldn't swim [chuckling].

So he said they enjoyed the phonograph with the records that had come with it. He said

he was thinking about gettin' the phonograph home that had come in that day on the stage. That was about the first phonograph in the valley. It was in March 1907, right around the middle of March.

Of course we were livin' in Diamond Valley, and there were four feet of snow on the ground there. And then when the rain started, it rained for several days and took off the four feet of snow, and farther back, that's what caused the severe flood. And the pond down below the place was all filled in from water and soil that was washed from the property further back along the stream, so there wasn't much pond left after that, where the folks used to raise ducks and geese, and also children'd go in swimmin' in earlier years. There's just more or less a few tules and a little water shows in it now; it was all filled in with sediment.

In earlier years one time when my mother's family and children were up there at the Trimmer family place, the children were out after noontime, wading down in the pond, and Alice, one of the smaller children of the Vallem family—they finally realized they missed her. She wasn't in sight. So they begin to hollerin' for help, and my grandfather ran and wadin' back and forth found her. Somehow she'd swallowed the water and choked, and she was down at the bottom of the pond.

So he went to work with artificial respiration, and said she didn't show much signs of recovery. Some of the neighbors had got there to help; they figured they'd have to give up. And he said, "No," he said, "she isn't stiff, and her arms are still limber that way" (it was a little youngster). Said well, as long as that was the case, there must have been a little blood circulation. And he said it was almost five o'clock that evening before she started to breathe. And that was shortly after noon that happened.

Was there brain damage?

No, she come out of it and didn't show any damage. Evidently, they managed to keep up blood circulation, even though she couldn't breathe by herself. They caught it in time, 'cause he said her arm never got stiff, and as long as it didn't get stiff, he wouldn't give up on artificial respiration. And then she first started to take a few breaths and stop—they had to watch her for a long time. They said she wasn't able to talk till after midnight. It's a wonder there wasn't brain damage, but—no, I've known her. 'Course she come back later years—they moved up to the north; then she married Bert Orcutt and went over to Montana. That's where quite a number of their family are living, there in Montana. She was a twin—her and her younger brother were twins. And she never showed any effects of it; she was all normal. She lived till she was nearly ninety-five. [Chuckles] On finishing grade school, she and her brother passed the state teacher's examination.

Well, considerin' all that they knew about artificial, that way, respiration and breathing, 'course he'd helped that way and used it when they lived back in Missouri. A person had fallen in the river that way, and they managed to bring the person to. So he'd had a little experience, but he was just stayin' with it and wouldn't give up.

Now who was this?

My grandfather, Robert Trimmer. Some of the neighbors thought he ought to give up—she was showin' no signs of recovery—but he wouldn't do it. Said as long as a person wasn't startin' to stiffen, he said the circulation had to be, even though you couldn't detect a heartbeat. There still had to be a little circulation going on. Well, he was right on that.

She got over it. She was a person like you: she wasn't very tall, and neither was her brother. Most of the other brothers were quite tall, but the twins, they were shorter members of the family.

Probably because they were twins, huh?

And he said the little brother was always fat and stout as a little fella, and she was always rather slim, and said she was always lookin' out for the little brother. Watchin' for him. Said one time, her and the brother were bringin' in the geese that they had, and ducks, and were countin' 'em—wanted to be sure they had 'em all—and of course they'd bunch up on them. Said he'd tried several times, trying' to get a count, and started over. Finally he got a stick, and said he hit himself a few times on the leg, and the geese strung out that way, and he counted 'em. "There," he said, "I knew I could count 'em right." [Chuckling] He was blaming himself for them bunching up that way. But he figured it was his fault that he hadn't got the count, so he could report that all of 'em had got home that night.

3

EARLY LIFE

CHILDHOOD AND FAMILY

Of course, our part of the early family goes back that way to Diamond Valley. ‘Course, I was the oldest child to live; my dad and mother—two older children they lost to pneumonia in Santa Barbara. One was nearly four years old and the other was a baby of nine months. So, I was the next child and the first one to live.

So as a little fella, my mother told me one time—in fact I have a picture—I was sitting down watching two pups out from the kitchen door; they’d given them milk, ‘cause they’d milked the cows and they made butter that way and cottage cheese, all for their own use. And I was watchin’ the pups and there was a neighbor of the family there that had a camera and thought I looked cute and wanted to take a picture.

Mother said she kept in sight because she knew what the next thing I’d do as soon as she got out of sight, I’d get down and try to help the pups drink [laughs]. Tellin’ on myself. I guess it didn’t hurt me. But as long as she was

in sight, I’d sit very piously and watch the pups that way.

Then a little later there was, of course, dairy calves, a calf in particular, pokin’ at him with a stick, he’d get by where they had the stanchions and the little buckets to feed them, and he’d buck and bawl and jump and I thought that was a lot of fun. Of course, I was on the other side of the fence.

It went on a little later, and the calf got larger, and my great uncle Will was there and he had me out across the field and he had to wind up and pack me home. The calf caught sight of me, he was around tryin’ his best to butt me. He wanted to get even on me tormentin’ him [laughter]. So it was a case then, “was a no good cow—sell him to the butcher” [chuckles].

Another thing my uncle tormented about—my dad worked for his brother-in-law and his sister, and they had a little baby in the family and, ‘course, Dad was gone most of the time, and I didn’t quite like that too well. And my uncle said, “Oh, Daddy has another baby. That’s why he’s gone so much.”

Well, I took it real seriously and the first thing he knew when Dad was home one weekend and left, I disappeared and she seed the cattle bunchin', movin' across the field and the old dog was followin' me and I had a stick and was headin' out towards—cutting across the way which Dad had turned on the road. I was tryin' to catch up to see about that other baby. So they didn't torment me about the other baby any more at his sister's home [chuckles]. Kept quiet.

Then, of course, Dad always put his hat on when he left the house, either a hat or a cap. So he said the first walking I did he left the hat lay on the couch, I got it and I backed all the way along the couch and got to the other end. Then I run to the bedroom and left the hat under the bed; I figured I had it hid [chuckles]. I figured Dad couldn't leave if he didn't have the hat. But he said it took me a week before I could get up and walk from any other place. I had to back all along that couch and get to the other end then I could start out. Just funny things you do.

What was your dad like?

Well, my father was very good to his children. 'Course, his father was really quite severe with the children—so, he was quite good with us. In return, I didn't try to do things out of the way either. So it was very seldom I got scolded for things that way. Of course, he'd had a harder life 'cause he'd been out from the time he was young and before he was fourteen, on teams that way and worked on the road, hauling on the road that way, like to Bodie in the fall and then a little later went on steady. So he was away quite a bit from his home. He'd help his parents that way (there was quite a large family), contributed money to them. He was only able to attend school a few winters.

Then when Dad passed on that way, I read in the obituary (it was the two Chambers boys; the twins knew him quite well; they added a little to it) in the *Courier*, it said that Dad was always willing to take on any job where there was an honest dollar. I think both of them was—at the town of Monitor they had that mill ready to start to crush and handle ore, and the boiler'd been moved up as far as what was called Hangman's Bridge, about six miles south of Markleeville, and it had stayed there quite a little while.

He said when the teaming quit for the snow in the winter, he found out they was offerin' what was a big price then for anybody that'd take the boiler on across the bridge and up to Monitor, and he took the job. Went across, took the boiler into the mining camp of Monitor, and he said the school had adjourned for the day so all the children could watch the boiler come in. (This included the two Chambers boys; they were twins.) So he said they were all happy to get to watch the boiler coming in 'cause it meant the mill would be starting up.

So then they found out the reason that other teamsters wouldn't tackle it, they were afraid the bridge would collapse over the river [chuckles]. None of 'em would tackle it although they did offer quite a bonus to get the boiler moved over and up to the mill at Monitor.

But he did it, and he did it successfully.

He did it, yeah. And the bridge stayed up, it didn't collapse. It was quite a ways above the water, that bridge is there. There was a fella hung from the bridge; that's why it got the name of Hangman's Bridge. The new bridge now is quite a bit lower. One can see part of the old road abutment up on the edge of a little bluff where, oh, there's fifty feet drop or more to the water.

And not a very sturdy bridge to carry a boiler that heavy.

No. It was all wooden construction in those days, of course. And then of course, the ranch was smaller there in Diamond Valley and he worked away from home a lot. That's why he was working for his brother-in-law—his brother-in-law who owned and run a sawmill—and getting in timber and delivering lumber around to various places.

Did he work in the mill, or did he do the delivering?

He worked outside with teamwork nearly all the time, or maybe he might have once in a while worked around the mill, but mostly it was teamwork and hauling and moving and bringing in logs, and hauling out lumber, filling orders.

Where did those orders go? Where did they send the lumber?

It was anywhere, sold around the valley here, Woodfords, Markleeville, down here at Carson Valley, wherever the orders came from around—course, they didn't haul much farther than here in the valley, you might say.

'Course, the mills weren't large like we consider nowadays. They were all smaller mills, naturally. They'd sit back in the timber.

Tell me about your mother.

Well, mother's family was probably a couple miles from where my dad was raised. They lived in a little valley; in there was one ranch house and themselves. It was called Wade Valley. The valley itself was about a mile in length and not too awfully wide. Of course, they raised cattle, had dairy cows,

made butter, which they sold to Virginia City. Then later, the creameries began to get established and then the milk was taken to creameries first. And then later, separators come in, they'd separate and send the cream to the creamery to be made into butter.

There was also some cheese factories in the south end of the valley in the early days, and made cheese. And there was even one in Centerville along in the twenties; a fellow started up and made cheese for years. In fact, he told he had a brother in California who made cheese, so he sent a cheese of his own to the brother, and the brother put in his cheese and the other to the State Fair in Sacramento. He said the brother's cheese won a prize, and his come from out of state and they didn't recognize it [chuckles]. So he said the next year he sent the two cheeses to the brother and the brother put 'em in as though they come from him, and he said *his* got the prize the next year [laughter]! He had the shippin' tags and all to show that he'd sent it and the brother's statement, and he said the fair officials didn't exactly like it afterwards when they found out what they had done. He was kind of playin' a trick on them [chuckles]. He did make real good cheese.

What was your mother's name?

Well, Elizabeth Vallem Trimmer—she used the name Lizzie always. It was really her middle name—she was named Sarah Elizabeth, and you see the grandmother on my father's side of the family was named Sarah. So she always used the middle name as Lizzie; she was always known that way—I guess it was easier to identify when she was a youngster, between that and—well, it was the grandmother on my father's side of the family lived in the adjoining valley—visitin' back and forth that way.

And incidentally, my wife's mother, her name was Elizabeth, but she always used Lizzie. Never heard her write the full name out. It was always Lizzie Twaddle. So it was kinda a family name on both sides of our families from my part. [Chuckle]

What kind of a person was your mother? What was she like?

Well, Mother was quiet and good-natured and good with us children. I didn't think we went too much out of the way so we didn't get scolded a great deal, you might say. Got along for my part. I always figured it was my place to try to help my mother instead of causin' any anxiety or worry.

Heard my mother say when the sister, next younger than I, was a little tot, she'd watch where I sat, the place at the table. The next meal she made a run and take that place so I had to move around to another. Mother said she wanted to scold her for it, but Dad said, "Oh, she's too small, she doesn't realize what she's doing." [Laughs] So I just moved from one place to the other for quite a while [laughter].

Then I had a younger sister after we moved here. Of course, she played with the other youngsters her age in the town. They spent a lot of time playing around the barn at times that way.

One time, they had got under the straws and boards; they had fixed a cave and crawled in, the two of them, to hide from the older sister and her girlfriend. They got the other girls to jump off finally, and they jumped and hit the board and skinned their knees. 'Course they was wantin' 'em to jump purposely [chuckles].

Of course, first birthday party I ever saw was after we had moved here. It was when my older sister was six years old. In fact, it was June 6, 1912 when the party was.

'Course that was all new to me. I was watching, and they started a game of post office. Well, I didn't know anything about the game, and we were right there at the first, and the girl who was "postmistress" was a Portuguese girl, quite dark-completed. 'Course, you're supposed to kiss the postmistress when you received a letter. Well, I left the scene. The youngsters didn't catch me. I stayed out away from the party, and a little later it was cloudin' up real heavy and became a severe thunderstorm. In fact, it wound up with cloudburst and washed out the Kingsbury grade on the lower part of it that afternoon. So the party all wound up in the house before long till the heavy rain cleared. Only thing, I stayed out of sight [laughs]. I was kind of bashful. I wasn't used to bein' around other children at that time much.

Now, let's see, you would have been about eight years old then?

Let's see. I was eight, yeah. That's why I remembered the date that the Kingsbury grade was washed out. It was at the birthday party.

There was an Indian that traveled around the Valley here, and he had, well, it was the first seeing-eye dog, although they had no name for him at that, but he learned to take him around from one place to another. And he was coming along near the foot of the Kingsbury grade when the rain was startin' to come up, and the dog took him over to one of the vacant buildings that was close to where the grist mill sat. And when the cloudburst occurred, it moved the building several hundred feet with the Indian in it. The building was all wood and well constructed and held together, so it just pushed him and the building on downhill.

Of course, after the storm began to pass over, people got around lookin' to see the damage, and if some of the buildings were moved, and it was filled up four feet deep with sand—to what the height was before. You could tell from the apple trees in the orchard, it was filled up to where the trees branch and there was about four feet above the ground.

The Indian was standing at the door and the dog was between him and the outside, and wouldn't let him come out. And then they hollered to him and told him to stay there until they laid some planks to get over to him because the ground was all wet and soft and you'd sink in almost to your waist to try to step in the soft muck and mud, you know, but—. So that was the experience the blind Indian had with the cloudburst.

But he had this dog that led him—.

Yes, his dog led him all around the valley. He had a little short leash on him, oh, maybe a foot or so from his neck and he'd just lead him alongside of the road. If he'd see a team comin', he'd take him over to one edge of the road, see it go by. And he's as good as any seein' -eye dog you saw now. I don't know how he got trained, but—.

What kind of dog was it? Do you remember?

He was kind of a brownish, between a brownish and a light red in color and he was fairly good size. He wasn't a small dog. The Indian'd reach down his hand and it'd be just a little bit above his head. But that was—I know I thought it was quite unusual, to me, I'd never saw anything like that before. I don't know how he got trained, but he got the dog some way, and he got trained so the dog would take him around and watch for him that way. Wouldn't let him go where there looked like

danger; herd go between him and the danger and keep him from going on. Like he was in the doorway in the building, wouldn't let him go out. The dog knew it was all wet and soft outside [chuckles]. Of course, it was quite a step down, too, because building'd been moved and there wasn't any steps left then.

But the grist mill, the building itself wasn't moved. It was on a heavy stone foundation, but it was the other smaller buildings around it that were all caught and moved out in the cloudburst. And it used the stones that were first put up here by the Knott family in Genoa and then it later moved up and the mill built there (more water to turn the water wheel) and ran for a long period of years. My dad said he'd taken wheat to it many a time to have it ground into flour— get back the bran, and the wheat germ for cereal; also flour.

You didn't let anything go to waste, did you?

No, you bet they didn't. No, it was really thrifty. 'Course, I had good food. It was real good that way.

But the time we moved to here the mill had ceased operation. I believe Robert Falcke was the name of the last man that run it for quite a few years, and his grandson now, I think, has two of the millstones up there at their place. They originally come from France and were packed over the mountains on muleback. They're in sections and then had a rim put around 'em like a wagon tire to hold 'em together. It's from a quarry in a part of France where the stone had worked good for mill work.

As I say, as a family we really got along quite well. There wasn't too much dispute between us children. The biggest worry the youngest sister had was her kitties. Sometimes I tried to torment her a little about her kitties, 'cause one time we had seventeen kitties with

a dish for each one. 'Course, she had her own milk, skim milk, shed pour 'em all out, then shed go around, "Come on, you don't belong in this dish; you're over here," and shed sort 'em all out and get 'em back to their right places [chuckles].

So on one occasion in getting ready for winter, I had the job of taking down stovepipes, cleaning 'em. I packed out a section of pipe—I'd put a paper bag over each end that way so I wouldn't get soot on the floor as I got them loosened to take out—set it down, and the mother cat and one kitten standin' out close, and the kitten come over lookin' at the end of the pipe. Well, I figured he'd probably enter it, and of course, I didn't offer to stop him. I went on. It wasn't only a few seconds the kitty went through the pipe and the mother followed him, then he looked a little bit and decided to go back.

Well, my sister finally discovered what was goin' on, and I got blamed for it even though I didn't encourage 'em, either. But the pipe was cleaned very nice! But the two cats didn't look very good. My sister was very indignant for havin' that treatment for her cat [chuckles].

Well, it gave you a nice rest, too, didn't it?

Oh yeah. 'Course, I figured the soot would wear off after a while, only we had to keep the cat outside and didn't let 'em come in the house, along with a half-grown kitten. It did look comical the way the kitten was standin' to look through the pipe, goin' to make a run with its mother was right behind him to see where he was going [chuckles].

Then as it got a little later, in the summertime, the dairy cows were down on the field across the road—had to ride down bareback on a gentle horse, shut the gate, and the milker was takin' care of the separating, and of course, my little sister was told not to

get on and ride with me bareback. Well, of course, that's kind of a challenge to want to. But she did manage when no one was around to see us.

This particular time we were coming back, and the neighbor lady and her mother, Kate Falcke; they hadn't had a Model T Ford too long 'cause before that used to get a horse from here and buggy and go to town quite often. (We would give it to 'em as courtesy and friends.) And coming up the hill, they were coming along quite slow and the Ford backfired, and they was only a rod or so away from the horse. We're both of us bareback, and the horse made a jump and went under a limb of a cottonwood tree, and well, we both got raked off the horse. And my little sister slid down and she had the rough places on the inside of her leg where the horse hoof had come alongside and had scratched the skin.

Of course, we come in, she didn't want to say anything about it because shed been told not to try to ride down bareback in the first place. And so, she had a little lunch and was sittin' down on the couch and I was still at the table, and the telephone rang. The lady called up and wanted to know if either of us got hurt, and my mother looked around quite surprised, and wanted to know what had happened [chuckles]. So we were feelin' real proud up to then. We thought we was gettin' by without gettin' told on [chuckles].

And then what happened?

Well, they didn't scold her too much, looked 'er over to see where she had the bruise, and of course, felt sorry for her gettin' bruised skin along the inside edge of her leg and was glad the horse didn't happen to step on her leg and break it or anything, so we got by without too much scolding on it [chuckles].

Did you have a telephone all the time that you lived here at the ranch?

No. It wasn't till about 1916, I think, when we put it in. There was only two or three phones in the town prior to that. Well, maybe a little more. The courthouse had a phone before they moved, which they moved in 1916. And family living further back, Falcke, and then the public phone at the store. A family in the south end of town had a phone and a couple in the north end of town. And, it wasn't in too general use that way. You could go to the store and phone, I think they charged a quarter I think for usin' it then, if I remember right.

Then while we were in Diamond Valley, there was no phone lines up that way, and if you needed help, you had to go out that way. You couldn't call—use the phone.

In fact, when I was only about four years old, if I got an old clock or an old watch or a lock or anything that way, well, I was real happy. I had the best toy in the neighborhood.

I had an old clock I'd got ahold of. It was rusted and I was first tryin' to get the shell off, and Mother had dampened the screws with the sewing machine oil and set it on the front of the wood stove to warm up. And of course, I was watchin'. My little sister—she was nearly two years old or right around that—come by and stopped, lookin' at it and a spark flew out and set the hem of her dress afire. And I was working with my hands trying to put it out and hollerin' for my mother. I kept the fire down the dress so she didn't get scared and didn't run. She was standin' there watchin' me tryin' to put the fire out there. I just had my hands to use. And so then Mother picked her up—she caught the little part that was still smokin' in her hand and closed. She opened her hand a little and started a blaze and she pressed it against her tummy, and it didn't

burn or show any scar mark on the inside underneath clothing, but she got a third degree burn on her stomach.

Your sister?

Uh huh. From that. If my mother hadn't've pressed against her; when she opened her hand it started to flare up. So they had quite a time with her. She was cryin' and I was standin' around watchin', standing. Dad had to go for the doctor 'cause there was no phone that way. And after they finally got her quieted down, then they come to look and they found I had both of my hands pretty well blistered. That's why the fingers never did fill out after that. They always stayed thin that way. They never got any fat like most the people. I guess that was the reason.

[There was no doctor in town.] You had to travel to—near Mottsville. Dr. Cook was the closest and that was almost nineteen miles. But she had a fast-drivin' team. And the team would travel, they both stepped together, and trot or run. The Barber family, who were part Negro descent, the mother lived there with 'em in a little cabin on the corner. They heard the team come down that way on the run, said they figured something must've been wrong—'cause they generally wanted everybody that come by to stop and have lunch with 'em; well, they'd get the neighborhood news that way [chuckles].

They were a family that were very good with—they'd aid people around. They'd help many an emigrant goin' through, although they were part Negro themselves, or mulatto. So they was well thought of in the neighborhood—Barber and Palmer family. One of the Barbers lived not too far from where my mother's family was, within a half a mile. When the old Indian woman, or

mahala as they referred to, did chores around the neighborhood, she came in the house one morning, she says, "What's the matter your friends the Barber? Heap big fight last night."

And he says, "What? Somebody get hurt?"—Mother's father.

And she said, "Oh now, all fight 'em tongue." [Chuckles]

This was between Wade and Diamond Valley

Then of course, in my mother's family, Lizzie, she was only—[in her teens] when they lost their mother Harriet Vallem with pneumonia. There was an older sister Ellen, who did all the cookin', and she took care of the younger children in the family. She said the older sister hardly let her come into the kitchen, it was all her own territory. So, she had to learn most in the way of cooking after she was away from home, or after the sister had left and went north. See, there were the two younger children, brother and sister who's twins, and another brother Robert, and the older sister Ellen—they all moved north at the same time—around middle 1890s—to near Lewiston, Idaho, where Robert Stevens a brother-in-law of my father lived. So I have quite a few relatives around that area.

Then the sister Alice who's a twin, she's married; (Mrs. Bert Orcutt) finally her and her husband by 1909 had moved over into Montana and they landed in the wheat country, ended up sixty miles south from the Canadian border and just about that far east from the Glacier National Park. It's in the plain country where, well, you can see quite a ways. There's a house about every mile, you might say, in that. And they tell about one of their neighbors had a relative co-me visiting and asked her what she thought of the country. And she said, "I've never been anyplace where I look so far and see so little." [Chuckles]

Of course, there always would be wheat strips in that way with the summer fallow. There'd be a strip of grain and then a strip of summer fallow then a strip of grain and that way it kept the soil from blowing in the summertime. The next year the summer fallow strip would be planted and the other strip would lay over summer fallow and they'd hold moisture from the storms for the coming year, for use.

That was important, wasn't it?

Yeah, it was. I don't know—what they finally discovered—they used to try to plant it all and they found it didn't work doing that. They found by taking the strips that way it kept the soil from blowing and by keeping the weeds down in summer cultivation, it retained the moisture enough so that it made it a good year. Then they'd alternate strips.

Let's get back to your mother for a minute. I'm interested in women's activities.

Well, wintertime, they used to make the quilts that way. Generally sewed what they used to call, a lot of times crazy-work pattern for their own use. They didn't try to make any design. They'd just fit the pieces together from scraps left from making dresses and that, because you made a lot of your own clothes in those years. Get the bulk goods made and all the scraps that were left were made into quilt tops.

They all had sheep, so the wool was washed that way; then they'd card it and they used the wool as a filling instead of cotton for the quilts and made 'em nice and warm.

So she was always busy that way in the evenings. There was even some of the older families used to knit stockings and things, too. They even carded their wool and used a

spinning wheel and made their own yarn and made wool stockings. 'Course, by the time I was small, that was beginning to drop. I've seen a spinning wheel but didn't get to see 'em used that way.

My dad said that he'd helped his mother make yarn when he was a little fellow—work out wool in through the spinning wheel and make yarn for 'em to make stockings and knit sweaters and things that way, knitwork. So they didn't sit around altogether idle in the wintertime. There was generally quite a bit to do.

Mother was busy. There was a lot more than cooking. Of course, I myself, I always helped with sewing, making quilts and that, all the straight seams and things were pinned together. I figured, well, I was relieving my mother and I was helping. Of course, it was keeping me busy, too [chuckles].

That wasn't anything that was typical for a little boy to do, was it? You must have been kind of unique.

Well, I was the oldest, so I kind of fell heir to a lot of that, 'cause I was the oldest child to live when I was a little boy. 'Cause actually, I think I did more—I know I did more sewing, really, than my sisters did that way and especially at makin' quilts. As the years went on, I began to slack off and didn't make so much. Woolen blankets began to come in heavier that way in use. Then they used in real cold weather what they called feather ticks. They saved the finer feathers in cleaning fowls and ducks, and shake them up and put them on the bed and you settle down in 'em. They were real nice and warm.

You ought to had one for each bed from feathers saved that way from chickens an' ducks an' geese, all the fine breast feathers and small feathers. 'Course, they had feather

pillows, too. They were all made 'cause you didn't think about going to the store to buy a pillow. I saw 'em made that way and probably helped sew a lot of the seams—already pinned together, 'cause we'd pin 'em so I could handle, but—'cause I had to stand up and use one foot on the treadle of the sewing machine to run it. I wasn't tall enough to sit on a chair and reach the treadle and operate it [chuckles]. That's when I first remember it, 'course, after I got a little larger then I could sit on the edge of the chair and work it, but at first I stood and learned to work it with one foot—'course if you made a mistake an' the machine run backwards, you broke the thread; you had to rethread it then. On all the older machines they wouldn't stand to turn backwards. The thread would catch in the bobbin and break.

What would have been a typical day for your mother?

Well, it started with breakfast—'course it was all wood stove in cooking. They either had biscuits or hotcakes they'd make—wintertime it was mostly hotcakes, syrup and of course, your own butter. Then there's eggs and bacon. A lot of times for the men working outside there'd be fried potatoes if they wanted 'em for breakfast, and eggs.

Noon meal, sometimes beans, and then occasionally dried peas, or corn, sometimes it was hominy. And then sauerkraut was put up—lots of times, for a change, it'd be cooked and served hot that way, the sauerkraut would—cook it. And of course, there was potatoes. A lot of times they were either boiled or else boiled and then mashed 'cause you had your own milk and cream so it was easy to finish making mashed potatoes. The potato masher here is pretty well worn from use—the metal part you can see where it did have a lot of use. The metal wires across the bottom are

worn a third of the way through where you turn around each end in use. So ladies had a lot of work that they did throughout the day.

'Course, oftentimes in the evening after evening chores were done, someone would play the piano or violin, whatever it was, and sometimes had a little relaxation that way, whoever it was that played, because there was nothing in the way of radio or any other thing like that—years before that come in. So you had to furnish your own entertainment and your own music. My grandfather played the violin, and my sister next younger than I, she learned to play a piano and played on that quite a bit. First piano we had was the old-time square piano. It took up quite a bit of room. It was nice tone, though, I'll say that. We eventually sold it 'cause it took up quite a bit of room, and later got an upright. Although the square piano was older, it really had the best soundboard and tone that a way of the two. [Rufus] Adams has one, I think, in their house. You saw it. This was similar to Adams's—the same size.

Then the schoolteachers here used to—before we came here, the schoolteachers boarded here a great deal in the wintertime and roomed—boarded and roomed here with the Freys.

Then later, there was the two schoolteachers—got where there were more vacant rooms around 'cause some of the people moved out from town—and rent a vacant house and board themselves. And some of them come here and got milk. They'd come down in the evening for milk, sit a little while, pass the time.

So one occasion, I was a little fella, I crawled under the piano, and I had practiced howling like the old dog did. There was a little temptation, so I tried to howl and Dad went out and scolded the dog [chuckles]. So, I had to stay under the piano till the teachers left

and got a chance to get out. I didn't want to give myself away [laughter].

Of course, I always had to help with the outside chores for my part that way. We kept pigs and of course, the skim milk they run out in the tank soured every day, and they fed the soured milk to the pigs. If you feed the pig fresh milk, if he drinks a little too much, he'll bloat and kill himself, where the sour milk doesn't hurt him.

And of course, they put out the milk for the chickens that way. Then the cottage cheese that formed on top, put that out for the chickens, too. When I was a real little fella in Diamond valley, that got me into a little difficulty 'cause I'd get around and rake off the top part, and there's always white underneath, and I'd get a handful and eat it. And my grandmother and grandfather came back on a visit, and of course, there was too many people around to keep track of then, and my grandmother caught sight of me. Then she scolded my mother, said, "The baby's craving cottage cheese." And so they made cottage cheese and put it on the table; well, I wasn't interested in that. Tasted a lot better when I had to get it out of the barrel when nobody was lookin' [chuckles].

What was your father's role?

'Course, he was busy outside that way—but I never run around with the children in town at all. Dad and Mother kinda wanted more or less to stay around the place, and I was willin' to, 'cause I hadn't been around other children before, so I didn't feel out of place a bit. So I amused myself a lot around. Had quite a bit of land to go over, run around. As long as I showed up around mealtimes, they knew I was all right.

Of course, when they needed help that way and I got big enough and begin to ride a

little and they was movin' cattle, well, I stayed out of school to help move cattle, I didn't think anything of it. It was all part of the work. 'Course I studied in the evenings to make up so I'd keep up on my grades and my work, but I'd miss many a day of school.

The teachers didn't say anything about that?

No. All the other farm children did the same. As a local school in a farming area, they kinda expected it. It was something special, that way, so many children'd stay home to help. So I was doin' the same.

I remember one incident about the first few times in ridin', 'course the horse more or less went where he wanted to go. I was pretty small then; they had to put me on the horse. And went with my dad up to Lake Tahoe, we had cattle and rented pasture from a man named Abe Barton. And came in towards that evening with Abe Barton, and he had two stepsons that were nearly grown, and they come back (they had been out horseback) while we was taking off saddle on our horses, Dad was. Heard one of the boys say, he said, "Dad, we found somethin' funny today. One of our cows was standing lookin' over the fence bawlin' and there was no sign of the calf around. We got over and looked and," (it was his half-brother had property next to 'em) he said, "we found a calf head and where a calf had been dressed."

About that time, Abe looked around and his wife was standing in the door and he hollered, "Marge," he says, "How're we fixed for meat?"

"Well," she said, "We're about out, Abe."

"Well," he said, "Before tomorrow night, Will'll be around peddlin' veal and we'd better buy a piece. I know it's good; it's our own." [Chuckles]

Then he says, "Oh, darn it." He says, "I could have put him in the pen a half a dozen times," he says, "what's the use, he's my half-brother."

[Chuckles] No, I never forgot it. I was small, but I never forgot it I chuckles]. Some of the funny things that you see, 'course it was actual happenings, though.

And this Will Barton, he lost all his hair when he was quite young and he always wore a wig. And one of the times, a neighbor of ours who passed on a few years ago, Gene Fettic, was a young fellow coming up with him from Folsom driving the cattle and cattle stampeded. And had to work around, get 'em to run in a circle to quiet 'em down till they get tired.

Well, Will lost his hat and he lost the wig. Cattle goin' around in circles run over it. So after they got the cattle quieted down and stopped, he began to look about where he thought he had lost the wig, and finally he come up with it. And cattle runnin' over it had just cut the hair into little notches with the sharp points of the hooves of the cattle. So, he dusted it off. He said, "I can't get another one this side of Sacramento, so I'll have to wear it." [Chuckles]

He said it was all chopped up; it's got little chops all the way up on it where the hooves that way—cattle runnin' around in circles over and over it a number times. According to him, the hat wasn't in much better shape either!

Then he said another time that year he had helped him out, and they come up to Riverton where the log corral sort of corralled overnight—cattle movin' both from down that California side to Lake Tahoe and going back, they'd corral 'em for nighttime to stay.

And he said there's quite a little pond out in the river with some ducks on it, and he said

Will was a fellow who drank quite a little bit and would get quite happy sometimes towards the evening. Well, he [Will] said, "I'm going to catch one of the ducks." And went down on a lope towards the pond, horse jumped over, and he didn't realize how deep it was. He and the horse both went out of sight.

He said, "First, up comes Will's hat, then next the wig'd come up, and then Will showed up." [Chuckles] So then he and the horse got out. Then he said they had to work around recover his hat and wig [chuckles], or toupee as they called it mostly, with men in those days.

Then, in more later years, heard tell of the dance up here at the American Legion hall at this south end of Lake Tahoe. Every person in the valley was there. And Will asked a lady for a dance, and said she kept glancin' at him, said something looked rather odd. So after a little while, said she discovered he had the wig on backwards [laughs]! She didn't know that he had this wig, or toupee, and wore it—up to then! Hear some of the comical things [chuckles].

So I spent quite a lot of time outside with my father. Anything that I could get to go with him, I was willin' to stay out all day. I was that way from the time I was a little fellow with him 'cause I wasn't used to bein' around other children, so—. I did the same in farm work and that—stay out, and of course, as I got older began to help more myself, although I had a lot of trouble from hay fever and it was kind of rough in the hayin' a lot of the time. Be out in the morning and then work in the afternoon, use tea and tea leaves and that, and salt water to get the swelling off your eyes so you could go out the next morning again.

MEDICAL CARES: HOME REMEDIES AND PHYSICIANS

Tea and tea leaves and salt water?

Well, the salt water by itself a little, it'll cut the swelling down and then they used tea leaves as a poultice. And then I later found to use tea instead of tea leaves—it worked good to put a little tea in the eyes.

Just in the eyes?

Mmm hmm. Yeah, it would cut down the inflammation and swelling from anything that way. It's just some of the home remedies they used.

Maybe we could talk a little bit about some of the other home remedies that you remember.

Well, another one that we used, like you wanted something like what they use aspirin now for a headache or that, you get a few twigs of green willows and chew 'em. That has the same effect and they found out that they contain aspirin. 'Course, then they didn't know it. They knew that it helped to relieve a headache or pain that way to chew the twigs—it had rather a bitter taste, but I guess it was really the aspirin that they obtained that way in the willow twigs.

Sarsaparilla was planted in the early days here up along the mountain stream, and they used the berries of that in various ways as tonic and things. There's quite a growth of it up here in the water canyon now from the early days.

Another they had was peppermint used quite a bit in flavoring. There's peppermint growing out here by the ditches here at home that was planted way back when people first come here, just leave it along a ditch bank and it just keeps on growing that way from year to year. I have some friends, they get some every year and take home. They like the fresh peppermint. They use it, you see, in peppermint tea and things that way now, but

they used to use it, I think, help a little with cold, too, years ago.

Then they used onion poultice that was if you had a severe chest cold. A hot onion slice put down in a cloth bag about as hot as you can stand across the chest that way. In a little while you could taste the onion.

Oh dear!

[Chuckles] Well, it helped all right, so you didn't mind when the results was good.

Then the inside lining of a chicken gizzard—they used to be washed and cleaned. They hung up to dry and then powder them. Take about three and powder and make two doses and use 'em in cases of dysentery. In fact, Dr. Lee here at Carson, way in the earlier days, he was called up to Diamond Valley, or just beyond Diamond Valley, to the Harvey family in that case were in difficulty that way. And he got there, and he was washing his hands at the sink and he was glancin' up the wall, and he said, "What do you have there?"

"Well," she says, "it's dried chicken gizzard lining; keep it for the children."

"Well," he says, "powder me up three of 'em." And he divided 'em in two doses and that's all he gave her husband.

She said, "I had to pay him sixty dollars for the trip." It was an all-day trip with horse and buggy from Carson up and back. She said she was quite disgusted when she had the remedy hangin' on the wall in the kitchen [chuckles]. Said she'd used it with the children, but she didn't think about usin' it with a grown person. Evidently, it's the acid that way, left in the lining that way from the digestive acid, must be that is the remedy.

Then there is another soft plant that grows around springs that way that the Indians used to use, too, and it was also good, the same.

People in the early days used it. They'd boil it then drink their tea from the plant.

Then I've known a number of people come up with a case of malaria from California, they'd get a little of the finer growth of the sagebrush and boil that and use it and keep drinking tea for a few days, and it apparently had a quinine in that 'cause it has the same effect that way in curing malaria as the quinine treatments that they used later. I know I had relatives that would, if they'd come up, they'd always take back some sagebrush 'cause down and around below Placerville they quite often get malaria. And here we don't seem to have it. But the sagebrush was a family remedy that way in making the tea from the tops of the brush.

Another thing they used was—serious cases—get the rice flour and boil that and the person live on the liquid, in treatment. In fact, that's still used in a few cases, in severe cases of dysentery, that rice flour. Mother usin' that on me when I was a little fella, said, why, the flour she got from the drugstore had tasted kind of rancid, and started thinkin' about mahala grindin' the acorns and pinenuts, so, she gave the old mahala that come around a whole bag full of rice, make rice flour with the flat stone and another one they'd roll it on—the two stones, you know, while makin' flour. They have a couple up here in the museum. Now, I can take you in some day. 'Course, a lot of the exhibits are covered up now, and we'll have to raise the cover to peek at 'em [Chuckles]—for the winter that way.

You just didn't have the kind of medicines that—

No, no there wasn't. Well, the doctors didn't know as much as they do now, too. There's been a lot of big advances in medicine. It was a lot of try and guess that way, and they

didn't have the various medicines to work with years ago.

Did you know Dr. Eliza Cook?

Oh, yes. Yes, she was the family doctor for years. She lived up into her nineties. She never quit her horse and buggy. As long as she went out, she used that. Then, she was gettin' more elderly, up in the eighties, the lightning struck the telephone line one day and started a fire around the telephone in her house. (She lived by herself, she never married.) She said, "I put on my rubber gloves and got some water and put out the fire, then cut the line." She said, "I was gettin' older and I never had the phone put back." She was more or less quittin' practice unless somebody come to the house.

Yeah, her medical certificate is up here in the museum. She started first to learn workin' with a doctor here in town, and then went on to medical school after that.

And she practiced all around the whole area, didn't she?

All through the valley here. It was all horse and buggy that way. Of course, that's all she had at the time she started, so even though cars were beginnin' come in as she was gettin' older, she didn't care to change.

'Course, there were nothing in the way of hospitals, you might say, then. First start was there, more or less, with connection of the county poor farm where Washoe Medical Center is now—first start, a little, of a hospital treatment.

Then Dr. Huffaker in Carson, he had some rooms that he used to—patients where they needed extra care could stay there by his house (adjoining his house) as he had his office in his home in Carson.

'Course, they used lots of times, poultices of various things. They would take the fat part of bacon and put sugar on it, sometimes a little salt, put it over where you got a puncture wound or anything and draw the—anything left in the puncture wound'd draw out. And, also use bread and milk and sugar, dried it and used as a poultice the same way. It was home remedies; they work, though.

In fact, when my dad and mother lived in Santa Barbara—giving the ice deliveries—wet weather, rainin'—and he stepped on this part of an old alarm clock and it punched through the boot and up into the foot. Could see a piece of the rubber and said it even showed the color on the top of the foot you could see where it pushed up through so far. And the doctor there, well, he said, "You go home, get a piece of fat bacon, cover it thick with sugar and put it on the bottom of the foot." The next morning, the piece of the rubber laid on the bacon had drawn out. So there was a lot of the old remedies were a big help, all right, and they went a long ways. Well, I've seen it used here. We used, at times, either the poultice or the bacon.

'Course some of the old books that give cooking and that, they give a lot of the old-time remedies in that, too—I think I still have one here—because you didn't have drugstores around the street corner in those days [chuckles].

That's true. I suppose you didn't call the doctor for every little thing either.

No, you didn't. You tried your home remedies first, and long as you could get up and walk around you generally didn't figure you needed a doctor [chuckles]! 'Course there wasn't that much money around or available, so they tried, largely, home remedies first unless they figured it was a disease

or something, that way—typhoid fever or something, where a person whose fever kept getting a little higher each day then, of course, would call the doctor that was for better treatment, if he had suspicion of anything like that.

That's the way with my little sister when we came back from the trip up north. Wasn't here only a week or so, and she'd been feeling a little sick. And Mother had been takin' her temperature and each day it went a little higher. So after the third day it started raisin' and the doctor then gave her treatment for typhoid. Got it from water in the latter part of the trip.

Were you a sickly sort, or just an accident prone sort?

Just an active little fellow, I guess. See an older person do something, I didn't see why I couldn't do it, too. Before I walked, I even managed to find a doorway and got up the stairway and tumbled back down it. Mother heard me comin' and said she managed to run from the kitchen and got to the foot of the stairs at the time I did and said—Dr. Cook was the closest doctor almost twenty miles—and said she'd sit down kind of out of breath in a chair wonderin' how badly I was hurt. Instead of cryin' about the injuries, I started feelin' a bruise carefully and then go on and feel the next one. Said in about half an hour's time I quit and leaned against her as much as to say, "I found all of 'em." [Chuckles] But she said I was badly covered with bruises, though, and said there was bruises all over me from the tumble.

Prior to that I got the rough jolt from a—just a small baby nursing—in the high baby stroller, baby set up quite a ways above the ground and they could be folded up. And I guess it hadn't got locked too good, and the

nine-year-old cousin come along; she started runnin' along—we were both happy—and the buggy folded up. And of course, on the trot, she pitched forward. Only trouble, I was underneath. Said my face was flattened, my mother said, until my nose begin to swell and come back. And of course, it bled innerly and I was partly chokin' from blood. She said, well, it was three months before my nose cleared where I could breathe through my nose again. Only one thing, though, I always had the nosebleed easily after that. It got better in later years, but up until after I got through high school, if I happened to blow my nose rather heavily, there was a big chance I'd have a nosebleed. Of course, I never thought of goin' to the doctor for it. They could have treated it later that way, cauterize, evidently, blood vessel injury, but then you were gettin' around so you just never thought of anything that way. Just made the best of it and kept goin'.

Did you have measles, chicken pox, things like that when you were young?

Yeah, had the red measles, and the chicken pox and also, I had whooping cough. That was pretty rough with children, the whooping cough was. Lots of children didn't survive.

It was a pretty frightening thing, wasn't it?

Yeah, it was. You bet.

How did they treat children who had whooping cough?

Well, there wasn't too much they'd give them. They'd kind of watch to try to keep them from getting colds, if you could, or hope it wouldn't go into pneumonia. Pneumonia was pretty risky in those earlier years and up

until antibiotics come out many people didn't survive if it got into pneumonia.

No, whooping coughs last quite a while. In fact, you'd generally lean up against the building or something when you have one of the attacks. Many a time I can remember doing that.

Just wait for it to pass?

Yeah. You would be tryin' to cough and the whoopin' part goin' with it and it'd be pretty hard; you kind of like some other support to get over the attack.

Diseases that way were pretty hard on children up until penicillin and sulfa drugs begin to come in.. That made an immense difference then. In fact, yes, I wouldn't have survived appendicitis if it hadn't been for, I guess, this sulfa drug. 'Cause I was fifty-five years old, and I figure I was gettin' a little too old to have time for appendicitis. And what I had actually done was swallow a grape seed on the range that—people had come up from California and camped there and deer hunted every year; we didn't charge 'em anything coming in on the land—and every time you'd see 'em again they'd always give you part of a box of grapes or so and sometimes other foods they'd brought up.

And I went out that day to turn in the water, and I didn't stop to do any cooking for lunch; I Just packed some grapes with me and ate them for lunch, and somewhere along the way I swallowed a grape seed. Next day, quite a bit of pain across the stomach and that, and well, I went with my wife to Carson, and they used to use—you'd get blackberry brandy for stomach cramps that way. And I got the bottle of brandy, but it didn't seem to help too much and didn't have any effect, and I'm not used to drinking.

Well, it got easier towards afternoon, so I didn't think about goin' to a doctor. And it

went on for three more days, and did chores around, and even cut up some limbs that fell over the fence. And about the third day the pain began to come heavier and went down to Dr. Hovenden in Carson, and at that time he had a younger doctor just starting there and was workin' in his office and it turned out I had him.

And well, he said, "Maybe you better go down to the hospital and run a blood test." And the blood test for infection he wanted was all about four times too high, each one of 'em was. And I walked into the hospital, and there's a lady, the superintendent and manager of the hospital; she saw me and a little while later said she couldn't believe it when word come back there was an emergency case with appendicitis and suspected it was ruptured. Said she never saw a person walk into a hospital before with that. Said in all her years of experience that she wouldn't have believed it, if she hadn't seen it.

So they found it was that and both peritonitis and a staph infection had set in, but then they both reacted to sulfa drugs, or else I guess I wouldn't have had much chance. So every time I was ever back in the hospital to see anyone who was in there, she'd pret' near always stop me on the floor, and she says, "I still, in all my years of experience, I've never seen another person come in, walk into a hospital with appendicitis and especially where it was a case of it bein' ruptured." She said, "I don't see how you could move around." Well, I did.

I guess, maybe I can stand pain a little easier than lots of people. I don't know, it might have been the explanation, but anyway, I did. That's kind of amusin to me because she'd generally stopped me before I could get out every time I ever went in, remindin' me she still hadn't seen it. Says, "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen you come in."

She said, "I was up there in the front of the building there, near the office, and saw you come in, stop at the desk and ask for the way back to the laboratory."

So I guess that's the way a lot of us laborers learned to stand quite a bit of pain and get by years ago before medicine was developed as much as it is now.

Then as a youngster, I got involved with a runaway with a wire dump rake, and was rakin' after, pickin' up the grain bundles, goin' over, raking that way what was left to gather in the field. I felt kind of foolish about gettin' involved in a runaway. And my dad had been called, at that time, was back in Santa Barbara; his mother was quite sick and they'd asked most of the family come home.

And so I had the rake wheel run over a leg, and that leg was pretty sore but I didn't want to let on around the house. I would walk all right and I got outside, then as I was irrigatin', I kind of used the shovel to help to walk. After the swelling went down below the knee, I found I had a place in the bone about the size of a fingernail where the bone was broken and pushed inside. Took nearly a year before it healed up and got level again [chuckles].

I had a friend, belonged to the church there in Reno, tell me one time, said, "I don't see how you survived a lot of those things." [Chuckles]

Did your family go into Reno to go to church when you were a child?

Well, no, they didn't then. And there wasn't, in fact, in the original church which we belonged there to, there wasn't very much for a long period of years. There is quite a group in Reno and a group in Carson. Now, there's close to a hundred and twenty or so in Reno. 'Course, they don't always attend; they're like

other churches, about maybe a third or so average attendance. I'd go in there quite often 'cause these part of our friends we know that way for a long period of years.

And they also have ministration that way in helpin' the healing, going back to the *Bible* time. And I've seen some wonderful experiences happen that way. Those that—they followed Brigham Young to Utah, from what I understand, they don't follow that way any more there. They lost out, I guess. He strayed a little too far from their original beliefs.

My parents belonged to the original church, which operated entirely different to what was set up in Utah by Brigham Young. In fact, there were two lawsuits between the two churches that—one of 'em went into a lot of the differences, the judge did, between 'em. And then in the end he said he was satisfied that Brigham Young had created another organization that was entirely foreign to the original, in his opinion. He didn't even call it a church. And there are so many changes have been made.

What are some of the healing experiences that you've seen?

Well, saw my Dad here—after cars come in, his Model T Ford, he was over on the edge of the road and tipped over with it. The road was pretty narrow in those days. He'd thrown a hip out of joint. And the minister happened to be stayin' a little while with us at that time, and he helped the doctor get the hip joint back in place again.

And a blood blister developed over the joint that was as large as a person's fist. And it went on for two days and nights, and Dad couldn't sleep from the pain of it. And the Doctor Thompson from Gardnerville said he didn't want to try to draw it. He was hopin'

it'd start to go down, because he said so many times in those days they wound up with a running sore, and eventually it'd affect the joint and it'd be a stiff hip joint.

So, it went on from that night. The elder thought he'd try ministration. He said, "Well, we can try.." And he spoke a couple sentences in the Hebrew language. I remember the first word was "habak," h-a-b-a-k. Dad went right to sleep afterwards and said last thing he could remember felt like a hand rubbing over him. He thought it was Mother. Slept the rest of the night and the next morning the skin was all down to normal color. There was no sign of it.

Dad was to go over to that doctor that afternoon. So we took him over, and the doctor looked him over and rubbed, scratched his head; he says, "Well, I've heard of miracles, but I've just seen one." He said, "There's no way that could have gone down that's known to medicine." So then after the Jewish church was more established in Reno, Mother wrote to—see the name of the rabbi there and his address—and asked him what the word h-a-b-a-k [meant]. It was Hebrew, that was our understanding, Mother and myself. He said, "Yes, it's the pure Hebrew used at the time of Christ." And he said, "You have to translate it in phrases: 'that is my will or let my will be done.'" And we asked the minister the next morning, we said, "We didn't know that you knew Hebrew."

He says, "I don't." Said, "I don't know a word of it." It goes back to the *Bible* time and speaking in the tongues. But Dad got over it that night. He slept all the rest of the night, and the next morning, got up, then breakfast, and it was all down smooth. It wasn't even discolored over the hip. But it was as large as your fist, the blood blister was, and broken blood vessel, and discolored and dark.

Were there any other instances like that that you remember?

Oh, like myself with this—'course I had ministration—when they got a chance to—when I had that ruptured appendicitis. And of course, it all added to it, too, plus modern medicine. As a result, I got out of the hospital in twelve days.

My wife was—back in 1928—she had a ruptured appendicitis when she was in the University, and she spent forty-two days in the hospital. They didn't give her any chance to live then for quite a while. It was caught right away as soon as it ruptured, but still it was mighty rough.

And I had the same—helped the same way when I had a broken neck in 1964, accident in a car with a deer running into it at nighttime. And I wasn't given any chance of getting out from that. At first, they didn't expect me to really live 'cause there's much paralyzed, from the ribs on down there's no feeling. And then worked my own way to try to get back a little. I got a little feeling in one leg, and worked trying to move that with the other and get so I can bend the other foot. And it was about nine weeks later by that time, and I showed the one surgeon that I had a little movement in both legs. He said, "This is incomprehensible."

So, next day, he brought the neurosurgeon around. He said, "It's unbelievable." [Laughs] It was a very little chance, they figured, I had of gettin' out. Then they said, "Well, expect we better prescribe physical therapy now." 'Course, I was only tryin' to help myself every way I could 'cause I just wanted to get out. I wasn't used to stayin' inside that long [chuckles]. So, as a result, it was just about three months that I spent in the hospital before I got out that time.

'Course, I had to use crutches. Then back here at home, and the weather getting better next

spring, got along the fences that way, workin'—puttin' loose staples back in and tightening wire in places. And there was a Chinese woman who was givin' physical therapy at the Washoe Medical Hospital, and she had some land up on the Kingsbury grade. She was coming up one of the times, and we invited her to come and stop and have a barbecue lunch. It was getting warmer. And she said, "What do you do for physical therapy out here."

Well, said, "I'm gettin' the kind where you use a hammer and work along the fence and do repair work."

She said, "Gee, it must sure do good 'cause you're doin' fine on it!"

What happened if you had a toothache back when you were a little boy?

Well, they used laudanum a lot, what they called laudanum, it worked to deaden the feeling in case of toothache. I happened to be fortunate myself. In the earlier years I didn't have any trouble with my teeth. 'Course, one thing, I didn't use—very little sugar.

Mother told me on my birthday, thirteenth of October, my great uncle give me a box of that little peppermint candy they called it, like barber pole stripes, you know, down. And she said she finished the last of it up Christmas. I didn't seem to care much for candy then as I was growing up.

Harry Hawkins, in his oral history, said that your father used to pull teeth.

My grandfather did. There's a pair of forceps here. They did that way 'cause there wasn't no dentists, you might say, around. That's only way you could treat a toothache was to pull the tooth. Yeah, he was right. He had a pair of dental forceps that my grandfather used.

Oftentimes the barber filled that capacity, too, like that, and help pull teeth for a person with a toothache. Fact, the ad of a barber, Dave DeLong, here in Genoa, it was part of his ad way back in the 1890s in there.

Yeah, the Hawkins family and ours were always—well, we didn't live too far apart and was always good friends. My grandfather worked with Harry's father that way in carpenter work, and building fireplaces, everything that way that'd come along, flume work in logging.

In fact, my grandfather and grandmother, to the younger Hawkins family children, was "Grandpa" and "Grandma" to them because they had no grandparents of their own in this country. So that's the way they called or spoke of them.

Let's see. Then the younger sister was playin' around the barn, her and other neighbor children. She made a mistake where hay was in between the planks that way, and there was—under part of the barn had been worked out where they at one time had milked a few cows in there, then kept ten young dairy calves in the winter later, not larger, wasn't more than a dairy—and she fell through, and she hurt the side of her head that way quite a bit. In fact, was unconscious for a little while. Said that years later she did have trouble with one eye. Said she always kind of figured that from the injury, that way. Then, years later, oh, about fifteen years ago, she had an aneurism of a blood vessel on that side.

They didn't know what it was at first; her husband come home, found her unconscious on the floor. Well, took her to the hospital and they couldn't come up with anything; went back and it wasn't long it happened again. Took her to the hospital. While they were there, they still hadn't, there at Carson, come up with any cause. And the doctor said, "Well, you might as well go home." Said, "Would you

get ready to leave the hospital?" And with the doctor standing there, said it had to happen again. Well, he said he knew something was then. Then they called a neurosurgeon and checked and they found it was an aneurism of a blood vessel inside the skull along the brain that—once in a while it'd enlarge, an aneurism, as they call it, and she'd go unconscious.

So she had it repaired, and she's got along good since. She said only thing, she has half a headache now. Said one side of the head will ache and the other side won't [chuckles]!

Yeah, I see her every once in a while. She's the only sister I have living now. The other one passed away the same year my wife did.

It was a bad year.

It was. Yeah, there was two or three cousins and my wife that same year, my wife and my sister. Two of 'em lived in Truckee and the other one was up in St. John, Canada, Nova Scotia. Yeah, it was a rough year on the family that year.

Must have been. What about the flu epidemic of 1918?

Yeah, that was rough. Those over here in the valley they turned the high school, that way, into hospital use. A lot of people went there, and were quite a few that didn't survive.

And Dr. Huffaker from Carson, he made trips up that way. Our family had him. And well, he said he had a hundred and five patients on his route, and finally he had another fella drive his car and he'd just sleep between one call and another. He was goin' day and night.

Well, he said he didn't know too much of what to do for it, but he said he would try to work and give 'em food so they could keep up their strength and by golly, all of his patients

recovered! He was honest about it. He figured that was the best way to try to keep up their strength from broth and foods that way and liquids that were nourishing. He was takin' the temperatures and watchin' for pneumonia and all those that I knew of his didn't go into any pneumonia.

The other doctor over here takin' care of quite a few that were taken in where the high school had turned in for hospital use, he lost quite a few of his patients. Just the difference between the two doctors.

But all of Dr. Huffaker's patients were treated at home?

At home, yeah. He made the rounds from one home to the other, and he got a fellow to drive the car for him. Go out in the car and he'd nap a few minutes from one call to the other. And he said he had one hundred and five patients takin' care of at one time, he told us.

Did the family get it?

Yeah. We all had it all together, children, myself, and my dad and mother. Come on in the fall just after we finished threshing. I guess probably some member of the threshing crew was coming down with it and helped to spread it that way.

Then to run to the store up here (they had telephones, of course, then), and bring things down, leave 'em on the gatepost, and you go out and get 'em there, that way, and bring them to the house. He was tryin' to keep from takin' it. Well, he was fortunate, he didn't get the flu.

No, we were all sick at one time with it; we didn't do much moving around. And that was just after Prohibition had come in, and the neighbor, Frank Walker, was helping

outside chores and he took care of feeding the cattle. There was snow on the—it come on and snowed before we got well enough to get out.

And the saloon, Fettic's Exchange, he had sold that liquor that way in packages. And this Frank had got one of the packages and he had driven the stage and drank quite a bit on the stage, and well, he was beginning to not feel too good and he started drinking on the liquor. And, he says, "I guess I had the flu and didn't realize it, but I drank enough liquor that kept me goin'!" [Laughter]

He said, "If I knew I had the flu, I'm sure I'd died." But he said, "I thought I was just drinkin' too much and not feelin' good and I knew I could get over the effects of the whiskey." [Chuckles]

Well, he told on himself. Anyway, he survived although he was out and doin' chores. He fed cattle. [Chuckles] So, a lot of the people were pretty tough.

Didn't know when to lie down, did they?

No, he didn't. No, he blamed it on drinking a little too much of the liquor and said he figured he had a little cold and he thought the liquor'd help in the cold, so he kept on using the liquor. He said by the time the liquor had run out, he said he'd started gettin' better then, so he was over the bad part.

No, they did use liquor a lot as medicine, too, although of course, a lot of 'em drank too much at times. Use it sometimes with hot toddy to help break up cold—liquor mixed with hot water and sugar added.

In fact, one time my great uncle had the toddy that way, when the sister next younger than I was a little tot. And he was holdin' her in his lap, and he wasn't noticin' she got hold

of his cup and drank it. Dad was going—that same day was on the grand jury at Markleeville. And first thing you know he picked the little tot up and she couldn't stand up.

And my uncle had come back in, [Dad] was gettin' ready to go for the doctor, he couldn't figure what had gone wrong. And my uncle says, "I feel kinda guilty about it." Said, "I was holdin' her and I had the toddy and," said, "she got hold of it and I didn't notice and drank all of it."

So, they knew then there wasn't too much to worry about [chuckles]. She'd get better after a while.

He said, "I felt kinda foolish about it."

How about patent medicines?

Well, there were quite a few that were sold of the various patent medicines. 'Course, according to the ads they cure most anything. Did you ever read any of the ads?

Yes, I have. That's why I was wondering if people really used them.

Well, they sold 'em and used them, all right. They were used a lot. They used a lot of those as kind of tonics. Yeah, they make big claims for 'em. 'Course, you use imagination enough, I guess, maybe some of the good claims would come true. Of course, all of 'em contained quite a little bit of alcohol and they were kinda invigorating from that standpoint. If you ever saw any of the bottles, the alcohol content was always high on 'em as a preservative.

I wondered whether people took them for the alcohol content.

Well, I think that was a lot of it, myself, because I know it had high alcohol. It was

almost like whiskey, the alcohol rating on 'em for preservatives. 'Course, they was adding some of the other various herbs, that way, on the sideline, but it took a lot of preservatives to keep the herbs. Sounds kinda suspicious but the alcohol made the person feel a little happier and gay.

Then you forget about what illness you have.

Yeah, that's right. I've got a liquor bottle, flask that's bound with, like the cane seat of the chairs here. They carried it horseback in the early days in crossing the plains, that way, and 'course, they did use liquor for disinfectant then, too, on a cut or things, that way. Pour a little on and that. Most of 'em carried—and my great uncle carried this flask across when they come across, come out to Utah.

Alcohol was used quite a bit because there was very little medicine available, that way. 'Course, it kinda helped perk up the spirits for the time being anyhow if you drank a little.

Like, man by the name of George Roberts out here in Antelope Valley, a sheepherder in sheep camp, and the camp tender was coming in with a packhorse—packhorses pack supplies, bringing in on the rounds every so often. He was riding up to the camp, and the sheepherder was cuttin' on a pitchy dead piece of pinenut wood and the ax glanced off the knot and struck him in the fleshy part of the leg below the knee and he had quite a cut.

So, he got his horse tied up, packhorse, and was looking at the cut and said, "Gee, it's kinda bad!" He says, "I wonder what in the world I have as antiseptic."

Said, "The only think I can think of is a bottle of liquor that's in the pack."

And he got up and got the bottle of liquor and got over to the sheepherder—he was sittin' down by the campfire kinda lookin' at his leg—and took the cork out of the

bottle. Before he got to pour it on the cut, the packhorse started hanging back. And he hollered, "Whoa!" and handed the bottle to the sheepherder and runnin' back to the horse—didn't want him to break away with the pack outfit.

And time he got the horse quieted down, he looked around, the sheepherder just finished emptying the bottle. He drank all of it! [Chuckles] He says, "Hey, I was going to pour some of that on that cut. It looks mighty bad."

"Oh," he said, "more better work from the inside out."

But he said the sheepherder was ready to go to sleep, the cut didn't worry him. And in a little while, he said he had to stay around to keep track of the sheep till he sobered up the next day 'fore he could go out and get help [laughs]! So liquor was used a lot, that way, in the medicinal way, although a lot of people misused it and drank too much.

We talked about your experience with your broken back.

Mmm hmm! Well, my father had the same. He got caught with his saddle horse, young horse had—he was probably about thirty years old then, it was before he was married—horse had been ridden a few times, and it was up to where they had summer range on, oh, called Wolf Creek in Alpine County, back where you had to pack in with packhorse and saddle horses at that time. Didn't have a road into the back upper part. Caught the new horse to ride and saddled the horse; stood there kinda quiet, and got on him. By golly, the horse flipped, fell, and Dad caught his spur on the blanket and the horse rolled over him.

So he threw his hip out of joint, broke ribs over the liver where the saddlehorn struck and

the ribs broke in two places. So the other boys looked, sat on him, and they pulled and got the hip joint back in place, and he had to ride to come home. ‘Course, right at first you’re in a state of shock, quite a little while. And he said he got—it was about sixteen miles home—and he said the last six miles begin to wear off the shock, he says, then every step was painful.

Said he didn’t find out what all the injuries was till some years later. Said after he got home he didn’t go to the doctor, “I knew I had broken ribs and the hip was back in place.” That was just the way, stayed tough and stuck things out. Sounds kinda odd to tell it now the way the hospitals and things are, because at that time there was no hospital anywhere. Even from their home, it was twenty miles to the nearest doctor by a horse and buggy. So, as long as you could manage to get around, you didn’t go too often to see a doctor.

Of course, you had your older neighbors, Harry Hawkins and my grandfather. Well, they did cut hair quite a bit for around the neighbors, and then also, a pair of dental forceps—pull the tooth in case of a toothache and things that way.

Heard my mother tell one time of her three brothers and a neighbor boy were playin’ up there, and one of ‘em had a baby tooth that was givin’ trouble (achin’), so there were the four boys. So two boys sat on the one and the other third one pulled the tooth [chuckles]! So he got rid of the toothache. It was quite an emergency treatment. ‘Course, they didn’t let the older folks know what they were doin’. Tricks that youngsters get into.

Now, who was this?

It was three of my mother’s brothers was involved, and then the fourth was one of, I guess, probably my dad’s older brother that

was home then. That was the way they solved a toothache [chuckles].

Well, I guess it took care of it.

It sure did. They wasn’t goin’ to let the patient get away [chuckles].

Was there a dentist here in Genoa at any time when you were growing up?

No, there was no dentist here at the time. There had been years earlier. In fact, it was—one dentist at one time used two front rooms here in the house as his office. We have marks under the carpet where his dentist’s chair sat; you can see. He had lost his wife, had two boys—he wound up stayin’ here; Mrs. Frey took care of the two children. It was a couple of years or so, that way, then he later moved to Carson.

Then there was another dentist, by the name of Mrs. Blossom, here in town in the earlier days. I don’t know too much about her. I only heard her mentioned occasionally by Frank Walker and that, and she did dental work. And then there was the barber, name of Dave DeLong, here when we come here; he was gettin’ quite elderly then. And in his ads he stated he also pulled teeth [chuckles].

Was that about all that dentistry involved was just yanking teeth out when they hurt?

I guess in the real early days, that was about all they could do. They didn’t have—well, of course, when this dentist was here, then, at that time, he was filling teeth. That was probably in the later 1800s, sometime during the 1890s, I think. And then they had some treatment so they could fill teeth if they hadn’t gotten too bad. When it got to aching, they didn’t have much choice but to pull the tooth, it seemed like.

'Course, I had one difficulty. These scars on the side of the neck here was caused by—they eventually found out it was an impacted wisdom tooth that laid low in the gum, and it caught the nerve, and it was swollen here like mumps, first, and eventually it became abscessed. And the doctor treated it awhile and finally he said, "We know it isn't TB 'cause it keeps healing up."

And a dentist in Gardnerville had just got an X-ray machine. So he said, "You better go over and have an X-ray taken." And he took the full facial X-ray finally—he couldn't get down low enough with a small—and it showed the wisdom tooth laid back at the angle of the jaw. So I lost most of the teeth on that side in getting out that wisdom tooth. I was about twenty years old then. So you can see, at that time, that dentistry was a little difficult in a lot of ways like that.

They had to pull all of your other teeth?

Yeah, they had to. He said he couldn't get the tooth out. He tried, and he said it would break the jaw, trying to work to get the tooth to raise and come back into the jaw, you see it laid back flat. So he wound up pulling the double tooth in front to work—get room to get the wisdom tooth out. So then it healed up after a while, and 'course, just got scars left on the neck now. They're along in here. I don't know whether you can see or not, They're right—folds kinda hide 'em. I got 'em even up in here to the front. No, right at the height of it, all I could do was just slip a spoon between my teeth. Then I went to the doctor 'cause I thought it was goin' down; I thought it was mumps. I thought it ought to get better. [Chuckles] But it didn't cooperate and do it that way.

Well, I heard my mother say she never had one wisdom tooth come through. When she

lost the double tooth in front of it, I guess she gave it room, that way, so it expanded forward that way, and didn't affect the nerve in the jaw.

Must have been painful.

Oh, it was for quite a while. I didn't know what was the matter—doctor didn't either. He didn't till it got the X ray, and the X ray had just begin to get more common use then, and the dentist there got the first one around this area.

When was that?

It was 1923-24 in the winter, I think. Right after I got out—I finished high school in 1922 and it was that following winter and spring. So, medicine advanced a long ways even since that time.

CHILDREN'S GAMES

'Course children'd play games 'round town, and the picket lay around the cornerpost, and they'd run and hide the one that was *it* would try to keep others from gettin' in. If he ever catch sight of one, he'd count three for you, and you'd be out—unless they can get away from him lookin'; one would slip in and kick the picket away, then they'd all go back and hide again.

And then of course they'd get to play ball games. It was "Anti Over" they called it. Like down near the stone building, throwin' the ball over it, and oned catch it on the other side. He'd run around and try to tag you then.

And I had a collie dog here, and he'd get in with us and play that way—we'd run and hide—'course he could sniff and smell and track everyone down. He'd give one bark, and go and hunt another one up, bark, and then go right on after, and he'd run all of 'em

down. But he was ready to sniff—you know, smell which way you run by your tracks. And so we didn't think too much of it a little while, but after a while it began to dawn on us how he could track us down so quick. So he had the advantage.

No, get three or four youngsters together, they'd play that way. We had a milker here one time, and he told about he had a little cousin that was around about seven years old, and the mother kept his hair in curls down to his shoulder. So he was wantin' to see him get a haircut and look like a little boy instead of a little girl. And he said there happened to be a building where they'd play a game of Anti Over, and the folks had put fresh tar on the roof; and it come a hot day and the tar was drippin' a little. So they got playin' around and they managed to get him under so some of the tar dripped on his hair. Well, he said he got a haircut, but he said they all got a lickin'!

[Chuckles]

They said his hair got tangled up with the drippin' tar; he said it ruined his pretty hair. He said the mother was anything but happy. But he said the scheme worked; he said he got a haircut.

And my sister's that way, 'course they played with the neighbor girls, the two Walker girls (Ruth and Bernice), and of course, at times the older sister would try to take advantage of the younger ones. In fact, one time out in the barn, in the straw, apparently the older girls would look out and lay some boards across, and there was a place where they could crawl in underneath where they figured they could hide. Occasionally, they hid from the two younger ones, and they come lookin' for 'em, 'cause it was quite a place to want to play around the barn, although it was a little kinda dangerous sometimes. You could get injured in a fall.

So finally they thought up a scheme: they come back across, over the top of the horse-barn part, went back again, and then they'd jump off in the straw, and was darin' the two older girls to jump off. And they did and they wound up, struck the board, and they skinned their legs. 'Course the younger girls, it didn't matter—they thought they was gettin' even on 'em, followin' 'em.

And then that younger sister, the other, jumpin' off in the hay in the lower bins, and there was timbers laid across that way, and she made a mistake and hit, and she fell through, and she did hurt the side of her head for quite a while—she was unconscious for a few minutes, really! These are just things that happen as you're growin' up. And then they'd get out along the trail in the dirt and they'd scratch off the lines, and play hopscotch. Used to pass time between 'em a lot. I forgot to mention it before.

Oh yeah, then they'd have those—I'm tryin' to think what they call 'em—go out and pick up the, cross each way—? I can't think of what they call 'em myself, right now. I know the girls used 'em. They'd hold 'em in the hand, throw, and drop one, then they worked it between 'em, which one would pick it up, hoppin' from one square to the other. I can't just think what the girls called 'em myself.

I'd forgotten about hopscotch.

I did too, the other day, but I happened to think of it later. And in fact, the two little twins, they were playin' it up to the house. They were usin' the squares in the kitchen, like these here [chuckles], hopping between 'em. They didn't happen to have any of the other markers to drop that way, but they were makin' out without it, amusing themselves. 'Course they're both learning—they're taking—well, some of the music that's given in school that

way, in playing wind instruments, and that way. Of course, when I went to school there was never any chance that way. So, 'course the older boy and girl, they played too. One of 'em played, I think, in the band. She was in her earlier years in high school.

So I worked for myself and learned to play a little on the violin to amuse myself. In fact, the first violin I had was a small one; I made that. It's in the dining room up there.

You made your own violin?

Mmm hmhm, at first. And then Dad remembered a great-uncle passed on in Santa Barbara—the brother of my grandfather—he had a violin, so he wrote down to them, and they sent that violin up then later. Then when my grandfather passed on, he asked his son if he'd leave his violin with me, so I have that too. His is an Amati.

How do you spell that?

A-M-A-T-I. In the old writing it's put A-M-A-T-U-S. It means "one person" in the old writings; now they call it Amati.

How did you go about building your own violin; what did you use for a model?

Well, it was the wintertime and it was cold. In fact, I enlarged the sketch from the Sears and Roebuck catalog. Enlarged that way by half and made it—I'll show you in here—and of course, I made it to the size compared to the wood I had, so it was between a half and three-quarters of the size.

What kind of wood did you use?

Well, for the top I used sugar pine, and that sugar pine we had was wood that was left

over from makin' shakes—fine-grain sugar pine. And there was a dark-colored wood that the neighbor boy and I got hold of—the two of us had started on it—he got a little ambitious, and the first thing he knew, he had a hole through the top of his. He was workin'—so then he dropped his project while I stayed with mine. I was a little bit more careful.

That must have taken you quite a long time.

Well, it was wintertime. Between feedin' cattle and that way, I worked an hour or two each day that way, and every time we had—'course there was a lot of snow on the ground, it was around two-foot deep at the time. The neighbor boy was Hubert Walker, belonged to the Walker family.

What did you use for the strings?

I sent to Sears and Roebuck and got strings and a bow, rosin, and one of their learning books they had, that they put out at that time. And then I did get a chance to get a few lessons in handling the bow, and that was all that I got. And then the person was finishing school. He was a teacher and he moved out from the area, so I was on my own after that. Sounds funny to tell but—

Oh, it gave me quite a bit of amusement every once in a while. I kinda stayed with some of the old-time pieces: "Old Folks at Home" and some of them; "Home Sweet Home" and some songs like that; "Old Black Joe" and them. And then some of the tunes that was used in the covered-wagon days.

Like what?

Let's see, "Clementine" was one. Well, it had a little variation used in connection with the Oregon Trail, too, I think. They played it

mostly similar, but it varied a little bit, some of the older people I knew of. Dick Cosser stayed here a year and a half up on in the later twenties, and he played the violin. He had played earlier days for dances here, so quite often you could hear him play in the evening and watch 'im.

Do you remember how the words of "Clementine" varied for the Oregon Trail?

And "Oh, Susanna" was another one—between "Clementine" and "Oh, Susanna," there isn't too much difference in parts of the tune. I don't know as I knew the full words on that—they did have a song with it, but I don't know as I ever heard all the complete song. I've heard phrases of it at times, be riding with someone that happened to know a little of it that way goin' back and forth to the cattle range gathering cattle late in the fall, and stayed around five days to a week each time—was in a cabin then—it was kind of a summer home, cabin on the range.

'Course sometimes I'd get caught in a snowstorm; you'd come out and it was snowing, and we'd have to leave in a hurry. Snow on the trees—it wasn't too nice riding. Sometimes you was pretty well soaked when you got home—lots of times you finished the last part of the trip walkin' to keep warm, 'cause you didn't carry too many extra clothes when you were on horseback.

No, you always had that alternative—you could walk and lead the horse, and since I'd had a back injury, I did walk quite a bit anyway, so it didn't bother me. Ride a mile or two, and get off and walk for a mile or so, then get on and ride again. Probably there was a lot of people that thought, "that fella is kinda a fool," seem' him leading the horse and walking along the road. [Chuckling]

Well, especially downhill—I walked most all the way downhill. 'Course we used the cut-off from the Kingsbury Grade and you come almost straight down the mountain coming down. In fact, I run into one close scrape one time—narrow trail along the lower part, passed along by where there was a large boulder kind of rounding on the upper side. And coming around you put the hand on, and over the years it slipped a little downhill, and this time, put my hand on it and the boulder started to tip and well, I threw the reins back, and the horse ducked back, and wound up with a skinned nose and skinned front feet, and I had the back of my legs skinned where the boulder went between the horse and I and on down to the canyon. I didn't tell my dad and mother; I didn't want to scare them, 'cause I was riding alone a lot in those years, so I didn't figure it was any use tryin' to worry either one. As long as I got out without any injuries, I kind of figured the Lord had helped a little bit on that.

4

SCHOOL YEARS

THE GENOA SCHOOL

When I started to school, having been alone up there, I wasn't exactly interested to goin' to school too soon and mother had taught me how to follow the alphabet and the simple words and to count right up to a hundred. So at about seven years old and a half, that year in February, I began to get interested in watching children goin' to school. And so as a result, Dad saw the teacher, which was Mary Hill at that time, and she said to come on and start to school.

'Course, she found I knew a lot of the first grade work—and school year was eight months at that time; it was out in May—so she said well, I knew enough of the first grade that she would promote me to the second grade. So then, the next year I studied hard, so I finished the second grade and finished the third grade. By that time, then, I had caught up and was among the youngest in the class, although in the early picture, when I first started, I was head and shoulders taller than the other first graders [laughs].

What was Mrs. Hill like?

She was quite heavy-set, and stout, motherly person, the way I remember her.

A good teacher?

She was good, yes. 'Course, she helped me a lot. She'd do a lot of little extra help to get along, so I'll give her a lot of credit. I'd say she was really interested in her pupils.

Did she teach all the grades?

No, first four grades. There was two rooms; first, second, third, and fourth was in one room, and then fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth in the other room with another teacher.

Where was this school?

The school was back behind the town, partly in front of a large canyon that went by the name of Schoolhouse Canyon. It's the large canyon you see through that window

to the right when you look back up. Yeah, it was down at the mouth there, and 'course, it was a lot of fun for the youngsters at recess period to get up on the edge of the hill, and you sit in a bucket, a tin can, anything that way, and slide downhill. There was a number of those slides down the hill of fifty, a hundred foot in length to slide. So the habit was, the teacher, she'd ring the bell three minutes 'fore the recess was up to give the boys a chance to get down. And on the lower grade side, the children, to march in, the girls would be all lined up in spaces, and the boys would be on the run sliding in from both directions to get to their place. And well, it was a few minutes before we could talk after we got into school; we was all out of wind [laughter].

And of course, in school games is—one they played, that they called locally "kick the picket." And thered be a limb or something on each side of the corner of the building, and the one that would be *it* would try to catch the others before they could get in and kick the picket away. If he'd get 'em all caught, then the first one that was caught would be *it* again for the next round, for them to hide. While he was out tryin' to look for 'em, they'd try to slip in and kick the picket away from where it was left. It was a lot of exercise [chuckling]!

Of course, there were a lot of older boys that were, oh, around seventeen and eighteen, because there was high school facilities—matter of fact, they were only just beginning to start at the time when I started to school—really little afterwards before there was any high school, you might say. It was rather limited to the upper rooms of the grammar school in Gardnerville. So the parents sent their older boys to school, and just try to keep 'em out of mischief. So bigger part of recess, at times, they tormented the little youngsters. So we had a little, kind of a hard time that way with some.

And the two Dake boys—Bert Dake told on himself— said he was oh, probably seventeen, the older brother about nineteen, and they wanted to quit school, and the father said well, they'd have to go to work. Well, there was something they could do. Their home was the property at the south end of the town here. And well, he said there's a rock wall; they could move it about a rod. They had to use a wheelbarrow, that way, to move the rock. And so he said they worked real hard gettin' the wall moved and felt quite proud of it all set up. Got the father up to look at it, he said, "Boys, you did a fine job. Now," he said, "if you don't want to go back to school, you can move it back where it was."

And he said next Monday, they were back in school [laughs]! That would be a pretty big job to try the second move.

Then of course, after I had started school, this Andrew Christensen one day had sent us little youngsters out to get some chips and that along in the fall, and he had a large apple and built a little fire (I may have told you before). It was under an open window, and of course, smoke was curling up along by the side of the building. This building—it was on the side, you know; there was a good rock wall towards the front. It was probably six-foot or more in height where the window was, before you got up to the woodwork. And she see a little smoke coming and—they brought the bucket of water for each room for drinking, that way, for children from the ditch—and so she came up cautiously and peeked out the window and see the little campfire he built, and he was holdin' the apple on the stick roastin' it, so she got the bucket of water and dropped it over on him and the campfire. Said he didn't mind getting wet, but he kinda hated to lose his apple 'cause it dropped down in the ashes [chuckles]. He's still living in Sparks. Think he's the only one of that family left now. There

were two boys and he was the younger of the two. So it kind of spoiled his havin' a roasted apple for his recess, that way [chuckles]. I've heard them tell, at another time before, that one of the older boys was generally a janitor in the school and he rang the bell at 8:30 first, get ready to come to school 'cause they all walked to school in those days. There was one of the families that lived out a few miles would come by horse and buggy, and they kept the horse here—that was the Schacht family, that way—then walk from here on up to the school.

And so, these older boys, that way, that're there, it was kind of a temptation, they was thinkin' about it. So they managed to turn, after the bell had rung, and they got up in the belfry, it was all open clear down to where they hung coats on each side of that entranceway, and tipped the bell upside down and put the bucket of water in it. 'Course, the teacher rang the next bell about three minutes to nine for take up, but touch on the rope and the bell turned over and well, he was kinda soaked [chuckles]. Said he wasn't exactly happy over the situation [laughter]. That was before my time; it was just I've heard that told, but it was way before I went to school. Well, I know it was open, you could look up and see the belfry on up, that way, it was an opening up where the roof come down, so the water'd drop down and catch the person underneath who went to pull the bell rope [chuckles].

So the poor teachers didn't always have an easy time of it. I know even after I started to school, well, it was one of those winters, heavy and the snow was heavy and soaked like it was after this rain, and boys were picking the soaked snow making snowballs throwin' at each other and sometimes puttin' a rock in the snowball besides. And this time it was a lady teacher stepped out along the street and she caught the snowball in the back and she had

a pretty sore back. It was accidental on that part, they didn't intend to hit the teacher, but it didn't help any. There was the two teachers, they were ladies then, they were boarding themselves, and they were getting milk here. That's how I knew about how she got injured, that way, when they were comin' home after school. Youngsters were kinda conspicuous by their absence; nobody wanted to own up to who threw the snowball [chuckles]. No, the teacher, she didn't appreciate it a bit, and couldn't blame her. She had a pretty sore back and side where she got struck with snowballs and watersoaked snow with a rock in it besides.

No, I really think the teachers did a good job in those days, even though each one taught four grades. When I first started to school, the average attendance was fifty-four for the year, I remember hearing the teacher say, and the number enrolled for the year was sixty-four. The school was startin'—some people were moving out and startin' to drop. The town was dropping, going downhill, you might say, then 'cause teaming and that, a lot of it went from the depot in Minden then, on out to mining camps. Then the school gradually was beginnin' to get less as the years went on that way, and then of course in 1916, when the courthouse was moved from here, then 'course, those that were connected with the county offices all moved to Minden, and others with them. So then school dropped quite a bit more, although there was still two teachers still. Sometime after I had left grammar grades, then it got down to a one-roomed school then, finally, where one teacher taught all eight grades.

My older daughter Geraldine studied good, and her and one of the little boys, Thran, that was there, they both finished the first and second grade and got promoted to the third grade. So she turned out to be a year ahead

then for her age of what most of them were, her and the boy.

Her teacher was Mrs. [Margaret N.] Gossi; in fact, she taught for sixteen years here, till the school was consolidated. Then she quit teaching. She didn't go over to consolidation. She lived here a few years and passed on some years later. And she passed on in 1964, in fact, 'cause I was in the hospital with a broken neck at the time she come in with a heart attack, and she didn't live—lived till after I went out, then it got the best of her.

What happened to that old school building?

Well, in the winter of 1916, that way, the courthouse became vacant, so the school trustees bought the courthouse building to use as a school for one hundred and fifty dollars. And the Recorder's room was used for the four higher grades, and the Treasurer's room was used for the four lower grades. And then after it went to a one-room school, they held school for a while in what was the courtroom 'cause the room wasn't any too large for just all the grades. Then in the WPA days the lower part was remodeled, so the stairway was changed, and two partitions taken out in the two lower rooms and made into one large room. And then that was used as a schoolroom. And what was the sheriff's office was always used for the children for hanging up their coats and hats and rubbers in the wintertime. The jail was used for wood. In those days, all the heating was by wood stove, so all that came into use.

And the old school, was it just torn down?

Yeah, it was sold to Allerman, and he tore it down and he made some little buildings around his place; one of 'em was a chicken house. He lived about four miles south of here,

Allerman, Fred Allerman was his name. The lumber was used around the place, that way, and there was just chicken houses built from that.

Your father was on the school board then, wasn't he?

Yes. My father was one of the members of the school board when they made the change. Fritz Schacht was another one, third one was Martin Canonica. Then later when our children started school, my wife was on the school board for all the later years until it was consolidated.

Then another—while I was still in the lower grade, one of the little girls was quite cross. Teacher finally said, "Did you sleep very good last night?"

Well no, her folks had kinda had a party, seemed like, and she was up most of the night. So well, she got her overcoat and a couple of other children's coats and made a bed on the bench and put the little youngster to sleep and she slept all but just a part of the morning [chuckles]. The teacher was very obliging in helpin' out. I know it just struck me as kinda a little funny at the time. I was still in the lower grades. So we was all very quiet. She assigned us writing work, that way, and writing, making up on reading and spelling. So we had a very quiet room to give the youngster a rest. [Chuckles] Sounds odd to tell it now compared to modern-day school. The youngster promptly went to sleep. She took advantage of the situation [Chuckles] The girl was Grace Jones.

Was that Mary Hill, the teacher?

No, it was another teacher. It was later, as I remember. I think it was another teacher,

it was a little bit later. [Chuckles] No. No, she [Mary Hill] didn't teach any longer. She just taught that first year I started and then there was—can't think of another name; then the next one, come in on the upper grades, her name was Mrs. [Mamie] Kohler, after I got into the upper. She taught, I think, two or three years here, and then she went to Carson.

She was a teacher in Virginia City and taught for sixteen years in one room in Virginia City. But when she came here, it was getting, well, very close to thirty years in teaching. So she was a very efficient teacher, only, well, she was a little cross in some ways, but you couldn't blame her after teaching for that many years [chuckles]. No, she really expected the children to do their work, that way, And they really accomplished a lot under her.

Then the teacher in the smaller room, I think, this time that the girl had the nap, was a Miss [Alvina] Ginocchio. Her brother run a freight line over the mountains and up this way in various places. No, we really had a number of really good teachers. 'Course, she [Mrs. Kohler] had so much experience behind her she had to be a good teacher [chuckles].

Sometimes she was a little sarcastic. One boy that wasn't doin' very much in the way of studyin', was kinda—she was lookin' around, she told him one time the only way he could expect to get some brains was to go to a butcher shop to buy 'em [chuckles]. She didn't think too much of his ability. I thought it was kind of odd of her to remark about the youngster and using brains, 'cause some of them were older—seventeen, eighteen years old—and they were just, well, wasn't interested too much in studyin'; their folks'd just send 'em to school. And 'course, you couldn't blame her for getting upset sometimes [Chuckling] under those situations.

HIGH SCHOOL IN GARDNERVILLE

Then of course, when I went to high school, graduated, it made the first full year in the present new high school building. In fact, the high school class that graduated the year before included, well, one of the girls that I knew here was Evelyn Walker, then Fred Dressler was in it, and the third one I don't know now. I think they're all three still living, as I remember rightly.

And the group I was in made the first full year in the new building. I started back in 1918 and graduated in 1922. The class was thirteen freshmen, and 'course algebra was one of the required subjects, and one boy found that out, well, he wasn't there the next day. So this class was down to twelve [chuckles]. And when I graduated, there were nine in the class.

Where was the building?

It's still standing. Get a chance, take you over at lunch and drive you by and show you.

Is that in Gardnerville?

Yes, in Gardnerville, yes. You see, at the time the courthouse was moved, well, the Dangbergs kinda worked this so they got the courthouse in Minden and then agreed to let Gardnerville have the high school. So it was kinda agreement between themselves, that way, and all, plus legislators and county commissioners were involved.

How did the people in Genoa feel about that?

Well, of course, they didn't like to lose the courthouse. It was kinda worked over their heads, you might say, 'cause Minden wasn't very large at that time. It was still pretty

small, 'course it gradually grew and more and more people moved there as time went on. See, it started as a railroad terminal so the railroad didn't run on into Gardnerville. It was supposedly about a mile between the two towns, now it's all built up in between.

So they took the courthouse and the high school.

Yes. Gardnerville got the high school, and Minden worked for the Dangbergs, so they got the courthouse. 'Course, that time when they built it, set it way out to the west edge of town, there were several empty blocks in between right at the first.

How did you get to school from here?

Well, my first year when I started, I drove a horse and cart. And then I finished up when the Model T Ford come into use. That's at the finish, that first part of the year, though, I drove the horse and cart. And the same way with the girl in the Schacht family here; she went all four years of her high school before and drove a horse and cart from her home. Sounds kind of odd now to you. 'Course, the mare traveled quite fast, had a good trot. You didn't lose any time on the road with a light cart. 'Course, sometimes I got in a little late. I didn't always quite get in there on time.

You must have gotten in a little cold sometimes, too.

Yeah, it was chilly in the wintertime, you bet. Even after usin' the Ford car, there was one winter in February that turned extremely cold, and well, I got frozen ears goin' to school. No, for a number of years, every fall it'd get chilly, ears would all peel off. Eventually they quit doin' it, but there was quite a few years

where they'd do it. It'd all peel, that way, and get red, the skin.

So some of the time it wasn't too much fun goin' to school 'cause you had to furnish your own way. 'Course, you always took a lunch, hot lunches wasn't thought of till years later. 'Course the boys used the pound tobacco buckets to pack their lunches in; the girls generally got a little more fancier baskets for lunches. The boys were quite happy, though, to use a pound tobacco can. They had the handle on top, that way, you could carry 'em easy. And they were available, that way, when the older people smoked tobacco, you could always pick up a pound tobacco can. Don't know whether you ever saw one or not?

I don't know if I have.

I've got, I know, two or three around here or so; they were saved from over the years. My great uncle used to smoke the George Washington tobacco and the Union Leader, Prince Albert. They all sold up in the pound buckets for cheaper, that way, for smoking tobacco.

A little connection with tobacco is, around the country store stove here at Genoa, the wood stove to heat the building and several the older fellows sit around the back of it, gather around. And this incident happened in the twenties. A man that worked here a good deal, sent back to Kentucky and got granger twistor, Five Brothers tobacco they called it. It was very stout and potent tobacco. And this Frank Walker used the Velvet. Started to fill his pipe one day and his can was empty, and so he was sittin' around the stove, and this Irishman Ed handed over to him tobacco, he says, "Here, use some of my Five Brothers."

So he filled his pipe up and he took a puff or two on it, turned to look, took another

one, look again, says, "What did you say that tobacco was, Ed?"

"Five Brothers."

He reached over and emptied it out into the stove, he says, "There's four too many in it for met" [Chuckles] Very soberly. Velvet was a lot milder tobacco. 'Course, this Irishman came from Illinois and—.

I studied in high school, that ways I didn't get into any sports because I had the broken back and I didn't really realize it, and it was always hard to make a quick stoop to catch a ball in the ball games and that, so I just stayed out of 'em. As a result, I generally took five studies each year. And since I did chores here at home, I'd eat my lunch and go into study hall and be the only one sittin' in there studyin' for one of the afternoon lessons.

'Course, another thing, my playthings as a little fellow, if I'd get ahold of an old lock or an old clock, after a while I'd learn how, I'd get one of 'em unlocked occasionally, and one day it happened—the boys had got all of the tennis balls on top of the school roof and they'd—I heard them come in because my desk was less than a rod from the door from where they had a couple of the rooms they did use somewhat in dressing for basketball games sometimes, this one was upstairs. And there was a ladderway, and the hatch part goin' up to the roof had a lock on it. They tried all the keys and couldn't get it unlocked, so I got interested and dropped my studies and got out and unlocked the lock with a shingle nail, was all I had. And well, I didn't figure, but these five boys got up on the roof—I got up with 'em and watched—and they got to playin' ball back and forth, which I wasn't quite figurin' on.

There was a lady teacher who was staying—they had a room with a couch and that, and the lady'd eat her lunch—the teacher

who stayed—and sit in there. 'Course, she didn't realize what was goin' on outside. And so, first, the man teacher coming down from his home further uptown, he got around the corner in sight of the school and see boys on top, he started to run.

Well, then the boys headed for the exit and down the ladderway, so I waited till the last and pulled the door shut and snapped the lock shut. And I slid into my seat and for all intents and purposes I was studying very intently, kinda partly cornered in the seat with the book open and lookin' at it. He got the lady teacher and they come on the run in a hurry, and they looked up and down the study hall. One teacher said, "Why there's only Arnold here and he's so busy studying, he wouldn't know what happened." And out they went. So, I didn't look up [laughter]. So everybody outside got questioned and none of 'em told on me, so I got out real innocently [chuckles].

So then when the janitor come—they called him, the teacher did—and he wound up and changed the lock. He figured somebody had a key to the lock [chuckles]. So you see, I did get into a little mischief, or helped it [chuckles].

And before that, in the spring before I started, some of [the] boys had slipped outside, and the teacher caught sight—and they run around (it was warm weather) into the boys restroom—the window was open so the boys went in through the restroom, and the last one down set his foot on the washbasin and broke it loose from the wall. And they had a class in both drawing and mechanical work downstairs in the room, and they all belonged to that class, and they slipped in, so when the teacher got back from the restroom, seem' the water running and the broken pipe where the sink was torn loose from the wall, found everybody busy in the

room, so he didn't know who was the guilty party, or how many [chuckles]. Teachers don't have trouble, do they? [Laughs] 'Course I heard the older boys—they were seniors when I went—were tellin' about it then, some of 'em that were involved. Well, they didn't tell where the teachers heard it! [Chuckles]

And then there was one lady teacher in the high school that I never had a class under (and well, I wasn't really sorry, as far as that went), and there was a boy who was kind of a cut-up in school, and I guess he gave her a lot of trouble in the class which she was in. I guess she'd reached kind of the limit of her endurance. And he come in when the bell had sounded for all to assemble in the assembly room—study room. And she walked in behind him and had a ruler in one hand and a book in the other, and she started swattin' him one side and the other, and he finally ducked down and went out underneath the desk! [Laughs] She was going to get even on him for the trouble he had caused her! [Chuckles]

This same boy was in the Spanish class that I was in. And the lady—well, she was of Spanish descent; that year she was teachin' first-year Spanish. And she was making out her questions for the examination, and where he was sitting, he managed to get every page that she had opened in the book, and then afterwards he told the others! I don't know just how he managed to do it, but I guess she wasn't watchin' too close; he managed to raise up in his seat and get to see every once in a while. She was keepin' him in for punishment! [Laughs] So I guess some of the students made use of it, so that anyway, everybody passed in the class.

I was reading in the old newspapers and I found a notice that the students in the high school had

petitioned to abandon the teaching of German during World War I. Do you remember that?

Yes, that was right. The German was dropped. They taught Spanish, but German was dropped. There were a lot of German people here in the valley; German had been taught before, but that was correct—the German was dropped with that. And I took Spanish; I took three years of Spanish. They offered a third year, and there was only a few of us took it—a few of us did take third year. In fact, that was the easiest of the three years, 'cause we'd got through most all the grammar before. So it was mostly all reading that way and new words. In fact, this teacher, who was evidently of Spanish descent, and she really taught us the first year the Mexican accent more than the Spanish. The next year we learned the Spanish pronunciation. [Laughs] Of course, we didn't realize that she kind of went back, I guess, to her younger days that way. She'd grown up usin' the Mexican accent, and I guess probably she didn't realize as much either probably!

And she was also—in the end of that year—she was directing the play the senior class was puttin' on, which also included quite a few of the others because there wasn't so many in school in those days. And so evenings, when they'd have a play practice at the end she'd put it on the board and write "play practice" on it. And this day she made a mistake and wrote "p-r-a-y practice" on it. [Chuckles] So all the youngsters come in first before she got there, and we're all sittin' there lookin' at the board and lookin' kind of puzzled! And she came in and she stopped and looked at the class, and turned around and looked at the board—"Well," she said, "I did make a mistake, but I don't think it would hurt any of us." [Laughs] She had to kind of qualify her mistake! So we all had kind of a laugh over it, then! [Laughter]

Of course, the high school started as one building. Then for teaching mechanical work and carpentry, they decided to build another building in the back. So it wound up, us that had taken mechanical work before, we constructed and built the building there at off-periods in the classes, so the school only had to pay for the cost of the material. 'Course, I'd learned carpentry from a little fella, so I was in on quite a bit of it. My uncle did carpenter work, and I'd taken tools out of the tool box back and forth to him before I was able to pronounce the words for the tools I was handling.

And there wasn't so much in the way of sports in those days. Well, they played a few football games just between the classes there in the school, the boys. And then there was quite a bit of tennis was played, and the tennis courts were made the same way. The boys—the first one was made with the use of teams, and there were a number of boys shoveling, loading the gravel to haul to get it. And they got a cement mixer and a little outside help in leveling and laying the cement for the tennis court.

So as a result, when I finished high school, I had a number of extra credits from extra subjects I had taken.

Another year, when we first started—I got caught just a few days 'fore school right on these three fingers, steel cable and the pulley in putting second crop hay into the barn. This finger here, you can see how small it is on the end, all cut up. The others was cut across here and this was cut off on the side. And of course, it was all bandaged. So I had to learn to write left-handed right off the start.

And I had a bookkeeping course; 'course some of my writing, I don't think, was very good for a little while because the hand kept bleeding every little jar—it was all bandaged, I couldn't have a chance to use it for holding a

pen or pencil. So I had to learn left-handed on a crash course. 'Course, I think the teachers, at first, kinda give me a little extra credit for effort [chuckles]. Anyway, I got passing grades. So I didn't complain. Of course, some of those bookkeeping figures was pretty weird right at first till I got so that I'd write a little bit better. I got so I could do pretty good after, oh, a few weeks, lefthanded.

So I was always used to doin' anything and comin' along—I didn't think anything of stayin' out of school when we went out movin' cattle. I figured it was all a part of my job. It was my case to work and make my work up in school, and stay where I was in a passing group.

We were snowed in here one time in the winter for a full month, and I didn't get to go to school. It was 1920, the entire month of February. And of course we worked mornings feeding—it was horse and team then—and it was pretty rough gettin' around. In the afternoon for a couple of hours or three, get out and ski along on the hillsides for the fun part of it. You get in groups, a few together that way. 'Course there was no tow ropes then. You worked your way up the hillside and come down. And the skis are out here they used, out here in the woodshed now; they call 'em cross-county skis nowadays, they'd be. 'Cause then you didn't buy skis in the store; you had to make your own. There was all home-made skis. Since I learned carpenter work, I didn't mind. I've made, well, I've made two sets of skis in different years, in the teens and a little later.

How did you do that?

Well, you make 'em with carpenter work, and then you heat and steam the ends with the hot water, and get a place where you can put the ski tip in, and weight on it, and it'll bend

down and bend the end that way, by havin' the steamed wood, and when it dries out, it stays bent.

What kind of wood did you use?

Well, that time, well, I only had soft wood available so I made 'em out of pine. 'Course if I'd had hard wood I'd used that, but I didn't have it. It was all snowed in, so you had to use what you had around the place. So the snow then, got packed and slick, so I had wound up and put two grooves in the bottom because you couldn't handle the plain flat ski out on the slick snow, that way, like this is now—crusted—it'd just slide the downhill direction, whether you were sideways or any direction it was—you just go downhill whether you wanted to or not. So then we wound up and put two grooves down each ski carefully, and 'course you waxed your skis then—used an old iron and wax that way—the heated iron—got them old irons—there's two settin' up top of here to use for bookends now.

You heat 'em on the stove and use 'em that way to put wax on the skis—melt wax in, get 'em hot. So of course, we had quite a lot of fun as it was; just had groups—two or three or four that way—we wouldn't get too many together generally. We'd get out with our skis here south of town 'cause the brush was all covered and you could come off anywhere, you had no trouble—it was all smooth and nice, and the picket fence out here was out of sight. So you see what the depth of the snow was then—you go out and look at this picket fence. It was a good five feet of snow, I think on it, or a little better when it quit snowin', 'cause it was quite a little while 'fore it settled to where you could see the ridge of the fence start showin' up.

It's been a while, hasn't it?

Yeah, you bet. That was in 1920. So it'd be sixty-two years ago. I heard Dad say back at the old home place, they were skiin' off along the foothill down, and the snow had covered the fence, and a few days later he got up, and he said his brother took the first turn-off, and by that time, the snow had settled a little, and the skis went under a barbed wire, and he said he took a rough spill. [Chuckling] He didn't happen to see the wire above the snow, you know, and it was too late when he got near it.

A similar thing happened here—it was Fox farm at the south part of town—and they had a guy wire from the corner of the fence running out to a tree. And there was a road running around the other side of the tree, and there was one little neighbor boy was comin' down—the other kids had been skiin' around the road, and well, he took a short-cut and went in underneath, and they said he chinned himself on the guy wire and it almost killed him. [Chuckling] They said he couldn't talk for a few days. Said he found out why everybody else had carefully gone around the tree, following the road. Yeah, it was mighty rough to get caught under the chin that way, goin' along on a pair of skis pretty fast downhill.

And then they had a sleigh track here—come down along where the street is and on down, and some kids'd ski on it sometimes, and they used mostly sleighs to keep it packed down, and sleds, single sleds and toboggan. On the toboggan, the last two on that generally'd get bouncing goin' down for the roughness, and they'd generally get bounced off and be left along the track on the way down. [Chuckling] They wouldn't be able to hang on and stay and make it go, which was kind of a common occurrence, but they didn't seem to mind it. They'd get up farther front another time, and let somebody else take a chance of gettin' pushed off the back or thrown off.

The neighbor boy and I—he was makin' a toboggan. Well, he took it up to try it first. He'd used two small handsleds—fixed the front one so he could turn it with a post and cross-bar handle. And well, he used a board—it was only an inch board in thickness, so comin' down first, well, he took the front part and he made it. And I laid down on the back part—there wasn't any others around—do all right, comin' down over the bumps, but the front end went up, and that back part hit the bump, the front end was comin' down, and the board broke in two. I was on the back part, so I leaned to get off the track in case somebody was comin' down, and I went through a bush and skinned up the back of my hand. [Chuckles] So that kind of wound up our toboggan.

And 'course, in those days, there were no school buses., Those that lived out of town come horse and buggy, And children come to school—the Schacht family, they kept the horse and the buggy here. And the older brother and a sister, who was older—they got in a disagreement, so the brother greased three wheels and left the wheel on the side where the sister sat without greasing, till finally one day it froze up and they all had to walk. [Laughs] The wheel went to dragging. [Chuckles] Sounds funny to tell it. The brother wasn't thinkin' about it—they'd all be in the same shape [laughing]. He thought he was gettin' even on the sister.

And then when I started to high school in 1918, first few months I drove a mare, a small mare, and a light cart over to school. So I had a lot of fresh air.

Yes, I expect you did.

[Chuckles] Well, the mare was good traveling. She had been in races at times, and she'd travel right along and trot real good—made good

time on the road with a light cart. And along in towards the spring, there was a neighbor family, and they'd go with me, and then we changed and used a Model T Ford car from then on.

5

GENOA

COMMUNITY

And then when it got down to the—here in the “community life” [on prepared outline]—as I say, the teaming had dropped off—Minden had started up in 1906 as a terminal to the railroad. So instead of teams hauling from Carson, then they all started from Minden hauling out to the mining camps to the south, which included Bodie and some of the adjoining ones. And Masonic was another one that was still running at that time in mining. And people then moved away, and there began to be vacant houses show up. And then, of course, after the fire in 1910, the courthouse was rebuilt. So in 1916 it was moved to Minden, and then, of course, the county—the employees that were here all moved, so there were quite a number of vacant buildings in the town. In fact, one brick building and lot sold for four hundred dollars.

There's just a comparison how values had dropped. Some buildings stayed vacant for years. There were a few that eventually were

torn down, bought by owners in way later years. It sounds odd to tell it now.

Another brick building still standing—they had a fire in the upper story a few years back, and rebuilt the roof and that—here in town. (In fact, it was built from the first brick kiln that was down here on Genoa Lane across the first bridge—the other side of the first bridge and to the south of it. And that was Lucky Bill Thorrington.) And it stood vacant a while, and that was the one which sold for four hundred dollars to the family that bought it by the name of Peterson.

Did you say it belonged to Lucky Bill Thorrington?

Yeah, he built it originally—Lucky Bill Thorrington—and built it from brick that was made down here at the Genoa Lane. And later the house was owned by the family, Maxwell. And then [D.W.] virgin—was a lawyer here, and one time finally a district judge, and district attorney another time—he got the building and lived in it for a number of years

before he bought what is now known as the Pink House, where he moved to live along- in the 1880s.

The population in town apparently got down to where I doubt there was between a hundred and a hundred and fifty, at one time. Then in later years, of course, it started to build up. So I think now the figure is probably around three hundred in the actual what was the old town boundary itself.

How did the town change as the population dropped off?

Yes. Of course, one hotel was vacant when we come here. And then in the fire of 1910 another one burned—what was called the Central. The one that was vacant had been run by a family by the name of Rice before, and it was torn down afterwards and used by a family name of Morrison that had the property in building a house themselves to replace an earlier house on the other side of the road, which also had been owned by the Gelatt family at one time, that ran the livery stable. And that burned in the fire of 1910. And Gelatt family by that time had moved to Truckee.

In fact, there was no livery stable in operation when we come here. Each family had a horse of their own or so, that way, and there wasn't any need. And there wasn't people coming into town 'cause the trade and that was over to Minden and Gardnerville. And Minden, of course, was just building up; there wasn't too many buildings actually in Minden. There were still a few big teams on the road that hauled freight out to the mining camps. And at that time, they were run down to twelve or fourteen head; they were jerk line driven.

'Course, it was quite a sight to see one of the teams on the road, and especially goin'

around a turn. When he'd call out to a span of horses in between and see the horse jump over his fith chain and start to pulling off to one side—so the wagons'd be in the road, get around a ways—the teamster'd call back to him, and he'd get back over the chain, and call out to another horse further back towards the wagon—he'd promptly hop over the chain, 'cause they were tied loose enough so they could hop over and pull over to an angle to keep the chain in the road. They'd be pulling out, and they'd swing back when he called their name out. know it sounds odd tellin' it, but that's the way the big teams were handled.

Each horse by its name.

Yeah, each horse had his name, and he knew what he was supposed to do. When he hollered, "Tom, get over the chain," he'd hop across, and the other one (his partner) he'd swing out for him, 'cause they were tied on their halters so they'd—loose—they had enough room where they could swing and get over and pull out to one side to keep the chain in the road. The team would be pullin' to one side, and the others would be goin' around the turn—keep one span after the other till he got back.

And the teamster handling the team—he'd be sitting on the left wheel-horse instead of sittin' up on the wagon, as you usually think. That horse had a saddle, and there was a rope back to the brake, and he'd sit and ride the horse. And he'd be driving it by the one single line. It was a jerk line; that's why they called it jerk-line teams. After they got much past six head of horses in the team, then they went into jerk line. But of course, the teams were kept together that way, and each horse had his own place and that, and they weren't mixed up to any extent—each harnessed that

way and kept their same place. You see, they got used to what they had to do.

And then when they had to back a wagon up like to the freight depot, on the tongue there was an eye on each side and a pair of stretchers that hooked into the eye, and the two wheel-horses were put one on each side (the tongued be facin' the wagon), and back the wagon up to the depot with the two wheel-horses that way.

My dad said one time in Carson they had two fellows standing and watching—he'd stopped, and he was unhooking the teams. They said, "Gee, I don't see how that fellow's gonna get that wagon backed up to the freight depot." He said they'd been raised in the city, and seem' that the wheel team swung around away facin' the wagon, back into 'em, "Well, I swan," he says, "I wouldn't believe 'em if I hadn't seen it done!" [Laughs]

And then the other wagons behind, they had a short tongue, which had a pin through it, and it could be taken out and they'd put the long tongue in so they could back each wagon in turn and put it back up to the depot to be loaded. And then after it got swung around where they'd be all coupled up to go out on the road with a short tongue in between—it'd be three and four wagons you see, behind the first. (I think I showed you a picture in there—you saw where there was wagons that way.) But the long tongue could be changed so they could move each wagon in in turn, because it had a pin set down through it—held it, so it made it easy to change. It sounds kinda odd to tell nowadays; we're all used to trucks.

Yes. Well, and we don't think, too, about interchangeable parts.

No, you don't. And there was the fith chain from one set of stretchers to another, that way.

So they get a lot of chance so the team could step over the chain—pull out to whichever side, whichever horse he called him, get over to the other side.

'Course, each teamster carried a little chain, and if the horse was gettin' dandy, they'd rattle the chain a little, and they hear a chain—they get real busy and hop over in a hurry! They did that especially with mules. Mules'd get kind of contrary, but when they'd hear the chain rattle, they knew it wasn't any monkey business. It was time to move over! [Laughs]

What do you mean by stretchers?

Well, there's two singletrees, and then the metal-type bar between, and then there's a chain with a hook on each side, and they hook into the ring on the fith chain, and they called 'em "stretchers." That was the name. That was to which the tugs of each horse was hooked up to the singletrees, and the two singletrees held together by the bar was a stretcher or a pair of stretchers, they called it. It was just a term that was used by teamsters, that way. Of course, they all knew what it meant; it was a part of their language.

That's right. But it's not part of ours now!

No, it isn't! Of course, I had to use 'em as a kid, so they're familiar to me—up until the teaming went out, 'cause I stayed out of school many a day in hauling wood, and used generally four-horse teams, and occasionally six coming over the grade, and then use four coming down. So there was always a—after you got away from the tongue, then it was always the stretchers and fith chain. "Fith chain" was a length of chain between one span of horses and the next, where the pair of stretchers would be hooked in. Then you

could add another fith chain and keep on going out.

You are saying fifth chain?

Fith chain, f-i-t-h. They called it fith chains. It was a term used by teamsters. The same as jerk line, which is all foreign to people nowadays. It was quite an essential part of traveling, though. And of course, the lead horse, he was pretty well educated in the use of the jerk line. Steady pull meant turn one way, and a little jerk on the line, he'd swing and go the other way. That's how it got the name of "jerk line." 'Course you could easily see where it got up past six horses, it'd be too many lines for a teamster to handle.

See, there's a line to each horse, and with six horses it'd be six lines, and that kept you busy, string down through your fingers that way, watching, keepin' the lines taut so you could handle 'em. So that was why when they got beyond that, they'd go into the jerk line team. And 'course, they had a leader was quite an educated horse; it took a pretty smart horse that way.

And then there was a bar between the—you'd be on the left, and there was a bar that was fastened into the hame and then they'd go fasten it to the halter of the horse next to him, so that the horse moved with him, they moved together that way. A lot of times they referred to it as the "jockey stick" between the two horses. Some of them was wood, but mostly they were a metal bar. I have one down here yet from the teaming days.

And of course, the fire of 1910 occurred—see, we moved here sixteenth of August in 1909, and I was only five years old that October. And then I was standing out here in front of the yard—it was the twenty-eighth of June there in 1910—and looked up over the trees and see this black column with a

mushroom around the top, and I'd never seen anything like it uptown, because as a little fellow, I didn't run uptown unless the folks sent me up to the store to get something. Otherwise, I stayed around the yard and around the place. And I had plenty of room to move around, as far as that went.

Well, I'd been not used to bein' around with other children, so I was perfectly happy. And I just felt a little out of place around with other children, that way, and didn't feel at home, 'cause I'd been used to bein' alone and bein' with older people, and tryin' to help whatever way I could, and which was always kept on after we were here in the place, 'cause I was tryin' to help every way I could to save the cents to help to pay up for the property. And I felt real happy when it was paid up, 'cause indebtedness was always serious to me.

So as soon as I could handle the team, I was out on the place handling -the team. That was way in the fall, when they were bringin' in wood; I'd stay out of school and drive a team hauling wood. Of course, I had to study and make up for it evenings.

Please tell me about hauling wood.

Well, we hauled wood from Lake Tahoe—over from Lake Tahoe down here with the teams that way. And it was always generally later in the fall after we got through the first, second crop, so it was usually in October. So as a result I was very rarely home for my birthday. Sometimes the weekend I'd get a birthday, if I happened to be home at that; and if it didn't just come in and unload and go right back for the next—tryin' to get wood out before winter storms might come or early storm come along. And then some of the roads would get icy in the shady parts along the canyon comin' out of the grade, and get icy, where it'd be a little tricky coming out.

And so we'd try to get wood out before that old road would start to freeze in the shade following rains.

Was this just for home use?

Yeah, for our home use. Yeah, we hauled for our home; we didn't try to haul for anyone else 'cause it took quite a bit of wood, you see. In the house we used kitchen stove, the stove in the dining room, and occasionally sometimes a stove in another part of the house if anyone was here. So it took quite a number of cords of wood, if you figure use, 'cause all the cooking was done on wood' stoves then, before electric stoves came into existence for cooking. So you have it a little bit easier now. [Laughs]

Yeah, there was a lot of harder work that way—of course, packing in wood, taking out ashes. Of course, I was always careful to put ashes out where it wouldn't start a fire. I think there's been—the fire department the other week said there'd been three fires started by hot ashes people had taken out and wasn't careful where they put 'em.

And 'course, when teaming dropped off, then that dropped the feed yards out and the livery stable, so there wasn't too much in the way of activity locally around the town when we come here. Some that lived here worked on adjoining ranches and that; some worked on county roads.

And then, of course, the Fourth of July, sometimes there'd be occasionally some parades and ball games, locally, as celebration. And I know I can remember the earlier years, when there was more here, you'd see a ball game going on at the north end of town, although I never went down to where it was. I'd go down and look across and see 'em. And there's a flat, shallow, low-roofed building

on the north side, and there'd be quite a few sittin' on the building roof watching the ball game. That was the grandstand. [Chuckles] Although I never went down there, just—in that part—I'd just see it from a distance here.

And then, of course, there was generally always a few little fireworks, if any of 'em had firecrackers and that. 'Course, a lot of the children had firecrackers—shoot off. And a couple years before we come here, there was one youngster got caught up by where a Chinaman lived in the back part of town where he sold firecrackers, and she got burned and didn't recover from the fire. It caught her clothes on fire.

CANDY DANCES, TOWN DANCES, AND THE GENOA VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT

And then, of course, dances in the fall—the Candy Dance started after the first World War, just after that way. Lily Finnegan, the daughter of the Judge Virgin, she helped to give it a first start. And they raised money that way and paid for streetlights in the town for a number of years by giving the dances. These local ladies would furnish things for a midnight lunch. And the midnight lunch for years was held in the Raycraft Hotel, and then after that building was getting older, then they were moved and held in the Masonic Hall downstairs in what had been the store, and they had fixed up for a dining room.

And now in later years after the fire department—for which I was fire chief right close to seventeen years, I think. There was one person who was fire chief a short time ahead of me named Jerry Hoyt, and he was put in that way because in the start of it they figured he had a building that they could use to keep a fire engine in. And then they got fire engine here, and found—it was made of cement blocks, and the door wasn't high

enough for the engine to back in; the reel was higher than the door. So then Arnold Juchtzer, living next to us, had a barn in town that he offered, and they used that for keeping the engine in for several years.

So when the Hoyt family moved out, then I become the second fire chief, which was in about a year's time. So I continued as fire chief until after I had the broken neck and the year following; then I figured it was time to resign 'cause it was harder gettin' around for me. I started out on crutches from that, and then worked to get back, and—. 'Course, now in later years, and hip injury, that way, and knee—I had to go back to a cane.

Yeah. The neurosurgeon didn't give me a chance; they claimed I didn't have a chance to get out, but I wasn't figuring that way. I was tryin' my best to get to where I could get around again—had too many interests that way, involved at home, ranching property, and cattle range. Used to bein' out all the time, the inside didn't look too good. In fact, it looked mighty nice—got out after bein' in the hospital for three months, even though there was snow on the ground (it was around the twentieth of January or a little later), and I said the outside looked mighty nice, comin' home!

And of course, I went to tryin' to get around that way, and tried to improve and help myself. In fact, after it did begin to show and improve, well, they said, it's really up to myself just how far it could go.

'Course, I still stayed a member of the department. 'Course, even then, I was way over age compared to what they considered for fire department then, cause I was sixty that year and had the broken neck, and I kept on up until within the last three years or so, probably into about '77 or '8, before I began to stop attending meetings. Because I take over and handle an engine, that way, where I didn't have anyplace out on the fire line or fire

hose. It would free somebody else to take—if we were short that way in going out. 'Course, now with more people around, they have a larger fire department, so they're not short of members like we were sometimes, 'cause we started out—we only had—the most, it had nine; it was the very most that way that was available.

Who were the first members?

The first ones? Well, I have the list in here. I can go and get and then could read it from the list to you and then no one'll miss out on it. The original members: Carl Joe Falcke, Carl Falcke, Sr., Arnold Juchtzer, Frank Fettic, Arthur Walker, Fred Fettic, Ralph Grouse, Gerald Hoyt. Other early members: Bill Juchtzer, Rufus Adams, Dale Rasmussen, Mr. Lee Cochran, Neil Fettic.

Did you decide that Genoa needed a fire department and then get organized?

Well, after the airport that had been used in some training that way and planes began to drop, the county had an engine that it first purchased (it was a Seagrave). And that was available, and so we could get it for here, and so that's how they organized the group together and secured the engine from the county. It was the first fire engine.

Then a few years later they began to get into the state division of forestry and that; then we got additional equipment and got a second engine. And then later I heard where they got a tanker and then—and increased, so now they run three engines and a tanker. Had one high pressure, smaller rig. In fact, I guess there's really four of the high-pressure, smaller rig for small brushfires—it seems that way. Well, you can use 'em around a house, too, that way for first on the scene.

So it's really quite a nice department now, and of course, their building—they got down and figured we'd put up our first building; we did most all the work ourself, and hauling, and furnishing. And then when they enlarged it—Rufus Adams was fire chief, the next one after myself—then he was in charge, then, when the building was enlarged to the present building, and that was all did with volunteer work.

So we did quite a bit ourselves and didn't look for others to help. Of course, some of the boys who worked here (in some of the work) had been raised here and went into carpentry; and they'd come back weekends and helped—donated their work in putting up the building (putting up cement block), and then getting the rafter trusses set up and roofing.

And then they placed a kitchen in the back part, and they moved the engines out, and we have the town supper occasionally there. They had one around New Year's this year again—between Christmas and New Year's they get together. A lot of times there's things that they keep over in deep freeze from Candy Dance they'd add to it. And plus other's secured—so it all is donated.

And they also had a meal after Halloween. The children were hauled around in two flat-racks with baled hay on 'em, and hayride around—stop at the different places to get the Halloween treats, and then they got back and we had a town supper from the donations that way. Roy Giovacchini, my son-in-law, started the hayrides for Halloween—so we have since 1966 furnished the equipment.

Of course, we had a few people even come out to join in with us. Oh, there's more than a hundred people or so come out to it—get the supper and around the evening, and then—. 'Course, some of the children had makeup on; they'd get little prizes for their Halloween makeup, so they were happy

about it. And then they had the ghost sections, where people wanted to get scared to go through—all the way from the gorilla—in fact, the granddaughter played the part of the gorilla this year, had a gorilla costume on! [Chuckling] She was walking through from one to the other for the scary scenes!

So there are quite a few activities goin' around the neighborhood that way. It's quite a bit local, and it's really enjoyable and nice.

Has it always been that way?

Yes. Even after we come here, they generally had a party around Christmas or New Year's, and the ladies would bring cakes to it. I kinda got a little mischievous on one of 'em.

What did you do?

That was after the—see, they had to secure the use of the courthouse; the ladies'd bring their cakes in what they used as a judge's chamber right across from the larger courtroom. And they had their chairs and benches all around the edges of it, and they held their local dances that way. One man played a violin; it was Martin Morrison quite often. They'd get someone who'd play on the piano for him, or accordion. And that was the music, and then they'd pass a hat around for a collection, donation, to give to the musicians. And the ladies would bring in—for a midnight luncheon—the cake, that way, and they'd heat coffee on the stove. And so—well, they looked rather tempting to us, and there was five of us boys between us. One of 'em got hold of the angel cake—that was kind of a choice one we picked out! [Laughter]

And so—well, we had that cake outside prior to it, and it turned out I was the only one

who had a pocketknife to cut the cake up! Of course, a farm boy was always used to packin' a pocketknife, so I packed it all the time. So some of the other youngsters were kinda little, and they couldn't quite figure out what was goin' on. So a boy had the plate to put back, and after they started havin' the midnight luncheon, he got a chance when they was all out and slipped the empty plate back, and there was a few plates coming back, then, that had been passed out. I see the lady—Grandma Fettic, as we call her—she looked around two or three times; finally she got up and went in and come back, and she said, "My cake was so good, it got all eat up before it got out here, and I didn't get a taste!" [Laughter] She didn't realize the cake was used outside, and 'course, none of us that were involved were volunteering any information! [Laughs] We were all looking very innocent; in fact, we were all lined up and got a second helping there again [laughing]!

It was kind of playin' a mean trick for around the holidays—Christmastime. But she felt quite happy—she thought her cake was so good, it was all eaten up before it got around; she didn't get a taste! But it was a good cake.

And then they had Christmas parties, and generally a Christmas tree at school. And there was, oh, sometime presents put on for older people, and time and that. And then afterwards, they'd wind up with a midnight luncheon, that way, at Christmastime. And after the school Christmas party, they generally had a little play put on by the school children. One of the earlier plays was held here in the dance hall. And I'd only been—it was about second year, I guess, I was goin' to school—not later 'n that. A little boy had a piece that the teacher'd given him; it was "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star," and on down. *He got through; he spotted his folks, so he hopped off stage and went down to where his*

folks was. He didn't go back with the rest of the children! [Laughs]

And then, there was the Walker family—they lost the mother, and there was a baby, and the Cordes family raised the little boy. It was before he was old enough to go to school, and there was one of the parties, and this Mr., Cordes, he'd watch—at that time they had wax candles—and he had a wet sack tied to a longer pole so on the taller trees he could watch and put out the candle as they were beginning to burn down a little low—not takin' any chances the tree getting afire you see, watching that., And so they had the little boy. And the little boy's father, Frank Walker, was always Santa Claus. He had a fur coat, as he had been a stage driver earlier years, set of sleigh bells, and he had a sleigh bell draped around him and come in, 'course, with quite a bit of jingle of sleigh bells. The little fella was watchin' Santa Claus pretty intently; pretty soon he said to Mrs. Cordes, "Santa Claus has got Papa Walker's shoes on!" [Laughs]

Pretty observant.

Yeah, he was. And he didn't think any more about it. But he couldn't quite figure out how Santa Claus was wearing Papa Walker's shoes [chuckles].

'Course, all the children always got a little present of some kind. Then they had popcorn, candies they passed around among all of them that were there at the schools. Then they'd wind up and had generally a little local dance afterwards. 'Course, most of 'em were older-time dances from what we have nowadays. Sometimes it'd be square dances involved. And then thered be a general mixer where they'd— well, it was a little bit on the order of the square dance; it'd be men to the right, the ladies to left, and you'd serpentine weave

going around. And then on the parade, then it got down to the fellow that was playing would take the next call; then they switched partners till they get to where they'd have the next serpentine movement around the hall. So there's quite a mixer in the way of a dance.

You're supposed to dance with whichever lady you were passing. See, the men'd be going to the right and the ladies to the left in serpentine—see, one to the right and then next to the left. You pass hands, whichever one you catch in your hand, you're supposed to dance with that person that coming dance, on the call of Paul Jones.

Yeah, there were always a number of dances that used that type of a dance, and it is based somewhat on the order of a square dance, in which they go through the same change, you might say, if you watched. Only thing, this had the entire group involved all around. So it made up and gave quite entertaining evening parties.

And of course, the years that it was real cold, they had skating parties a lot of the time on the pond south of town, and have a bonfire to keep warm; also could roast marshmallows that way. And then there was skiing in between. Then there was a sleigh track here in the town, where the children sleigh ride on and have a couple of toboggans, generally where they could get a group. The only thing, the track wasn't altogether too even at times, and the last one or two on the toboggan would be often left on the track—wouldn't be able to hand on and make it down. 'Course, they all took it as fun, as part of the game! [Chuckles]

'Course, there were some injuries happened. Sometimes the person alongside would get run into with a person on the sled or a youngster that way. One person got a collarbone broken one time. So they had quite a lot of fun altogether in the wintertime.

PROHIBITION AND WORLD WAR I

You mention the Prohibition that way. Of course, that come on in World War I. And like the three flasks I showed you, in which the bar whiskey was sold at a cheaper price than what the bottle drinks were, as they were ten cents up to then for the bar drink for bar whiskey. 'Course, it was questionable quality, some of it. We used to get an empty whiskey barrel or so a year, take out one end and use it to put in pork on brine to cure that way, 'cause we cured our own pork for the year and then smoked it later on to finish so it'd keep. This one barrel we broke the top open; there was an entire plug of Star tobacco in it. Even had the stars on it—it was rusted—so you knew what the brand was.

I've heard of that, but I actually saw that in the barrel when they opened it. So, apparently a person could have a headache and a hangover the next day from—if he had too many drinks of the whiskey! [Laughter] 'Course, it'd help to give it color, too, from the tobacco stains used. But I actually saw—of course, the plug was swelled up so it was almost two inches in thickness, you know, from layin' in the whiskey barrel. It was the entire plug—a pound plug of Star tobacco. They hadn't been cut apart; the stores used to get 'em together, and they had a cutter to cut up the plug into separate pieces if the person wanted to buy the separate pieces. Or he could buy the whole one, and they'd cut it up for him in the cutter. There's a cutter up here in the museum that we used in the store for that. It set on the end of the counter. And that's the way tobacco was sold.

And 'course, all the teamsters all learned to use tobacco, 'cause goin' across the alkali flats, you were in the dust and your lips would crack, and you'd use chewin' tobacco to keep the lips from crackin'. So tobacco did have

a benefit. You'd never see 'em smoke, but they'd always use chewin' tobacco when they were out on the road, that way, on account of the dust, otherwise their lips would crack. Especially, if you get out in the sandy flats where there's a little alkali. So it did have a redeeming quality, in that way.

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Hmm, let's see, we're in here about—gettin' down around the first World War, I think, wasn't it?

I think we were, yes.

Well, whether we went into it or not—

Well, we did a little, because we talked about the petition to delete German from the curriculum in the high school. We didn't really talk about the war.

Yes, they did it for the schools, and of course, in the war and the draft, there were quite a few of 'em here, went in the boot camp training in the northern part of Utah. And then some also went up to Camp Lewis in Washington.

Then the Prohibition came in along that time, and of course, that was kind of a great thing for bootleggers then. Supplyin' local needs. In fact there's one comment heard a number of times about Alpine County—said 'most every place in Alpine County made and sold liquor. 'Course there wasn't too many people livin' in the entire county—that's south of us, over the [state] line.

And then they told about a fellow one time, in Gardnerville—was talkin' to a lawyer [George] Montrose; he got off the stage, and wanted to know where there was a place where he could get a drink—he was thirsty.

And Montrose looked up and down the street. "Well," he says, "you see the buildings on the other side? See the one down that has a post office sign? Well," he says, "you can get liquor in every place but that one." [Laughing] The post office was the only one that was exempt.

I think that says a little something, doesn't it?

Yeah, you bet! [Chuckles] 'Course, he probably exaggerated a little bit.

How about here in Genoa?

No, it wasn't sold here locally in Genoa. The man that ran the bar here, he sold out his liquor; placed it in lots in the various grades of wine and liquor—some was bottles of bar liquor, and bottles of case goods—and sold 'em that way, so much, by the number of bottles, and the people around bought quite a few of them. He sold out all, and he lived strictly up to the Prohibition himself. It was Frank Fettic; he was of course gettin', well, along up in years then. He figured he'd abide by the law, and wouldn't be guilty, get caught.

So we were kinda outside of that, although there was quite a bit sold around Gardnerville, I know, and that.

How did the people react? I know Nevada had Prohibition even a little before the national law.

Yes, it was, I think, a little shortly before it went in. Well, 'course some that drank quite a bit didn't like it, and others thought it was kinda good; it'd probably hold down on too much drinking and drunken parties, you might say. So—. And of course, a lot of the German people, they went to makin' their own beer. They used beer a lot, so, they made their own beer that way, and some of them got quite happy on it.

The old neighbor adjoining us here, August Syll, he'd make his beer every once in a while and then set it out on the sunny side of the barn. I'd see the bottles over the fence as they sat there—and he'd leave the caps loose—and I'd see him; he'd put a spoonful of sugar in each bottle so it'd be a little bit stronger in alcohol. [Chuckles] When he figured it about worked right, then he'd be cappin' the bottles and puttin' 'em away. He says, "You drink a bottle of my beer, and you can throw your hat up in the air," he says. [Laughs] And the way his face looked a number of times, I guess he was right—[Chuckles] it would get pretty red!

'Course, he didn't sell any—he was makin' it for his own use, the beer. And then his wife's brother was workin' in the Pine Nut, [a place] called Red Canyon, on a mining claim, and every once in a while, he'd come over—be here. And along when it got later, and when the hard times hit, and the banks were closed, he'd go out and he'd pick up a keg, and he'd go into town with August Syll. Occasionally he'd start out walking, if any of his family here, his brother-in-law, didn't happen to be goin'. I picked him up one time down by the river bridge and took him on into town. He was on his way going back over to the mining claim, and—"Oh," he says, "I have some money in the German people's bank in 'Frisco, but I'm keepin' a good watch on it!" [Laughing] 'Course, all banks was closed for a while and it made it kind of hard that way. Things was pretty quiet.

And of course, the liquor on the side, and coming in at Meyer's Station, they'd see the prohibition officer come in and send the word on in ahead. Well, they missed there, and then they turned in off the highway and it was about half a mile on back to the Lake to the Grove, and had a little store in there, and they spotted prohibition officers comin' in, and phoned ahead. And they were sellin'

liquor out on the bar, where they had a little barroom set up, out in the barroom on the wharf, I should say; so they got out in a hurry. The wife of the man handling it—his name was Ziegler—and the wife went out to tell them. She had on an overcoat—it was a little cold—so she had the bottles of liquor on the inside of her overcoat, and she's goin' back up the wharf, and she passed those prohibition officers goin' out. [Chuckles] So of course, they didn't find anything. It was all a very respectable neighborhood.

And then Copeland told another time, he said they had a five-gallon keg and some bottles, and got word that the prohibition officer was comin'. Said he was starting the laundry, so he piled the laundry on top of the bottles and the liquor in the washroom. And he said they didn't move any of that, so he said they saved the liquor again. [Laughing] Tricks that's played on poor old prohibition officers [chuckles].

Yeah, he was quite happy; that happened to him that afternoon when he dropped by, after it had happened, and he was sampling quite a bit of it by then. [Laughing]. So he was takin' it quite happily, telling about how they saved the liquor and didn't get caught. So, there's a lot of tricks played on prohibition officers.

Another one I heard told was from Smith Valley, where the Italian families could get grapes, and they were allowed to make so many hundred gallons of wine that way under permit—course a lot of times they'd have some over, which they'd hide and peddle to the Indians on the side for a little money. This time, there was two prohibition officers came in from Idaho, and well, they picked up a couple of Indians that was, well, willing to be treated. So they stopped outside, sent the two Indians in with money—it was generally a dollar for like a coke bottle of wine, generally

the way it was sold in Prohibition, from what I understood. And of course they give 'em dollar greenback, which of course was marked. And it was gettin' along just about dusk in the evening, this place in Smith Valley, and so the two Indians started back out with the bottle of wine, and just at the same time, just after they had left the owner, a man who was workin' there come along.. he wanted to get a few dollars to go over to Smith's, the store there. (It was about a two-mile hike across country.) And so he give him some money—didn't think—a few minutes later, in come the prohibition officers. They searched him; they couldn't find the money; and he didn't think for a while what could have happened.

Well, the Indians, they had the bottle in the car, so they brought him into Carson, to the Commissioner, and the hearing come up, you know, they didn't have the money, and they couldn't figure what happened. They knew the Indians had given the money to the man, but then it dawned on them after a while, among the change he'd handed to the other man to go across to the store had been the marked dollar. So, he was leavin' with the evidence out of sight! "Oh," he said, "that's out in the car." And he went out to get it, and they'd left the two Indians, and the Indians had drank the wine, so they had no evidence. [Chuckles] So, they had to turn the fella loose, and take him back to Smith Valley. The prohibition officer didn't know how the Indians'd get in and drink the wine if they got a chance!

Liquor was kind of a downfall of the Indians. If they'd get hold of it, they'd go overboard in drinking. That could cause, I guess, scraps among themselves quite a few times, too.

They said out here at Dresslerville an Indian Christmas party, I guess there was kind of a cellar under part of their house, and some

of them were down in the cellar drinking and that. And it wound up that one Indian thought he'd start the fire up a little, and he picked up what turned out to be a gallon jug that had gasoline in it and threw it in the fire, and as a result they had an explosion and fire. And it killed quite a number of Indians that was in the building that didn't get out between those drinks they had aboard, and some of 'em maybe wasn't able to, and the fire, that way, had blocked the exits.

It was back during Prohibition days, I think, when that happened. Before Prohibition was quite over.

FOLKLORE AND SUPERSTITIONS

Then getting down to my grandmother and folklore that way, she was very superstitious about an owl flyin' over the house; she was sure there'd be a death in the family. So the older son was always home, and hear an owl hoot at night, well, it was his job to get out and hunt the owl down, so he'd give him no chance to fly over the house. [Chuckles] I don't know how she got it, but I know she believed quite seriously in that.

An owl flying over the house?

Yeah, that would then bring bad luck for sure; very likely a person would pass on somewhere in the family. I know that was the viewpoint she had about it, and well, the older son, he'd have to get out and hunt the owl down. 'Course it'd generally be moonlight nights to some extent when you'd hear 'em hootin' that way, or bein' moving around.

There's an English joke they used to tell that an Englishman had come to visit his English friend that had come here years before. He'd never heard an owl in the part where he lived in England—it wasn't seem

to be known—so of course, wasn't long, he heard an owl hootin' that evening—it was moonlight—and he says, "What is it?"

And the other one says, "It's an owl."

He said, "I know it's an owl, but who's 'owling?" [Laughing] He didn't know it was the name of a bird.

And then to take different signs about winter, of course, the chipmunks, squirrels storing nuts, when there was quite a large crop of pine nuts, pine burrs, that way, they thought it was usually an indication of a heavier winter.

And of course, the Indians believed that when the pine nuts were thick, which was a large part of their living wintertime in the early days, they figured that that meant there'd be a heavy winter, so they'd get busy in the fall, knocking pine burrs off and storm 'em in piles, and then started roasting 'em to get rid of the pitch and get the pine nuts out, which they made into flour.

Then the older Indians hiked over from down around Placerville and brought back acorns. They mixed acorns and pine nut and they made cakes out of 'em. They cooked 'em in the edge of the stream by making maybe a three'-foot place round, dammed it off from the stream, and lay hot rocks in it, 'cause it apparently didn't take too much heat to cook 'em—the water'd get hot enough to cook the cakes.

I saw a mahala cookin' 'em—her husband was workin' for us—down where we had a spring stream. And the streams ran through the willows out here in the lower part in those years, and I come by—I was a little fella—and she was makin' some of the cakes, and I was watchin' her. And she had the place with the hot rocks rolled over from the little campfire—heating, and she'd drop a spoonful of that batter at a time till it was all covered. 'Course after a little while, it got cooler—she

was barefooted—and then she got in there with her bare feet and flipped 'em all over with her toe. I didn't wait any longer! [Chuckles] I was only about six years old, a little over maybe seven.

Another time I saw the same mahala come by—she had one of them pint tin cups with a handle on it, and it was about half full, and she was dippin' two fingers in and washin' her face over it. She got through—it wasn't only much more than a rod across to where the creek was running—she looked at the water and then looked at the cup, and turned around and drank it. It was easier than goin' to the creek and gettin' another cup of water. [Chuckles] Sounds funny to tell it, but these are things I saw.

You said her husband was working for your father?

Yeah, he worked here on the ranch, yeah, and of course, they had those covered wickiup—covered, usually in canvas and that—from willows set in the ground around a circular area, and then brought up arid tied together at the top. That's the way they lived in the summertime, when they moved from one camp to another.

They'd take a space about like this room only it was circular—drill holes in the ground, stick in willows and then pull the tops in together to the center and tie 'em, and it made an oval shape. And then they'd lay pieces of canvas and sacking things over to cover 'em, and well, that was their home. They'd have a campfire out in front. 'Course earlier before they had canvas and that, then they used skins, as I understood, to cover 'em. And that was a typical, what we always was referred to as wickiups.

Where did they build them? Were there a number of them around Genoa at that time?

Well, they were before this Dresserville started up, which was along around '16, '17 in there. Then the Indians camped around the edge of the towns and moved back and forth. And they was right south of town; then they had some little houses they built. But this was in summertime; they'd be livin' down in the willows there, close to the water, and a few were workin' here. There was, oh, I guess three little children of various ages, that way. 'Course, sometimes the children'd get up here in the day and occasionally get around, and 'course they'd want to take their meal, pan and things and go out and sit in the back of the woodshed here, somewhere outside that way, and eat the meal when they come in.

Some of the older Indians knew my father. See, he'd work when he was logging and hauling out cord wood in Alpine County, they'd come around and want to get a meal. That was the way they wanted their meals; they'd get it together in the pan and take it out and sit out back here from the buildings in a woodshed or on the grass and have a party of their own and chatter away in Indian talk.

Then another thing, when an Indian died, the relatives —mahalas—-they'd put pitch on their face, and oh, they were in mourning until after that pitch wore off their faces, which of course would get dark from the dust and the dirt after a while. And as long as that was on—if a couple, another mahala'd meet, they'd have kinda a big cry, and then sit down and have a sociable talk—till that pitch wore off their faces.

And then, we were up one time at Edgewood, where the Jones family had a place and was running it as a hotel. And since they visited back and forth here with us, along after the season got slack, they invited us—Dad and Mother and the children—to come up, stay a few days, which we did.. And fly Jones hauled the mail from the wharf at the state line up

to the post office, so, I was a little fella, I rode up with him that day. And he says, "Well," he says, "I have another job to do"—after we got the mail. He said, "The mahala died," and he said, "we have to move these things up to where they have the burial back next to the hill."

Well, they had taken a lot of the things that belonged to her up there before, and the Indians were waiting up there, and there were several Indians down there waiting to load the box to use for a casket, which was around twelve-foot long and made out of two-foot boards. It was filled! I guess, was surrounded with personal things, besides the body; then they rode on up on the wagon, and of course, soon as they got in sight, then the Indians set up the wail that way, the noise, kind of a wail, that they made at their funerals. 'Course they got it unloaded and we went on, but they had a buggy settin' there, and a sewin" machine! and a lot of other things, so everything that belonged to her was buried to her. The grave was almost twelve-foot square; [Chuckles] I remember that. At least it seemed to me—'course I was only a little fella. And far out quite a ways you could hear 'em still goin' on in that wail and that chant that way and their funeral doings. But that was the Indians, though, they buried everything that belonged to the Indian with him when he passed on. In this case, it even included the sewin' machine.

That's a shame—I'm sure someone could have used it.

Yeah, oh yes, they could've, but they figured that would have brought out, I guess, that bad luck in their superstition and their belief, so they—didn't keep anything that actually belonged to the Indian that passed on.

Was it fairly common for the Indians to come out and work on the ranch as this one did for your father?

Yes, they did—that was a large part of their work—they'd work around on ranches. And I've heard it told—it was way back apparently in the eighties, in there, or even before maybe in the later Seventies—one fall the Indians all quit. They couldn't hardly get anyone to work, and they all seemed to have money, and they'd sit around gambling with their own gambling games—the sticks that they used. So there was a group that got together and got ahold of one Indian that they figured would know what was the reason about it, and it turned out that while they were gathering pine nuts out in the Pine Nut hills, near where 395 goes through now—there was a number of stage hold-ups coming up from the Holbrook Junction on the upgrade. Back off from that in one of the areas where they were working with pine nuts, there was a rocky place and a mahala's dog was digging in a squirrel hole, and the mahala went to helpin' him—she figured they'd get the squirrel, he'd add to the stew. So she wound up and struck a buried Wells Fargo box and that was the—what they had was the money—it was divided up between the group and they had a big time gambling all fall. They said all the papers in it they were scared of; they burnt them—figured white men'd ask too much questions [Chuckling]

He said they pretended to hang the Indian before he'd tell that finally. So after he choked a little, he told how they got the money, but all of tem was havin' a gay time on it. So it was found that it was money from one of the stage robberies that had been buried; the robbers didn't take all the money with 'em. I guess that happened a number of times, from what I've understood, that they buried-just took part

of it with 'em, and sometimes they never got to get the rest, or else couldn't find the same place again.

Even the [Arnold] Juchter—lives next to us, and his uncle, when they first come here from Germany—it was along after the first World War—they were working up in Alpine County near—it was at the Harvey Ranch, which was back from where we lived in another little valley, and he said there was a fella come along, bearded, and he stayed with 'em. [He'd] go over across, over the one east fork of the Carson River. One day he told 'em he was Black Bart. Well, Black Bart didn't mean anything to them. They found out later he was one of the stage robbers; he apparently was tryin' to find where he'd left some money, but I don't know as he ever succeeded. He stayed over a week or so there, and they said every day he'd strike out and go across over towards the east fork. And he'd told 'em that he lived over there in a cave along the east fork of the Carson River at one time awhile, and well, there are some caves along it all right. Even where there's one that's dug out a ways in for a mine; it was along a seam where there was a little gold—only trouble was it was mixed with arsenic. A little water trickles out and a bird goes in and drinks it, and you find a dead bird. And the man that was workin' for us—stayed different times at home—[a man] by the name of Frank Payne, first thing he knew his hands and feet started to swell, and he come to the doctor. And the doctor says, "This is arsenic poisoning." He says, "Where are you gettin' it?"

Well, it wasn't anything that he was eating and he said, "What work are you doin'?" Well, he said he was workin' over there and the water was warm that way, and he said he had noticed that a bird would come in and drink and there'd be a dead bird. "Well," he said, "bring some of it and I will have it analyzed."

And it was arsenic. So, he didn't do any more work on the claim [chuckles].

And then of course, when smoke stays down low, you figure it's dampness, and generally now you find the barometer is falling when smoke doesn't rise up very straight and there isn't any wind. 'Course years ago, they didn't have barometers, and didn't know, but they usually expected a storm'd be comin', whenever that happened—smoke'd lay low, close to the ground. Then they'd also a lot of the time be feelin' the dampness, too.

And well, then too, when it was damp, it was a little harder when startin' a fire a lot of times in a stove—didn't start as readily.

HOLIDAYS, WEDDINGS, AND FUNERALS

And then up here on May Day, the Rice Hotel years ago, when it was in operation, the lady—her husband owned it—shed put up a maypole in the center of their sitting room that way, and have a party for the children with the ribbons and proceedings and little gifts, so all the children were there to take in the doings and get a little cakes and luncheon afterwards—quite a few of the older folks—it was quite a popular May Day celebration. They had the maypole, as they called it—the little ribbons and walk around and unwind 'em, you know, and all the time they'd circle, and yes, so that was her special day—shed treat the neighborhood. [Chuckles]

Of course, that hotel was still standing when we come here, and it didn't burn in the fire. It was later torn down [by] a man by the name of Morrison that owned property across the road. And he built and replaced the older house there with it. Then in the fifties, that house burned in a fire. And across the road, he had a blacksmith shop—Nels Morrison. And he also worked and run the threshing

machine in the fall that way, a lot, and repair the machine there and get it ready. I don't know as he had too much interest in it, but he worked with it in gettin' it ready, and stayed out workin' over the machine that way with mechanical work and repair—threshing. The Lewis family, his brother-in-law, had quite a bit to do with the threshing machine.

And then weddings—the local wedding celebration was a shivaree when the couple got back from the honeymoon. An evening party at the house, that way, and local music, get in and have a midnight luncheon. In fact, we got caught right among the last. We come back from Sacramento there to pick my uncle up, and we drove his car back up—my dad's brother—and then that evening, we were both feeling kind of tired, because wed been traveling since—we went back around by Kansas City and Independence, come back and see the folks at Santa Barbara, hurried up a little at the last to get home as Dad wasn't very well, and the shivaree party arrived the same evening—wasn't going to take a chance of us gettin' away, and we were both kind of tired. [Chuckling]

Well, neither my wife or I really tried to dance, so we let the others dance, and kind of watched and she said she had a hard time keepin' awake! Of course they got a keg of beer—they had beer, some of them got kinda happy on beer—neither one of us ever drank any to any extent. We'd take one drink, that was it, wed quit—let the others go on and drink. I've never believed in overdoin'—maybe that's why I'm stayin' alive and older.

Well, at least they didn't have these things on your wedding night, though.

No, no, it was when you come back. See, we were married in Carson there at my wife's

home—it was just a home wedding. And then we left that evening—friends took us to Reno. We stayed there and took a train early the next morning and went East on the train.

In that time, going out, there was a number of people from California on, and one fella who'd made the trip several times said, "It's a long way across Nevada." And you could get liquor at the town, and of course the porter had soft drinks on the train—he'd mix 'em and his group gathered in one end of the car, which we didn't join—we kinda watched 'em—they were having quite a time singing, and gettin' along in the evening as they got happier and drank more. Although he did dilute the drinks a lot, so they didn't get too full to begin with. And he got his first liquor at Winnemucca.

He asked the porter about it, and the porter said, "Well, if you get off, you can run; there's a bar that'll be open at that early in the morning, about a block up the street, but," he said, "the train only stops a few minutes." And a little while later, he got back up to the other car, and the fellad got back, and he had to run—the train was starting to move and he caught it, and the pullman door was shut, and he was hangin' onto the outside, and he was pretty chilly. [Laughing] So, he needed some liquor to warm up after he got in the car. And there was a lady that was on the train from California, and he had asked her several times to join 'em, and eventually she joined the party, and well, she was among the gayest after that. It was kind of amusing to us—we didn't care to get involved—this was March 30, 1936.

And of course you changed trains at Ogden, and the suitcases were all set up and lined up, oh, four or five high in a double row along the platform. And we was watchin'—got ahold of our suitcases—this woman, she said, "Tell me," she says, "Is this mine?" Well, is it your name? Turn it—"Oh, no, that's not

mine, and where's mine?" Well, there's the row—and so she started down the row usin' both hands throwin' one suitcase one way, and one the other, so he said she had suitcases scattered all over the platform. It was a little while before she got down nearly to the end when she found hers.

But the last hour of the trip was rather amusing—they got to comparin' notes and most of 'em were going different ways: some were north, some were getting off there at Ogden, some was goin' south to Salt Lake. And then there was all the sad farewells you ever heard—it was laughable to hear—with their drinks and their farewells and their songs [laughing].

No, the wife had never been East, and we had the chance. We were married on the twenty-ninth of March, and when we reached Ogden, thered been a snowstorm pretty heavily—it stormed a little here with heavy winds—and there was about a foot or more of snow. So we thought we wanted to see how Utah looked, and we took this side trip into Utah, in the buses for sight-seeing. One fella was drivin' and the other busman was on tellin' the sights of the city, because it was too rough for one fella to drive and watch and see what he was doin'. Well, he said you didn't worry—the bus was heavily insured. [Chuckling] So there wasn't any worry as he put it.

Then he got down towards the latter part, he said, "There's a question that mostly always some people on the trip ask us." He said, "Do you belong to the Utah Mormon Church?"

"Well," he said, "yes. Only thing, we're jack Mormons. That means we're not paid up in dues, and we're not in good standing." [Laughs]

No, down some streets we were a little slow, but it was pretty slippery all right—they

moved along pretty slowly, took quite awhile. They didn't make too many trips that day. And then of course, we went back up to Ogden, and went on East. And there on the Green River, going over into Wyoming—the division stop—that was mighty cold there, north wind blowing. I got out and walked a little ways and looked around, but it was too chilly to be very comfortable. The river was pretty well froze over, I remember.

And then we went on and we stayed there out of Kansas City at Independence, and there was a church general conference going on, and we stayed some days there. Then we came back across the southern route, across over and then wound up in Santa Barbara, where quite a few of my folks lived. And we stayed over just a couple of days there, because in a letter my mother said that my dad wasn't very well. And so we hurried on home. We got to Sacramento and at North Sacramento was where one of Dad's sisters lived and we stayed there overnight. And then we brought Dad's brother—he was gettin' older—he and his car, and we come on back home. Then we got here; we ran into the shivaree party the same night.

That was all the people in the community?

Oh, yeah, we had quite a houseful. This double parlor here, I opened the doors in the room and we moved the furniture back in the front and they used it for dancin'—the two rooms.

(The granddaughter has a bed in one. She isn't using it; she's stayin' out here now. She stays here and gets ready to go to school, so she's kinda gettin' away from the younger sisters. So she's been stayin' here most all winter that way, and of course, sometimes on the weekends, she has one or two of the girlfriends with her. There've been three here

a number of times—three of her girlfriends that their folks let them stay. Go over across the valley and go out to a show, and they come back and then they stay overnight. Some days in the morning—I generally get breakfast and stuff for 'em. They generally don't want to eat too much; they're afraid of gamin' weight I guess. [Chuckles] Give 'em cereal or something that way is about all they'll take. I use a cooked cereal, Of course, I have some dry cereal, but I generally use the cooked myself. So they'll generally take a little dish; they don't want too big a dish.)

Then in funerals, there was a superstition that if you went around, if you got started around the casket so you'd come to the head of the casket first in walkin' around, well, that wasn't very good; sometimes thered be a death in the family. If they accidentally, got started the wrong way, so you'd come by the head of the casket first, instead of coming to the foot, so you could see the person as you walked by. You see, that was a superstition that'd bring bad luck.

In the earlier days of school when I was a little fella, there was a funeral of a Civil War veteran by the name of Esra Jarvis. 'Course the school children walked down to the cemetery; we was all brought down from the old school on the hill. The funeral was here in the church—it hadn't been rebuilt too long at that time—and the teacher was catchin' us little fellas goin' around and puttin' us out the door, and we didn't know what was the matter. They'd got started the wrong way—a couple of us slipped back and went around, but then when I got home I found out what it was, so I didn't tell it that I slipped around and went through after all! So then, as a result of it, we was too late and we didn't get in the group to march, so we had to go through back lots to get and join the crowd at the cemetery. It was the Morrison boy and myself, the two of us. [Chuckling] So we very carefully didn't tell

our folks when we found out what was the reason why that schoolteacher was pushin' us out to one side—wasn't lettin' her students go through, 'cause she thoroughly believed apparently in the superstition.

Did it have any adverse effect?

No, I don't know in particular—I don't see exactly where it did, myself. I don't remember.

Even though you went the wrong way?

Yeah, but it didn't get told on, and I don't think our folks realized that we did it—either family. But both of us knew the older family. The Jarvis family lived up near us, and I'd known 'em from the time I was a little fella, and I couldn't quite figure why the teacher was shovin' us out the door. Wouldn't let us go in—she'd shove us out to one side 'cause the church was full and I think we'd stood outside, really. So we was watchin' the teacher gettin' them together—got a chance and we got back with our school group—we got around among the latter part. By then they'd started to march off, though, to one side, and we couldn't get back in a proper line-up.

Was it customary always to dismiss, or to bring the school children to funerals?

Well, especially the Civil War veterans—there were, of course, several Civil War veterans living around at that time, and something like that they would. Well, if the other person was known, too, oftentimes. Of course, there was those that was acquainted you know, would stay out in case of a funeral. The school wasn't always dismissed then, but in this case it was.

This Mrs. Jarvis, of course, she was livin' by herself that way, and she got the water

allotment on a Sunday for this period of time that way, that was shared with other neighbors. Another old neighbor lived near her—an old fella that didn't move very fast—and he offered to go up and get water for her, and by the time he got up and got it down, well, her time was just about up, and she wasn't feelin' happy.

And he said, "Well, I didn't want to turn it too soon."

And she was Irish, and she said, "Well, and there isn't a bit of danger. When you start for water, you better go the day before." [Chuckling] So there was a little comedy sometimes.

And of course at birthday parties they had songs and games they'd play—different games that way. The first birthday party I went to was in 1912—my sister was six years old. That was something new to me. She was six and I was eight. (I was born in 1904, so I'd be eight.) And of course, one of the games that they was playin' was "post office," and this Portuguese girl was postmistress. And right in the first start, I got caught for a letter, and I didn't know that you were supposed to kiss the postmistress, so I left the scene. I was pretty bashful. I could outrun all of em. I got away. And then that same afternoon, a storm come up—I stayed outside. I got back as far as the woodshed when it started rainin'. It was the cloudburst that washed out the Kingsbury Grade, so I remember the date that happened. [Chuckles]

I guess you do. Just all to avoid kissing a girl?

Yep! And I was bashful. Some of the girls'd torment me, and they'd catch you out, they'd catch me and then they'd kiss me, which I didn't like. And Dad taught me never to fight back with a girl, so the girl had the winning hand. Just grew up that way.

Then of course, they did sing the rhymes and then they played London Bridge—a game I guess you've heard—that was played quite a bit at the birthday parties.

And of course, sometimes a little earlier—there wasn't too much at the time, I know, but earlier they had comic valentines that had been used on Valentine's Day. And I heard my mother's brothers tell there was a girl lived there at the Scossa-Thompson home, and she'd claimed proposals from most of the boys around the neighborhood, so when it come Valentine's Day, they all remembered her with comic valentines. Said they'd start about a week before and run till a week afterwards sometimes. [Chuckles] So I heard one of my mother's brothers tell one time—mentioned about she had a little younger brother, and he says, "Does Katie get many valentines?"

"Oh," he says, "she gets some big letters in the mail, and she starts to lookin' at them and then runs to the bedroom bawlin'" he says. He made a remark to me; he said, "Well," he says, "I know she got at least two, because I sent that many." [Chuckling] 'Course that was years later when he was tellin' it.

These must not have been very kind?

No, well they were all gettin' even on her for claiming she had proposals from all the boys around the neighborhood that she turned down, so they were gettin' even on her.

I wonder what kinds of things they said, these comic valentines?

Well, I guess mostly—I guess they'd represent the person as bein' an older woman, likely, and such as that, and stringy hair and whatnot. And I don't just know all the various remarks on 'em, but they wasn't complimentary by any means! [Chuckling]

GAMBLING

Before gambling was legal in 1931, and after it was legal, was there any gambling or any gambling establishments in Genoa?

There was no real establishment here. Well, of course, the town was going down, so they—just a few kind of friendly card games occasionally on a Sunday; sometimes there were small bets between them that way that were not too large. And one of the incidents I remember—that Joe Campbell found his—'course, his mother was one of the Raycraft—Jane Raycraft, before her marriage, and she had a sister who was Ellen Virgin up the street corner, and often came up here visiting with her sister. And so her husband Joe was playin' a card game up in the bar; there was—well, there wasn't only just small bets between the four of 'em playin' in the game that way—no large amount. And so it went along in the afternoon, and Mother sent one of the children up, and 'course, the little fellow was talkin' in a little shriller voice—shrill voice, just like a lot of times a child will—and got around to Daddy, and he said, "Mama says if you're winnin', we can stay awhile, but if you're losin', we'll have to go right home!" [Laughter] 'Course, it was loud enough that everybody heard it!

Did people in Genoa have opinion in 1931 when gambling was legalized, when divorce was lowered?

No, I never heard any comments about it. They just took it as a kind of matter of fact because we figured it wouldn't be involved here. And well, at that time, there wasn't really any—only just smaller gambling games occasionally. Like in the Minden Inn, they had poker games there, and—I could have showed

you there on the one side where there was a room where they had a separate entrance, right back towards the street from where we sit, where they have their dining room now, and quite often they had a poker game there. And then later after Prohibition had gone on for several years, they figured that was a little too open. So they moved the poker game downstairs; there was an entrance on the side there that we passed—around the back there's a stairway—went downstairs and kinda hold a poker game on the side down there for those that played poker quite a bit.

So there were games at times that way around; it was kinda behind the scenes. And the sheriff wasn't exactly lookin' for 'em—the county officials [chuckling].

There was a few that way, like Fred Dangberg—he did quite a bit of gambling. He didn't exactly win on it all the time; in fact, he lost pret' near all his share of the property over gambling. He didn't exactly play like the older father did. He'd take out so much money—he generally played the Faro games and some of those that were played in the earlier days. And if he started winning on the money he had, then, he'd start raisins the bets. But if he lost that, he'd go off whistling and wouldn't put any more in, till he tried it another day. So as a result, he came out ahead on it as a whole, that way.

Although he said he kinda believed a little in luck. He said if a person was standin' around watchin' him, he'd slip him a little money every once in a while; he didn't want him to leave—wanted him to stay there, 'cause he figured his luck might change if the person left! [Chuckles] That's the way I've heard my dad tell about it way back in the earlier days when he knew him. But he said he'd never go beyond whatever the first amount of money he took out, like in the Faro games and various ones that they played in those days. He'd never

go beyond that limit. If he took out fifty or a hundred dollars, that was it; if he lost, he'd leave and wait till another day and try it again. 'Course, winning and built up a little on it, then he'd start raisin' the bets. And so a lot of times he won very heavily on it. But if he lost, he never lost over his original amount of money that he put out to start with. He was kind of a sensible gambler! [Laughs]

6

LOGGING IN THE SIERRA

We were talking about your cattle drives to the range at Lake Tahoe. Could you tell me more about that?

Well, we drove the cattle from here over the Kingsbury Grade into the gate in the lower part of the range on the Lake Tahoe side, and from there on, they went on their own. And then we'd go up and stay at the cabin, sometimes change the water and maybe stay over a couple of nights, and then come on back home. Sometimes I'd have to work on some ditches that way in the spring, and then sometimes in the summer. 'Course some of it was pretty steep and some of the road was rough, and a lot of the times, if you rode in horseback, turn the water and maybe stay one night, or two nights by myself, then come back home that way. Sometimes I'd come back across a shorter way over the mountain and come down home instead of coming around by the road. Oh, I didn't mind it at all—I enjoyed it.

What do you mean by turning the water and working on the ditches?

Well, you irrigated quite a bit, and you turn—change water that way different places on ditches and clean out places that was clogged up from trash and pine needles that way. And I had to check them every week or two all summer you see, and keep water running in the ditches, and then gradually, the mountain streams, as the snow melted from higher up, they'd drop down lower, and you had to turn a little more water likely each time, into each ditch, you see. It's just all a part of irrigation.

How was the irrigation set up? What did you use to keep the water out of the ditches?

The ditches ran into the mountain creeks, and they'd take it out over into the meadow areas; that went way back into the loggin' days—1870s on the ditches—'cause they'd used the land for pasture for oxen when they used in loggin', in the seventies and eighties and into the nineties. It was the land that originally belonged to the two companies—oh, it was the same as owned by the V &

T—the Eldorado Wood and Flume, and the Carson-Tahoe Wood and Flume Company. That was the Eldorado Wood and Flume—they were both owned by the Bliss and Yerington which had a large interest in the V & T Railroad, and take it to Virginia City too, to sell for the boilers in the mines, as well as the people living there. So there was a lot of wood cut around Lake Tahoe. See, some of it was floated down by flume—one of 'em was at Bijou, where the long flume run out to the lake; then the loggin' trains run out on the pier, and then they'd unload the logs in their holding corrals, and make large rafts and take the logs over to Glenbrook where they were sawed, then hauled up to the summit in Clear Creek, and from there, they went down the flume again to the south of Carson, where there's a long area where their lumber yards was, where the railroad trains pull in between the piles of lumber, and load to go on up to [Virginia City]. Same way with the cord wood—in fact, there's a picture of it in here. You can hardly see the engine for the height of the wood alongside of it, where it's piled up from the flumes.

And then I read in an old newspaper one time—right down near the Carson end, a fellow livin' in the place had a dairy cow, and she got out above the flume and accidentally fell into the flume. And well, he said the lumber stopped arriving at the lower end, so they phoned to the upper part, and no, they were putting in lumber; so they asked him to stop and begin to check, and he said they found quite a bit of lumber scattered all over the hillside, and they said the cow was a total loss! [Chuckling] That's the way the newspaper worded it.

I thought that the flume was up above the ground.

It was; it was built up, you see, and then they'd run up higher so they could drop the timber off, and then stack it on the sides and move down and open another place, see, so they could open sections of flume and keep movin' along, and they had long, long, rows of timber and lumber and cord wood.

Oh, so they had some kind of mechanism for shutting off different sections—?

Well, apparently there were places where there were loose boards in the side of the flume that they could set in, and they could take 'em out that way, where the water could run out, then the timber would go out that way to the one side and get quite a little pile off, then move to another section of flume that way, when they got down to where their storage yards were. So then of course, they were stacked in a pile, so then they were able to pull in on the track alongside and make a load from each side that way, 'cause there were a number of branches of flumes. So they had quite a yard and storage system.

It was a Genoa man that invented that, wasn't it?

Yeah, it was.

J. W. Haines.

That's correct. Yeah, he lived at the north end of town, just this side of the cemetery, that first house, if you happened to come in that way, by any chance.

No, but I will go out that way.

Well, then it'd be the last house on the left-hand side going out, right close to the road. That's Senator Haines, later—was his home.

No, he invented quite a means, developed it and enlarged it, to where they made a large flume. Lots of those boards is twenty and twenty-four inches in height—see, they was cut from the larger trees—and two inches thick. And then down at the bottom of the V-flume, they had a piece cut with three angles—it was a piece that laid right down the center at the bottom of the flume.

There was part of one of the old flumes when we moved here, and it was used for fluming cord wood from the canyon here down to the river to take it on down, then they'd float it down to the old town of Empire, where they had the chain across the river to hold up, and then take the cord wood out and pile it to be—and go by train from there up to Virginia City. They were called wood drives here on the Carson River. There was even quite a bit that went from here at Genoa that way. And then up in Alpine County there was a lot moved out. In fact, there's a place on the east fork of the Carson River where it is steep and rocky; they drilled in on the bluffs each side where they had the anchor to put the chain across to hold the cord wood down till when the water got higher in the springtime, then they cut the chain, and let the logs start—the logs and cord wood booms, mostly all cord wood—to go on down to Empire, where they had another chain across the river to catch it and hold it, so they could take it out.

They had what they called a long boat that the crew on the river used, where they carried their bedding with 'em as they camped along the river following the cord wood drives down, and watchin' where the cord wood had drifted out from the banks and put back in the river again. In fact, there were some of them that worked on it, afterwards married sisters of my dad's—brother-in-laws. And one of 'em was Irish descent, and he said there was a clothing store owner in the old

town of Empire by the name of Cohn. He'd catch the fellas comin' off the log drive—a lotta times they'd lose their hat that way, or some would have an old hat to start 'cause they didn't always figure on gettin' there with a hat. And hed catch 'em coming in—"I got just the hat will suit you, it makes you look like a gentleman."

So Johnny Gould, he and one of the others, they kinda played it on the Jew. And he pulled his sleeve, and helped him—pulled him—into the store, and he took off Johnny's older hat and finally put on a nice Stetson and looks in the mirror, said, "That makes you look like a gentleman."

"Yes, I believe it does, thank you," and started out,

"But you haven't paid me."

He says, "I didn't tell you I wanted a hat." He says, "You took my hat off and put that one on, so I think I'll walk out with it." [Chuckles] And he said the Jew never took another fella's hat off. He always talked 'em into taking their hat off, after that, after he lost one hat. 'Course it takes an Irishman to play a trick of that kind.

My dad worked hauling out cord wood from along the hillside, down to along the river in Alpine County, at different times along in the eighties and that. And they used sleds in the wintertime that way and teams. So one occasion, he was coming out with a sled and the team; it was quite heavy hillside, so they put what they call a "gin pole" set in on either side of the sled the way it was fixed, and the fella they had as a helper, or a swamper as they referred to it, with 'em would hold onto the side of the "gin pole" on the upper side to try to keep the sled and cord wood from turning over. And this time an Indian was helpin' him, and he said the sled started to slip so he turned and looked around, and the Indian boy was sittin' up straddlin' the pole—he wasn't leanin' on it as he told him,

and said as a result, he said he got pitched over and landed quite a ways downhill in the snow. Says it turned out he didn't get hurt, and he says, "Bob," he says, "I guess I wasn't doin' it the way you told me." [Chuckling] Years later the same Indian became the Indian chief of these Washoe Indians. And after we moved here to Genoa, he'd get around once in a while, of course, he'd get a meal, and he says, "Well, Bob and I was old-time friends."

What was his name?

It was Pete, I think. Pretty sure, if I remember correctly, I think it was Pete. I'm not too positive—I'd have to think back—but he'd always remind Mother that they was old-time friends. Well, he was just a youngster when he was workin' for my dad that way. 'Course my dad was a young fella, too, but they—.

Then there's another fella that worked a lot of that loggin' by the name of Harry Cole, and later he got kept by the county there at Markleeville, and he had a little cabin, and his stove was right alongside the [bed] and he got where he was nearly blind. And the Ellis sisters ran the restaurant and hotel in Markleeville—county had them take over a meal to him every day, and sometimes the older father'd take it over. And so eventually the county commissioners thought, well, they'd treat him to a new bed, because the bed got so it got the same color as the stove. He'd be sittin' on the edge of it, you know, puttin' in wood and he'd get black on his hands and rub on it, so they took the bed—got him out for a ride, and took the bedding out and put the new bedding in. He comes in and sit down on the bed, and well, it didn't slide just right, and he got to feeling it, why, he just pulled it out the door and looked at it a little in the light. He pitched the bed outside; they had to

go back and get his old bedding back from the dump! He wasn't going to have that new material put in on him [chuckling]. His old bed was what suited him.

Well, you get set in your ways.

Yeah, mmmhmm. Yeah, he was very set that way. He said he never seemed to quite place the older Mr. Ellis. And then one of the daughters happened to bring the meal over to him, and he said, "Well, an old Indian come around with the meal yesterday, but it was real good." [Chuckling]

Mr. Ellis must have appreciated that.

Well, of course, he wore a beard I guess that way, and of course the old fella's eyesight was pretty poor I guess, so they all took it good-naturedly. 'Course, they'd known him for all their lives nearly.

There were a couple of things that I wanted to ask you about—going back to the wood drives just a little bit—by cord wood—.

It's four-foot lengths ordinarily, and they were split so they could handle. And then on the V & T they had some engines that used shorter wood, and a lot of that was only cut forty-four inches long, special for use in the wood-burning engines. In fact, I've found sticks left in places on the range that was only forty-four inches long. For quite a little while, I couldn't quite figure out why, and then eventually I seen an account where they had—some of their engines would only use a forty-four.-inch length stick in the firebox. You see, it wasn't till along after 1900 or so, when they converted to using oil. Earlier it was all cord wood they used in firing the steam engines.

Forty-four inches long.

Mmmhmm, yeah. I know it struck me as a little odd—I'd run into all these places where all of it hadn't been taken out on the cattle range that way. See, the cattle range covered 2,256 acres of land that the two companies owned that we bought off of the second owner in 1920, where a lot of it was timber, and then there was pasture here and there in it. So we cut our wood there now, and the son-in-law, in fact, sells some. Every year they bring it down, since the price of wood went way up.

I bet he gets a good price for that, doesn't he?

Yeah, it is. Yeah, you bet. 'Course where they're cutting, it's dead tamarack trees, and tamarack wood is—most people like it now. 'Cause along the edge in the meadow areas where it's damp, that's where tamarack grows, and that's the trees that they've been cutting—dead trees. 'Course they get drier wood for fall that way, for people to use.

(Now you've got the Eldorado Wood and Flume Company; the other one was Carson-Tahoe Wood and Flume Company, if I remember right. I know it was back in the deeds both companies owned the land that we got.)

And when they put a chain across the river, was this like just a big heavy chain?

Oh, it had to be heavy to hold, you bet. It had to be a real heavy chain.

And it ran just from bank to bank, and it stopped the wood?

Mmmhmm. Yeah, the cord wood would get blocked up against it and hold, and then they'd cut the chain to start —let the drive

start on downriver. There's pictures here; I'll have to try and get some of 'em out so you can see 'em, and give you some idea, another time.

Did you say there was a piece of the flume that ran across your ranch when you first moved here?

Yes, there was some of it out here, and some of the boards they used in fixin' for placin' straw over in the cow barn, when we made part of the barn—the stanchions—and they enlarged to where they'd have to be milking thirty cows that way, and had the milker. Before that, they milked under the—or they dug out on the east side of the barn underneath that way, where they only milked ten or twelve cows, I guess, from the looks of it—maybe fifteen—before we went into the dairy, 'cause ordinarily they figured a man could milk about thirty cows. In the earlier years, it was all hand-milking for a long period of time. And then they got into where milking machines began to be used.

So the flume ran from the canyon—.

Yes, they flumed from back here and they come down across the ranch property and crossed the road, and went on to the river. And there was quite a little strip of the flume was still in existence when we moved here.

Which canyon was that?

Well, it's the Water Canyon and the Snowslide Canyon, where they come together, they would get wood out along there to the—off the hillside, and then put it in the flume that way and use water along in the early spring from the canyon to carry the wood down to the river. See, it would float along in the water in the flume.

And the—see, we bought range property in 1920—Dad and Mother and myself—so then we hit quite a few years when farming wasn't so good, and it wasn't up until the thirties when we finally got it all paid for.

Following on the wood cutting at Lake Tahoe, going back in up into the cattle range, the narrow-gauge logging railroad run a mile up in on our land, where their last loading station was. And then closer, there was a larger dining room and camp where more men was—in places. Then as they got back further out, the Chinamen after the V & T Railroad was finished bein' built, many of 'em went to work for Bliss and Yerington on this land cutting wood.

And they set up a little log cabin, and worked and cut around as far as they could move out handy from the cabin. Then they'd in turn move up to another location,, and build another log cabin. And since they used the one-by-twelve boards set sloping the way the water would drain with a little overlap that way between the boards, and the other one—they'd take the board roof off and move that up to the next cabin. So you didn't find the roof until you got to where the last cabin had been built, and of course, at the time I'd see it then, the storms—the roofs had fallen in. But the boards that way, showed there. But for a while, I kinda wondered, 'cause I didn't see any sign of a roof on the earlier cabins. As I begin to ride around more on the range, then finally I discovered how they worked it. 'Cause they were savin' on the purchase of lumber. A Chinaman was quite thrifty.

And of course they had the Chinese clay gin jugs, and the Chinese gin jugs, at that time, you see a number layin' around the various cabins. And this friend of mine, diggin' around one time, he came up with Chinese chopsticks, so there were very definitely Chinamen in that area that were workin'. And of course, once in a while, you'd find an older grindstone, that

was pretty well worn, where a Chinaman had used for sharpening axes. And of course, they were around eight-foot cross-cut saws in those days y it was all hand work.

And some of the work was done on snow, 'cause you'd see one level where the trees were cut, and then the storm'd raise a couple of feet higher, and then for a ways the trees'd be cut about that much higher—leaving stumps. And I got to a few places and found some stumps that were cut at—well, as high as I was sittin' on a saddle horse, so there was quite a little bit of snow on the ground then, when they were doin' that work. And 'course, they cut and split a lot of cord wood, and quite a little bit in places I've found sticks left that was forty-four inches in length, which kinda puzzled me for a while, until eventually I found out, the V & T had at least one engine that would only use a forty-four inch stick of cord wood in the firebox, 'cause they were all wood-fired until just about 1905, I think, when they made the change and converted to oil on the V & T Railroad.

And of course, the big event was the Fourth of July. At Meyers Station, they'd have a round-up and celebration, and they run the loggin' trains to pick up loggers along the way, and take them in. I heard one fella tell on one occasion, that he was there at the Sierra House where the train passed a little distance, on the north side of Cold Creek goin' back into our cattle range.

And the train had gone on up, and of course, everybody wanted to go and the fella who worked around the place had four cows to milk, and so he didn't figure he'd get the four cows milked and get done in time to catch the train, and he didn't want to miss out in seem' the celebration, so in a few minutes he had four more volunteers—so there was a volunteer to milk each cow. And he had three volunteers and himself.

Well, they got down with their buckets, and it turned out the last fella didn't find a stool to sit on—he looked around and there was that—in those days, they used black powder to blast large cuts of wood and start breakin' em open—he found what he supposed was an empty black powder can. 'Course the top had a lead screw in it, on account of—so it wouldn't ignite powder in opening the can. The can was open, so he used the can for a stool, and he happened to be smokin' a pipe. Sit down, well, he figured he'd better empty his pipe, and he reached down to give the pipe a tap against the can, and not noticin', and hot ashes fell inside the can, and well, there was a little black powder in it, and the next thing he knew, the top of the can and himself was as high as the cow's back. [Chuckles]

So away went the four cows after that explosion, and they made a few trips around the corral on the run, and one went through the fence, so the other three followed her. So that ended the day's milking—everybody caught the train and went to Meyers Station! But he said they managed to get the cows back again the next day in the corral. He said you couldn't get anywhere near that cow with anything that looked like a bucket or a can. He said she'd start running around the corral and go through the fence. [Chuckles] Said she wasn't trustin' anything that had any resemblance that way!

And then at Meyers Station, the big event was the horse races, run generally between local people. And of course, the miners or loggers bet between themselves, and of course, all those fellas were good in drinking liquor in those days. And along by the time the race was run in the afternoon, quite a few of 'em wouldn't remember which horse they'd bet on, and after the race, well each one insisted against the other fella that he'd bet, that his horse was the winner, while the other

man was as certain that the horse he'd bet on was the winner, and he said there was all kinds of scraps went on up and down the street. Two boys I heard telling—one was a Parks, and the other was Arthur Brockliss, from the valley that went up there one time—and he said he never saw so many scraps goin' on in his life. Said it didn't matter where you looked, there was a scrap going on after the race was run. Each one was tryin' to convince the other that he'd bet on the winning horse. [Chuckles]

And then a family who lived right here in Genoa—the Lewis family—I heard Charlie Lewis say one time, he was up there and he was ridin' on a loggin' engine that was goin' back up across to pick up the cars that had been left to load, and he come over a little raise, where there was quite a little distance between a sway each way, where a train'd drop down to a flat for—oh, nearly a good part of a mile or so and then raise—he said, as they pulled up over the raise, he said there was four runnin' away loggin' cars coming towards the engine. So he said the engineer didn't lose any time gettin' into reverse.

And finally the engine lost forward speed and started backin' up, and he said, well they didn't have much more than a rod between the cars when they stopped coming back uphill towards the engine, and then they rolled back, so he said they sat up at the top and watched the cars run back and forth several times before they finally stopped. [Chuckles] He said there was a pretty scared engineer and he said he was the same way for a little bit. He said it looked like they were gonna have a collision.

And then, up in along the range, I heard an Indian say one time that in the remains of one of the cabins—the larger ones where they cooked for quite a few men—and he was lookin' around on the pieces of bark that was stuck along the logs, and he said he found a five-dollar gold piece under the edge of a piece of bark that had

loosened up. So somebody had placed it there, and didn't find his hiding place. [Chuckles] That happened before we'd bought the property. I saw the remains of some of those buildings—the logs were still five feet or so in height.

The log walls?

Yeah, the log walls that way. They made log sides, you see, notchin' 'em like log cabins, and then put the board roofs on top.

Then about a mile to the south of us, Dave Fountain had a sawmill along in the late eighties and nineties, and a nephew of his, Gene Fettic, lived here until he passed on a few years ago. He told about bein' up there at different times, and he said there were several men working, getting out cedar logs and making shingles and the equipment. And of course, that day it was real cold weather, and the cabin was just the single-board wall, and he said the fellow who was an older man was cookin' for the group—he'd cook his hotcakes first (and of course, they was all hearty eaters that way, working out), and then he'd fry his bacon and eggs and potatoes, and then he'd holler, "Come on boys, and get 'em while they're hot!"

And he said the hotcakes'd be sitting back by the edge of the wall, and he said there'd be ice on the outside of the hotcakes next to the wall! [Chuckling]

That's cold.

Yeah, but "Come and get 'em while they're hot!" though. [Chuckles] So he said there was a little swinging door between the little kitchen part in the cabins, and where they sat at the table to eat their meal. And of course, you had to make your bread in those days, there was nothing that could be purchased around the Lake in that area, and of course in makin' the bakin' powder bread,

or makin' it from sourdough—whichever he'd happened to have handy—course they generally preferred the sourdough, keeping.

And you could easily get one of those camp stoves a little hot, and you'd get the outside of the bread cooked nice and brown, but you'd find a little roll of dough running through the middle of the loaf of bread. So, he cut his fresh loaves of bread to give 'em a treat one day—brought in on the table—and there was soft dough, not cooked in the center. So one of the boys got the center of a couple slices of bread, rolled it in a little ball and tossed it back at him. And the swinging door swing shut and it stuck on the door, it was soft enough. He heard the little thud, and he come back and opened the door and looked—raked off the dough and looked at it—"Hmm," he said, "I reckon there's somebody in this crowd that doesn't appreciate my cookin'" [Chuckling] There's a little bit of comedy. Well, it makes it a little more interesting.

And then this Dave Fountain himself, he always complained of the cold. And his wife knitted woolen stockings for him all the time, and he'd be wearin' a couple a pair of them, and felt boots, and then he'd wrap the outside of the boots with strips of barley sack. He'd get all fixed up for the wintertime. And he was sittin' by one of the machines used in makin' shingles, and it was quite a large cutting wheel, and he moved a foot over and the bottom of the wheel struck his boot. Well, it pitched him outside the door, and they said he landed where the snow had been piled up and shoveled back from opening the door—it was, oh, eight- or nine-foot in height—so he wasn't hurt from bein' thrown back into the snow, but he looked down at his foot, and he see a little red, and he begin to yell that he was losin' blood so fast that he was just gettin' weaker by the second.

And the others gettin' around him and they started to unwrap him, and get the

wrapping off his foot—"Oh, hurry up," they just wasn't doin' anything to save his life and he just knew he wasn't goin' to survive. Finally they got down, and all they found—that his wife had made the stockings, and dyed them red, and they'd torn some of the red stocking out, and hadn't had a scratch on his foot. But they said it was quite a while before they could even get him to look at his foot, and convince that he was all right. [Chuckling] And he just felt so weak, he couldn't move. His imagination was very vivid—he was sure that he was really getting very weak from loss of blood, and he said there wasn't even a scratch that they found on his foot. [Chuckles] Well, I expect that covered quite a little bit of happenings that way, and some of the humorous events.

Now the logging that you were talking about here, with the Chinese, and Fountain, and Fettic—when about would that have been taking place?

Well, it'd be probably in the late eighties-early 1890s. And logging covered through those years, yeah. 'Cause the land we had was taken up along in '72 and '03 and in those years, according to the early records showed, and found, and the logging kept going higher and back, as they cut off closer and more available timber. They kept movin' farther back uphill, naturally, in all the areas 'round the Lake.

And of course, they had the flumes following Haines' patents for carrying cord wood out to the Lake, also sometimes carrying timber, although a lot of timber in our way, was hauled out on the railroad. And there was a long wharf at Bijou; when it was originally built, the railroad run out on this wharf, and then they could dump the logs over the side into their holding ponds, which consisted—the length of the log and then

three poles driven in as piles, and these logs was fastened around and they made a holding pen so the logs wouldn't drift out till they'd get their amount to chain together. It was quite a load of logs, which was towed over by the lake steamers, or tug boats, as they originally might be called, in starting to Glenbrook, where they were sawed into timber for the Virginia City and Virginia City mines.

And then from there, of course, they were hauled up the narrow-gauge railroad to the top of the Clear Creek summit, and then they was flumed again to out south of Carson, where the V & T Railroad had spur lines run in where they could pick up and load their cars to haul them up to Virginia City, and also haul up cord wood. So loggin' was quite a business.

Were there a lot of Genoa people involved in that logging business?

It was mostly people that worked for Bliss and Yerington. This sawmill of Dave Fountain--he'd taken up some land that he'd got in this little area—had quite a bit of cedar and that's why he had a shingle mill. But he had around 160 acres of his own land, and probably cut some other along the outside, getting back up further. 'Cause at that time, the government land wasn't too well located, and there was quite a bit of overlap in places.

Where was his mill located?

It was apparently, about approximately a mile south of where we turn at the Sierra House to go into our land, down and going back on what they called Trout Creek. Go back, then turn into the flat and pocket area where he had his sawmill. It was really a shingle mill, because I think he just specialized on making shingles—makin' the cedar shingles that way.

ADULT YEARS

It was along in '28 when Annie and I started to keep company a little, after she was recovering from appendicitis at the university. She was to graduate that year, and she lost out. It was just a month before the college ended, and she went in with a ruptured appendicitis and she was forty-two days in the hospital, because they didn't have any of the magic drugs then—the penicillin and sulfa—. And well, if you lived long enough, you got well.

So she had to go back the next year on teacher training for about six weeks to finish, in '29. And of course, both families had been acquainted years before, in grammar school, and known each other to a certain extent. And then I didn't happen to really see her for several years 'cause she'd taken a business college course, and then went into college. And so I went in to see her at the hospital one of the times I got into Reno, and she was getting better, and then later on as she got well enough to get around, then we gradually started going out together.

What did you do when you went out?

Well, we both treated each other pretty much as brother and sister, 'cause she knew she had quite a bill to work and pay up in the hospital, and I was finishin' payin' on the range, and both of us figured we wanted to be off free and clear of indebtedness when we married. Maybe we was old enough to use common sense. [Chuckles] So, as a result, it wasn't till 1936 before we were married.

That's a long courtship.

Mmmhmm. Well, of course, I took her to the school—she taught one year out there this side of Fallon; it's where the railroad goes on down to Mina and joins with the SP. I'm tryin' to think of the name of it—I should remember well enough—Hazen.

She taught the lower four grades in Hazen one year, and then the next year, she taught the lower four grades in the Huffaker School, this side of Reno, when that time there were two teachers there at the school. 'Course, out at Hazen, they stayed at the hotel, the two teachers, there at Hazen. And then at the

Huffaker, it was little houses that were rented down near where a fella had a gas station, so Annie's mother went with her and kept house down there for her that year. And then later, she got a chance then to go back to work again in the county offices at Carson, so she went to work in the county offices. Then, they rotated the clerk between different offices; she wasn't steadily in any one office. She figured that was better than bein' out away from home and teaching, so she worked there in the county offices for up to close to the time when we were married.

Did she stop working when you got married?

Oh yeah, she never worked any afterwards. She figured her husband should support her. Well, I think her viewpoint was right, in that part, where we could, 'cause of course, I was busy in farming. 'Course then she moved up here, and my parents were gettin' older, and of course her mother was way up in the seventies, too, then. So we used, really, two sides of the house kinda as apartments for several years and a kitchen for the other part on the other side and when the mother got older that way, then Annie took over more of the cookin' that way for hired men and that.

That's what I was going to ask—if you all lived here in the house together then?

Well, we did. We had kinda like an apartment on this side, and then Dad and Mother lived on the other side, and we built another kitchen over there that we use now more as a washroom.

And then of course, my father was older—well, both Dad and Mother were here till my mother had a stroke, and she was only in the hospital nine days. And then it was Annie,

who did the cooking; and my wife was really very good with my dad. He'd get up and he liked a cup of coffee; she'd fix it for him the way he wanted, and he'd sit in the rocking chair and enjoy his coffee and then have breakfast. He'd sit out a lot of the time on the porch, when it was harder for him to get around—see, he lived to almost ninety-three. And he was always thankful for anything that was done that way, and it made it a whole lot easier for a person to help him. She'd bring him a cup of coffee, he'd always thank her for it.

Did you have your meals together then?

Yes, then we did; oh yes, we had the meals together then. And there was a hired man—a milker all the time—sometimes another hired man. 'Course in the summer there was more of a hayin' crew. It got down later, years later—it was even after my father passed on—that we began to get into baling, where it got down to where your crews wasn't quite as large. In the older days, when there was a lot of hand work, then it was three wagon men and two pitchers, a stacker, and another boy to drive the derrick team, so it made quite a bit of cooking.

'Course Annie's folks—her father, you see, had the property in Washoe Valley, just south of Bowers Mansion, although he passed on when she was just a baby, and then the mother and her brother and she lived in Carson with her grandparents, and they rented the property for a long period of years. In fact, it was several years after we were married before they sold it. So it was kind of farming on both sides of the family.

You mentioned once before that your wife, or your mother-in-law, had told you some stories about Eilley Bowers, and the Mansion.

Yes. Oh yeah, she did. Well, of course, Annie's mother, you see, lived there near the mansion for a number of years, up until the father passed on. And she told back—specially going back to *her* mother-in-law there, the older Mrs. Twaddle—said every once in awhile, Mrs. Bowers would get the idea that she was gonna be robbed, and she'd come over with her flour sack and her silver and want them to take care of it. 'Course the next day, she'd be back to get it again. She'd be over her worry.

And then she said she got to serving meals that way and kind of entertainment, and had excursions from Virginia City that way, to help support herself in later years. Said she would collect the charges from each one as they was coming in from the train up the—the train was quite a little ways down, about a quarter of a mile from the mansion was a roadway that run on up that way to the Bowers Mansion. And she made a gateway at the mansion and would collect from each of them as they come in, and well, she wasn't too worried whether they all got a meal or not, and she said quite a few oftentimes wound up at the adjoining ranch to get whatever they could to eat for an evening lunch—they were gettin' hungry. Said sometimes they were run down pretty low on food; sometimes they got down to bread and milk. But she said, they didn't mind; they was glad to get anything that was available. But she had the money and she didn't worry. [Chuckling]

And just telling on that in the connection with Mrs. Bowers that she collected as the people come up the road from the V & T Railroad on excursion, and then they were supposed to get their meal, but they didn't always manage to do it. Food got kind of short later on many times. Eventually there was a peddler got where he'd stop over close

to the Twaddle ranch just south along the road, and set up his stand and peddle apples and oranges, whatever other fruit that he might have, or things to add to lunch. Mrs. Bowers found out about it; she wound up and chased him off, and then tipped over his stand. And she said that happened several times, and it was such things as that that led Mrs. Twaddle to make her remark—the elderly Mrs. Twaddle—to make the remark about Mrs. Bowers that it would be very hard to find another person like her! [Chuckles] In fact, one time the elderly Mrs. Twaddle mentioned about it —she said, "I think you could comb Hell over with a fine-tooth comb and you wouldn't find another person like her!" [Chuckling]

Of course, she went to tellin' fortunes later, Mrs. Bowers did, but they said they always had their doubts about some of the fortune-telling, 'cause for a while, she lived up to the old Franktown, and there was heavy storms and that, and it broke the dam on the Franktown creek and it washed out most of the houses in Franktown, and filled in and washed out quite a section of the railroad. And they said she didn't happen to foresee that in the crystal ball. [Chuckles]

Old Mrs. Frey here, she thought [Eilley Bowers] was a wonderful fortune-teller. I may have told you that; I don't know whether you had the tape on or not. Whenever she got down to see her, she'd have her fortune told, and this particular year, Mr. Frey was running a butcher shop in Placerville, and Mrs. Frey was staying here taking care of the ranch. And so, she said she'd look in her crystal ball, and well, she could see a long table. "No," she said, "it looks more like it was a bar. Yes, I believe it was, 'cause it's got a brass rail, and there's a number of people standing along it and

they're holding glasses." And she says, "There, I'm sure I'm seem' your husband." And she said, "I think you better go to Placerville to see what he's doin'."

"So," she says, "I went down there and it was just right." She says, "He was spendin' the money treatin' his friends at night, so" she said, "I closed the butcher shop and brought him home." Said, "Mrs. Bowers told me exactly what happened." [Chuckling]

Well, of course, as I was acquainted with a number of the old-time butchers, I don't think shed have to look too hard in the crystal ball to know they all imbibed pretty heavily of whiskey any chance they got.

The two neighbors, Arthur Walker and Wesley, told about one time, they stopped at Bowers Mansion, along in the twenties, and they said there was quite a group there, and they had several washtubs with ice in 'em, and beer and liquor. And he said, every fella had some fingers wrapped up. And he said for a little while, they couldn't figure what was the reason. He said every person must've had a cut on the fingers; he could hardly see one that didn't. He said after a little while he found out the Butcher's Union was havin' a picnic. [Chuckling]

I imagine that butchering was kind of a hazardous occupation, really.

Yeah, well you could easily get your hand cut or that, so quite often you'd have a finger wrapped up. The butcher knives have to be pretty sharp that way in trimming meat.

And of course, Mrs. Bowers—the records of her—she later went to 'Frisco, and eventually of course, after her death, she was buried back of the mansion. And 'course, he was buried there, and also the child that they had adopted, Persia.

And when I first knew the Bowers Mansion, one of the upright little posts in the railing going upstairs was cut out, and the story was that the girl got her head between the two, and they had to saw one of 'em out to get her free. That was replaced after the Bowers Mansion was refurnished and built here by the Washoe County, but there was one missing when I first saw it. And they said that was how it happened. The girl went to play and stuck her head through and she couldn't get back again.

What other differences in the mansion do you remember?

Well, they had a player piano for little dances and that, and the Ritters was operating it when I knew it, for years. And of course, they had their hot water swimming pool. And there was quite a few picnics held here always, in the older part of the grounds. (It'd be just to the south of where the mansion is, and all that other part now later, to the north, has been added after Washoe County obtained it, for larger, and created more lawn to the north, and picnic tables.)

And see, they had a power plant that furnished the power for the mansion, and the power line come through the Twaddle property, so they had use of the power for permittin' the line to go through there. And it was that way up until finally Sierra Pacific extended lines through, and the people went to usin' from that. See the power plant was up on the Franktown creek, come across down to the mansion.

Hydroelectric power plant?

Yeah, it was, it was run by a water wheel—up there on the creek. So it made it convenient there at the ranch; they used power for their own lighting.

A man by the name of Sauer had the property rented for quite a period of years. In fact, the daughter wrote a book there on Washoe Valley, largely from what she'd got from her father, been handed down through his family from the grandfather.

Oh, and that's the same property that was the Twaddle's?

Yeah, they lived at the Twaddle house, the Sauers did. They lived there up until along in the thirties before they finally made a change—in fact, I think it was a little before Annie and I were married. And they had three daughters and the wife stayed quite a while in Reno and kept house for the daughters that were goin' to college through the years. And he stayed out on the ranch there. 'Course they had cattle that way, and they raised hay for Winter feed. And then he did own that property right to the south, and then he moved back and added onto the brick house that was there, where he passed on finally.

Your wife attended business college and then the University of Nevada?

She attended business college and worked a year or so there—at one time worked at the printing office in Carson. She got a little more money ahead, and then she went back and went into the college.

And she waited on table, I think, there to help along paying board while she attended college in the earlier years. And she said, of course whenever one of the deans or that was in the room she said they were all very polite, and "Please pass the butter and thank-you." And she said when none of the others were in the room, if she asked for a pat of butter down at the lower end of the table, she said well, they'd get it one the end of a knife and

flip it down, and it was up to you to catch it. She said one time she caught it up alongside the head [chuckling]; she didn't happen to be so lucky; she didn't see the butter comin' down that way!

Said shed always rather wait on a table that was a group of boys 'cause when the platter got empty, she said, you could fill it and they wouldn't be insulted; said they'd empty the next platter, too. But she said the girls, they were a little bit skeptical and didn't want to gain weight, so she said she was never sure whether you ought to take and fill the platter again or not. [Chuckles] Said some of 'em'd feel kind of insulted.

And she said the old cook got a lot of amusement out of the girls and boys that was waitin' on the tables, 'cause they said whenever there was any special dessert, they'd get the dishes out and they'd be sittin' around on the refrigerator and shelves and handy places, so they'd be sure to have dessert left for themselves after the others had finished eatin', when they were eating their meal. She said the old cook, hed get a lot of amusement watchin' them getting their dishes of dessert out to take in, when they were eating their own meal later. They was lookin' out for themselves. So there's a little comedy that went on that way, on the side.

She stayed a lot in Manzanita Hall. One year there was another girl from Carson that was taking a normal course for teaching that roomed with her. And another year she mentioned a girl that had come out from Elko roomed with her. And of course, there's Maude Fulstone Knudson was also in the college then, and they visited back and forth and were good friends. 'Cause her family had sold out from near Adin and come down and bought a property there, close to the University. And they belonged to a smaller sorority, and a lot of the times, I guess, they met at her house, at the Fulstone house.

And of course, in the latter part, when she was finishing her last six weeks that way, I brought her back and forth to Carson—come home on the weekends and take her back Sunday evening. And well, since her mother was a widow and there was also an elderly aunt that had never married, we'd generally get ice cream and bring it home—and wafers and that—and we'd have ice cream at her home that way. She'd rather prefer that to stopping out at an ice cream parlor that way, if we drove around town a little bit. And of course, if her folks needed to go to Reno, I'd take 'em to Reno that way, 'cause they didn't have a car. So I was kind of a family friend, too.

I guess you were. So that was pretty much the nature of your dating then?

Yeah, that way, yeah. We'd ride out around town and sometimes go out and see the other girl, Martha Jost, who had stayed with her. Go back and pick up ice cream and bring it back to the home, and of course her mother and aunt could enjoy it, too, that way, as well as ourselves.

And then we did study a course given by the church on the Old Testament in the evenings that way, and carried out the program, which stretched out quite a while—did it generally about once a week or so, 'cause I was busy on the ranching that way. And of course I was sending mine in from here and she was sendin' hers from Carson, and 'course it was always keepin' along the same. And we was finishing one of the courses even just after we were married, and come back a little note on it, and she said, "There was a little bet going in the office just whether thered be a wedding or not, and I won!" [Laughing]

So you might say we carried kind of a quiet friendship that way for years. Of course

we was both older, that was one thing. I was thirty-two, and my wife was thirty-four, and we were married in 1936, in that year. So you might say from age she kinda pulled rank. [Chuckles]

Yes, she did, if you let her, that is.

Well, we always got along good; we didn't argue. 'Course that took up quite a little time, the study that way, in the evenings there at her house; and go out for a little ride, and then bring ice cream back and have ice cream. Well, it was a good way.

Yes, it is. Were you married in Carson?

Yes, we were married at her home that way, just a quiet wedding at her home, a few friends at the house. And then we took a trip back to Kansas City and Independence. There was a church general conference going on, and Annie had never been any farther east than out at the east edge of Fallon to Sand Springs. In fact, she first got a school there, and she had to give that up because the people had had a fire, and they was just kinda rebuilding and it was really very primitive. 'Cause it was just the one family that way, and in fact, they just set up sheet iron and divided off the rooms, and they had no ceilings to start with; she was out in the fresh air. So she give up on that; she only stayed a little while and give up. And said she found out there were plenty of rattlesnakes in that area, and so she come back and went to work in the county offices there.

The next year she got the Hazen school, and then the year after, the one at Huffaker, and then she went back to the county work again.

Sand Springs must have been pretty isolated.

It was real isolated—there was no anything—no one anywhere near, and the husband drove a stage route, and he wasn't home too much of the time. It went out to that—gee, I can't think of the name of the valley now, in the area where he drove—then she found out there was so many rattlesnakes around, and she figured then it was gettin' a little too much.

You were out in the fresh air where you saw the stars at night, all the time, 'cause they'd just set up—it was mostly galvanized iron—and a lot of it had survived from the building in the fire that way—and set up for divisions and there were curtains for doorways between the few rooms that way that they had set up.

How many pupils did she have?

Strikes me there was five children in the family.

Their own little school district.

Yeah, it was the one family. So she give up on it; she thought it was really too primitive, and you couldn't blame her really.

Oh no, I don't think I could.

Yeah, you bet. So, 'course Hazen, I drove out and took her out there each weekend. Sometimes she'd come into the train in Reno, and I'd meet her there, dependin' on—sometimes I'd get out to Hazen and pick her up.

Well, she preferred the lower grades, she thought the little children were more friendly and more cooperative. 'Course, she said in her first start with her first graders, it wasn't getting along too well and they come to the institute, and so when she got back to Carson,

said her teacher she'd gone to as a first grader was still teaching in Carson. She was there at the institute, so she said she kept busy talkin' with her and workin' out plans, and they said the little tots advanced all in good shape. Said the teacher told her how she'd used and gotten along with her first graders, and that wasn't altogether following some of the curriculum that was there in the school, but said the children sure learned with it—the words, and the letters of the alphabet, and letters and such, and the way she'd worked out little games that way with 'em, to help 'em get started. So she said after that she got along real good with the first graders.

And then when it got back here to the Huffaker—that was during Prohibition years, you see—and said you see truckloads go back with boxes. And she said she didn't realize what they were. And said there were quite a few Italian children—so she said they got so every day they'd tell her every truck that'd go by, what place it was goin' to—it was gettin' grapes to make wine. [Chuckles] So she said they kept her well-posted on the things that was goin' on in the neighborhood! [Chuckling]

'Cause nearly all the Italian families made their own wine that way. And they brought grapes up from around Lodi and that general area. They were hauled up by truckloads and left at different places that had bought them. So she said she got well-informed as each place that they were—one place to the other that was getting grapes to start to make wine. 'Course it was all legal; they were makin' it under permits, you see. They could get permits to make, I think, something like 250 gallons, if I remember right. So actually it was legal.

Now that's quite a bit of wine, though.

Mmmhmm. Well, Italian families—they used it with their meals, you see, a lot. And then they'd have their higher grade first, and then they'd dampen the pulp again and make a second; sometimes add sugar and go through a third time extracting juice. 'Course that was getting the lower qualities of wine.

But nearly all the Italian families had their own wine that way. They'd store it and made it—. That was the way they got their grapes; they were hauled up from California. 'Course some of them would go over that had trucks themselves and bring 'em back, and a lot of 'em was hauled by larger trucks. There's a lot of it went out to Smith Valley through the Kingsbury Grade this way, too. There was quite a few Italian families in Smith Valley and Yerington. They all got grapes from down around the Lodi area.

Well, Annie and I—she really planned—wanted a June wedding, and thinkin' about it, she'd never been East, and it was hard for me to get away very long in June—I was busy with farm work. And I could get away along about this time, the first few days in April, when the church general conference started, so I told her if she wanted to go on a trip East that way, I could get away that time, and be gone for almost a month. Well, she thought that was way better than waitin', so she said goodbye to a June wedding and we were married the twenty-ninth of March. And of course, caught the train out of Reno the next morning quite early, and went by train then to Kansas City, and then it was only about six miles to Independence, Missouri. And we stayed there at a motel in Independence, and then came back through the South on the Santa Fe to see my folks in Santa Barbara. We couldn't stop too long because my dad wasn't very well, so we had to cut short there and come on home. Went up to Sacramento and then I drove the car of my dad's brother there and brought

him up and he stayed the summertime with us, and went back and stayed the winter with a sister in North Sacramento.

So while we were there, we only had a short time to stay as a result. We missed seeing one of the aunts that would usually come up this way—sister of my dad—so she come up every summer, and before she stopped to take her hat off—'cause mostly older ladies wore hats in those days—she give us a scolding for not seem' her. [Chuckling] We had quite a lot of explainin' to do, why we didn't get around to say hello. She lived out about thirty miles out from Sacramento towards a place called Carbondale, over towards Placerville way, and so we had quite a bit of explainin' to do.

'Course it wasn't our own car, and get on back and start in and do some plowing and getting ready for the spring work when I got back. 'Cause some years, my dad wasn't too well sometimes, and then he got in better health later.

See, earlier years, he'd accidentally got a needle broken off, and the needle moved—they never did catch up with it. Eventually, I guess, it rusted and dissolved. Whenever that moved, then he was real sick for a number of days. 'Course, they didn't have any way of findin' it in those days, in the teens and into the early twenties.

A needle broken off in his arm?

Mmmhmm, yeah, I don't know just how it happened, someway; when they got to the doctor, it'd moved and they couldn't locate it, but it moved around to different parts of the body, and he'd be real sick and tough for a few days whenever that happened.

And then he also had trouble that way with his back, and he'd broken the ribs over the liver, and sometimes there was pressure, and I think that made it—bothered him a little

at times, too, and kinda added if he had any of that difficulty.

So to both of us, marriage was really serious, 'cause we figured it was a lifetime, which it was. 'Cause we wasn't takin' the viewpoint—I've heard some say such, "Well, we don't get along, we can get a divorce." That didn't work with us; we wasn't lookin' at it in that way. We figured it was a lifetime for both of us.

People, I think, maybe don't approach it that way so much any more.

No, a lot don't, but that was both our viewpoint. And at first—she had a rough time with appendicitis—had a pretty rough scar from it—in fact, there was even two hernias on account of the drains that way for a long time, but later she had surgery—quite a few years after we were married—so it got away from the hernias on it.

That must have been a really terrible experience for her.

Well, one doctor said she had one chance in three, and the other surgeon said it was one chance in two of recovering. Even though they caught it within a couple hours after it ruptured, but then they didn't have any way to combat the infection so badly.

She must have been a pretty strong person.

Yeah, she was. 'Course she lost a lot of weight that way in the hospital in that length of time. She was quite thin in the first year or two that we was keepin' company, had to gain back weight, and then she was always more heavier set, you might say.

It was all that ice cream.

[Chuckling] It all helped, yeah. I was tryin' to help her gain weight. Of course, her mother and aunt were both thin, 'cause they were older, and so they didn't mind havin' ice cream in the evening, and I didn't mind getting it. It was all just family pleasure, you might say. Kind treatin' each other and the family, you might say, together. It was nicer for us, and nicer for them, too.

So you can see that's why I still don't mind takin' anyone out, treatin' to lunch.

FAMILY LIFE

Now my wife, when the children were small—and had my dad 'course at home here—and she didn't go out to work, but later after both the girls were married, then the museum started up; then she donated time as a docent at the museum. It was usually on a Friday. And I'd come in earlier from my work and pick her up and take her into Carson for lunch, and figure she'd been out all day, so that'd be the easiest way to solve a good problem! [Chuckles] And 'course, a lot of the time we took Ione Fettic with us; she was elderly and lived this side, and so she kinda liked to have a lunch, too. 'Course, she lost her husband some years before, and they'd been family friends all their life way back to the time of my grandfather—between the two families. And she isn't too well now; I think she fell a few days ago and hurt a little again. I think they took her in to the doctor, but I see a light in the house, so apparently she was home last night. Well, she's either ninety or ninety-one now in age.

Now, she was a Hawkins?

Yeah, lone Hawkins. And she married John Fettic.

When the younger daughter was in high school, well, most all the children had a car, and so we eventually got her a car to use. But it was awfully noticeable that if she decided she wanted to go to the show, it only took a few minutes till she had a carload of girls to go with her. [Laughter] I guess it didn't take long to find plenty that were looking for a way to get to town! 'Course, there wasn't as many youngsters here as now, so it included most all the girls who were in the high school at that time with her. One trip they went over to the show, and it looked quite stormy, and got back, and I was watchin' the lights coming up the road, 'cause the snow and the wind started blowin'—come up later in the evening. She pulled into the driveway down here and I asked her if she was going to take the other girls home. "No," she said, "it was hard enough to come this far. They can make the rest of the way!"

I guess that's the kind of thing you can do when it's a small town like this!

Yeah, it was. Well, they didn't have too far to go; she was happy to get home that night in the storm that way and the wind, 'cause it was gettin' very hard to see. And then a couple of neighbor boys come along, and they slipped off up here and got stuck in the ditch on the side of the road. So I guess she was pretty lucky to get this far without troubles! [Chuckles]

My daughter was back last—last—end of October. One of the girls that went out with them is married and lives out southeast of Sparks. Her married name is Manke now. And she called her and we picked her up and went into the edge of Sparks to a restaurant there, and they had a meal, and, "Gee, that seemed like old times," she said [chuckles].

And we often treated the youngsters that happened to be with 'em—treated 'em to a lunch or meal, whatever they wanted to get, that way, sometimes when it was myself, or my wife and I.

When your girls were growing up, if they misbehaved, who took care of that?

Well, most likely Mother. She said to the older daughter that way for being sassy, she had to stay inside during the Christmas vacation, as I told you before. 'Course, I didn't disagree with her—figured it was the best policy; she had charge of the house. And so that girl thought a little while, and she said, well, couldn't she go out with me to feed cattle? And Mother figured as long as I was on the place, that'd still be acceptable [laughs]! And Mother sometimes would get rather disgusted 'cause if there was any use of tractor or anything, both the girls were ready to go out and drive tractor, and Mother lost out on housework. [Chuckles] 'Course, you won't have that trouble living in towns

No, no. How much did the girls help on the ranch, and how much in the house?

Well, they drove tractor for things—sometimes they did quite a little bit of mowing in the summertime, things that way. The Ford tractor that they drove was easy to handle that way, and was a side-mounted mower. And they did quite a bit of mowing in that way and some raking and things in later years. 'Course, it made less cooking for Mother that way; it was more family work. So she didn't altogether mind either! She saved on cooking for other hired help so much. And then later it got down where we were usin' balers and that, and got away from what—hired help dropped way down, then. It was one girl'd drive that

way the truck and I was pickin' up hay, and [was] handling the loading and setting 'em off in the stack yard. And later we got a bale wagon to use on the place, and I worked the hydraulic over in the truck, where it could raise it vertical and set off from it, which I used first. So it simplified haying by quite a bit in the later years.

The truck set the bales off?

Yes, it did. Instead of tippin' up forty-five degrees, it could raise it up to ninety degrees, and I fixed the back that way, so it would set bales off like the way a bale wagon now works. It was a kind of a forerunner of a bale wagon, you might say.

Maybe you had better explain a bale wagon to me.

Well, a bale wagon, it has a pick-up, where it'll pick the bales up from the ground and over, and they run into six bales, generally, in the—I guess it's five high—thered be ten bales, five in two rows. Then they're tipped up and pushed to the back automatically. And we would keep picking up bales till the bed was filled, and then we back into the stack yard. The entire bed is raised by hydraulics, so it sets upright. And you can drive out and leave the bales set there. It saves a lot of handling.

Yeah, that is what's used a lot now. We have one ourselves, that way. It saves a lot of work. Of course, in the larger, new hay barn, then use an elevator and build up to a higher, 'cause the height of the barn is quite a bit higher than what the bales would be if it was set off from the bale wagon. And 'course, you can put more bales in the new hay barn, while in the old barn they put in quite a bit of timothy bales and orchard grass and clover mixture, some alfalfa that they sell out to people that

have horses and come in, want to buy hay. So we use the old barn mostly that way now, and put the other hay that we use with cattle in the new hay barn. That's all steel. Of course, the sides are open on it; it just has the roof that way to cover it, to keep off the storm and heavy rain like that happened these last few days [chuckling]! So you don't damage the upper part.

We used the stack down in what we called the lower stack yard across the first bridge. And we got caught there a few times—the flood in the sixties, where the height got up where we lost two of the lower rows of bales on the ground, as they were in water.

Oh. It might have happened again this time—.

It would've if we had had them there, 'cause it was covered for a while. Yesterday morning for some hours it was covered. The water didn't go across the Genoa Lane, although this time it did cross Mottsville and Miller Lane, and it was standing. And then the Foothill Road here was closed for a while by the mountain stream. They didn't get it open till towards noon, so you can begin to get by, cleaning away rocks that had been washed in across the road. So we've had floods at times [laughing] from various causes.

And of course, we're subject to cloudbursts in the summertime. I've seen places where they'd be closed from various cloudbursts over the years past; both south of town and north in there near Adams's have been closed. They'd have to work and get the road reopened.

Years ago, say the 1920s, the 1930s, if that happened—or even before—who would go out and clear it?

Well, they would have to work it in—help from town, and teams years ago before power

equipment come in. ‘Course, now they use power equipment and backhoes and bucket, that way, equipment to move it, to clean now, and then get down to where they can run the grader over and smooth it out, and work the last of the dirt off the highway.

‘Course, we have had that [road] closed from snowslides, too, since I’ve lived here. South of town, the snowslides go across the road in two different places. And it’d be some days of that, then, before they’d get it open again, and get it so we could get around and get over it, ‘cause earlier years, they didn’t have the more convenient ways of movin’ things that they do now with power equipment. The snow would pack in pretty heavy in a snowslide.

It would isolate the town pretty well, wouldn’t it?

Yeah, it would when it was traveled to the south. And then, of course, the road going out to the valley would be open, that way, on occasion of snowslide. Although there have been times when heavy waters went across this lane, and you had to get by goin’ through water, but—. The heaviest, though, was back in 1907, when that was—water reached up to the roots of the last cottonwood tree here on our property down the lane. ‘Course, since then it hasn’t done that. And that was rough then. A fellow had a house—his name was Fritz Seamon, livin’ across, and he said he was flooded out for quite a little while. And when he got back, he said he found the water line was just nine inches under the ceiling in his kitchen. The kitchen ceiling was a little bit lower than the rest of the house. [Chuckles] That was a little too much to—[chuckles].

You just don’t think of the Carson River doing that!

No! It was really on a rampage then! ‘Course, that was the occasion, what you might say—what they term a “hundred-year flood,” I’d say! Because since I’ve lived here, it hasn’t been that bad. It has gone over the road and got around the buildings, but not got into them like it did that time on this property. It was around ‘em yesterday; they had water all around the same buildings down there—you can see from here. Well, yesterday you could have seen those buildings north of the road—the water around ‘em into the ranch right beyond, had water back along the fields on both sides in back of it, where the building sat a little bit higher, and it didn’t get involved.

My wife said as a little youngster—‘course, her mother rented the property after the father’s death, and they lived in Carson with the grandmother and grandfather—she said as a little youngster she soon learned, she said, to get on the good side of the grandmother, and she could get the grandmother to persuade her mother to let her do what she wanted. [Chuckles] My wife’s grandmother was real handy that way. If she could get her persuaded to see her way, well, the day was won!

That must have made it a little hard on her mother to have two against one like that.

Yes, [chuckling] yeah. ‘Course, her mother went to work and worked in the laundry for some years. The laundry that was run by a cousin of theirs when she came into the town. It was Millard Electric Laundry. They were cousins; Millard’s mother and Annie’s grandmother were sisters. In fact, the laundry wasn’t only about three blocks from their home; it was in that part of town. And of course, Annie said she made use of that, too, because he had—it was a one-cylinder brush car with the back fixed to carry laundry to

deliver in town, so she'd get to ride on the laundry sometimes, if there happened to be somebody else in the seat, or otherwise ride in the seat with the cousins. It was quite a treat for her, she figured. Her mother'd let her go that way with the cousin. She'd get to ride around town [chuckles].

When would that have been?

That was in the early 1900s—1905, right about in there, I'd say, '05 and '06 and in there—well, the laundry was running a little before, 'cause they moved in when my wife was a baby—it'd be 1902. And the laundry was running at that time, on down.

That's right; your wife had seniority over you!

[Laughs] yes! Oh no, we didn't figure on arguing between ourselves; we always got along good. That was one thing, I didn't drink or anything, so there was no trouble from that standpoint [chuckles]. So, when we went out, we had ice cream that way, generally. And that was the largest part of our treats between each other and the children, too.

The youngest daughter, Shirley, when she was just a little tot, while she was still bein' breast-fed, she wanted ice cream—and 'course, give her a little bite, she held it in her mouth a few seconds, took it out in her hand and looked at it, and she'd see we were eatin' ours, so she put it back then and chewed on it and swallowed it! She wasn't going to have us give her something we wouldn't eat [laughs]!

She wanted to be sure that we had taken something. And well, both the children were that way, 'cause I held the children in feeding at the table; we very seldom used a high chair. Mother'd get in trouble 'cause they'd get their hands in the plate, and I could manage to

hold the little tot and get along good, and feed them mashed food because we found they didn't care much for the baby food when they began to eat, so we'd mash the potatoes, gravy, and sauce that way, to give 'em. And so I always fed the baby that way; I'd hold her in my lap and feed her. And I never seemed to get into trouble with 'em. They wouldn't get their hands into the plate [chuckles] and help scatter things. So I always worked it, but Mother'd never get along if I was away to the cattle range; she'd have to use a high chair then. And then the tot'd get all her plate on her or get her hands in the plate! It was just a difference that way, just—. 'Course, I'd been around younger children, as both of my sisters that lived were younger than I, but Annie was the youngest in her family so she hadn't had that kind of experience growing up [chuckles]. 'Course, her brother kinda tormented her, as he is five years older, and so that didn't please her a bit. She said she'd been willin' to trade her brother off any time for years until they got older; and then, of course, she thought a great deal of him then. [Chuckles]

What about your girls—how much difference was there in their ages?

Oh, just twenty-six months.

So then, Mother tried to get the girls to help some in the household, except when farm work come in the way, then she lost outs They was always ready to go out; they figured that was more preferable, I guess [chuckles], 'cause they figured they could get on housework any time, I'd imagine, and it was a whole lot better to get out and drive tractor if they could manage to do it—or drive a truck.

Were your parents still living when the children were born?

Yes, yeah they were. 'Course, they got to enjoy them some, especially my father in the last few years, when the children were goin' to school. He'd slip out [the side door], then ('cause we were cooking for all of us, and Mother was more elderly), and latch the kitchen door, and then they'd have to go around to get in—they'd say, "Grandpa, you locked the door on us."

"Well," he said, "I've been sittin' right here in the rocking chair all the time."

"No, you haven't!" Said, "You had to lock that door!" [Chuckling] They were real sure how it got locked!

So then the two little tots figured Grandpa needed some teaching. So they tried to teach him from their spelling from first grade, or coming in the second. And 'course, he'd spell the word backwards each time, and finally they told the teacher one day, "We're just tryin' to teach Grandpa, but we just can't teach him anything!" And Mother didn't like that; she thought the teacher would get a bad impressions [Laughter] The teacher got quite a laugh out of it. And the lady—she taught here for sixteen years, and she visited here a lot of different times, too that way, so we knew her quite well. And 'course, she knew he was just putting on for the little tots, and get them excited. And to spell *cat*, he'd put it tac and such! [Laughter] And they were just havin' an awful time tryin' to teach Grandpa! 'Course, he was gettin' a lot of amusement out of it, and he was doin' it purposely!

Who was that teacher?

Mrs. Gossi. She taught here for sixteen years. And incidentally, my wife was one of the trustees during all that time. Yeah, she was one of the trustees for nearly all that time, I think, till the time the school closed. And then Mrs. Gossi quit teaching. She was

getting older, and she didn't try to go into a consolidated district. She lived here till she passed on a few years later. And we took her quite a few times up to the cattle range for a picnic. She said it reminded her of the country where she was raised in Idaho, along the Salmon River country and Sawtooth Range country. And she was always willin' to furnish chicken and add to a picnic lunch to get a ride up there and stay out for part of the day while I was turnin' water. And her and Annie'd stay around the cabin, then look out at the meadows. So it may have passed time for her, too, that way.

Then her married daughter came home one time—she'd been over into Africa with her husband, and eventually they separated—and they had a little daughter. Had a garden, of course, and her husband was down on his hands and knees picking out weeds from the small carrots that had only come up a couple, three inches high. And he got down to the end of the row and turned around and looked, and the little youngster behind him said, "Grandpa, I pulled all them weeds you left behind!" So there wasn't any carrots left [laughing]! Since she was a little tot, you know, she got by without gettin' scolded to any extent for it! And she thought Grandpa was very careless for leavin' those weeds behind him! [Chuckles]

How did you and your wife feel about the consolidating of the school district?

Well, they didn't—neither of 'em exactly liked it. They thought the smaller school, the children really did fully as good. 'Course, they did get more into games and things that way than you did locally. But from the standpoint of schooling and teaching, I don't think they gained really any to speak of, if at all, 'cause she was a very good teacher, very thorough.

And so then, where did your children go to school?

It was over to Gardnerville and Minden. Some of the lower grades was in the Minden school, and then there was a new grammar school built in the south of Gardnerville. That became the—for most of the grammar grades, and they're bein' used now. And a new high school was added later, as there were more children that way on account of the gambling and influx of people. And then the old high school was turned into an intermediate school—grades around seventh and eighth.

Do you lose something by losing a community school?

Yeah, it did, I think, quite a bit, that way. Of course, the children didn't have far to go. And now, of course, they have to get out earlier on the bus trip to get there and back, and it would make it a lot easier on small children, especially.

But I understand that the state was really hard pressed for funds to keep all these little schools going, too.

Um-hm. Yeah, there were reasons that way, and it got kind of in general pretty much all over the West to consolidate the schools. It seemed like even up Montana, I know, at the folks', there was only very few local schools survived. Yeah, that was within some miles of the town; it kind of all got consolidated into those of the town. In Montana a lot of the schools way out in rural districts, they had their apartments for the teacher there built with the schoolhouse, so the teacher boarded herself at the school. And that was that way right close to where my folks lived there east of

Conrad—east and a little north of Conrad in the grain country. And of course, there it was still the children that came for a ways, they furnished their own transportation, drove to the school. The teacher lived there at the schoolhouse. It made it handy for a teacher that way.

WOMAN'S WORK

'Course, in those years we always had a milker, so we did have to cook for one extra man, generally, that way, even in later years when the children were growing up. We had one milker, or two, in fact, that were here for quite a number of years—the same men. One milker'd generally get in a little late on breakfast. Well, if there was two fried eggs left or six, well, he'd clean up all of 'em! [Chuckles] No, that was all he wanted; he didn't want any more. They'd ask him if that was enough [chuckles]! But he was always— finish up all the eggs that was left!

Did these people room here on the ranch?

Yeah, they had a room down here by the driveway, that way—a bedroom. And they had meals here at the house.

And your wife did all the cooking for all these people?

Yes. Well, there was only one or two extra then—got down to where it was one, finally, when we, got into baled hay. So it was just one extra milker that way. So it wasn't quite so hard that way.

What about the kitchen equipment and so on. When did you get electricity here and some "modern" conveniences, if you want to call it that?

Well, electric stoves began to come into use along in the thirties. And then we bought one for both kitchens and set the wood stove out on the porch, as you see, the last one. And we use it in and cutting up meat, and now we warm up some that way in real cold weather. And then it's nice to look at, too! 'Course, electricity was extended up this way back about 1912. And 'course, the earlier years, they just used it as light. And then the electric iron came in next. That wasn't too long afterwards when we got an outlet for an electric iron. When my younger sister was a little tot—and of course, the plug on the electric iron was threaded like a light bulb is now; it didn't have a plug-in, so when you unscrewed it, it left the open place like an open light bulb socket. So one day the little sister come around to my mother; she said, "Mama, if you stick your finger in there, it'll bite you!" [Laughter] She was just a little tot, talking good! [Laughs]

'Course, the outlet there has—it had a little hinge cover, but she'd raise the cover up and poked her finger inside to see what it was! So it wasn't really open altogether 'cause it got a hinge cover that time, especially, it was available. In fact, the same outlet is still there in the other room; you can see when you go in there; only we keep the one with the screw-in fittings now, so we use the plugin. But at that time with the iron, you had to screw it in like a light bulb. It sounds a little funny to tell it. But that's the way the early extension cords were—the cord you used with the iron.

The iron was American Beauty, and it had a rosewood handle. [Chuckles] 'Course, they had no automatic control; it was so hot you'd have to pull the plug on the iron, let it cool down a little, and then plug it in again to heat up as you used and ironed. So you see, some of the extra conveniences you have now where

you can set the temperature and the iron will hold the same temperature!

I suppose that was still, though, better than having to heat the iron on the stove.

Oh, yeah, having—yeah, on the stove and keep running back and forth, 'cause you could sit and stay at one place that way and keep on ironing by just plugging in the iron as it begin to get a little cool, let it heat up to the heat you wanted it. In fact, that iron never burned out; it's still out here [chuckles]. So they make good material in them. I don't know about what become of the cord over the time; it may be out in the cellar—I wouldn't wonder if it isn't. They made the iron kinda pretty by putting the rosewood handle on it.

And then, of course, the washing machine come in, and the washing machine along the same time, that way, of course. At that time they had a wooden dolly in the top, and there was a wooden tub—the real earlier ones was. A lot of the time I'd keep a little water in 'em so they're soaked up, so they wouldn't dry out to leak.

And they weren't automatic like we know now, were they?

No, no, you had the wringer with 'em that worked from the electric motor, and it would run clothes through and wring em that way. Of course, you got away from the hand wringer, which you used in the earlier years. So it started to make work a little easier.

And then, of course, it got down to the Maytag. The first Maytags had improved on the earlier wood ones 'cause they were aluminum tub. And that was the next, but they still had the wringer—the older Maytag's out here in the woodshed. If you've never seen one—. The wringer on this, it worked with an

electric motor, and you could reverse it either forwards or back. In fact, the one that Annie and her brother bought for Annie's mother—she got her finger caught in it one time, got her finger badly cut from the wedding ring she had on it. And so they had to cut the ring to get it off. Her finger was badly torn on the back.

Oh, dear. The hazards of being a housewife.

It was a bad hazard! 'Course, she'd been usin' the hand wringer years before, and 'course, if you got your finger too close, you could stop with that [chuckling]! But on the electric wringer, it didn't stop; you had to reverse it to get your finger back out. But I think she didn't try to release—then she reversed it and got her finger out, and that probably helped to tear it with the ring. She had a real sore finger for a while.

How did they fill and drain these?

Well, we had a drain put out, run back in here to the flower garden at first; then later put a further line and septic tank in. As it went on, and when we bought the Raycraft property and had the canyon water, and heavier pressure that way, it got more modern then, 'cause the pressure on that will run up as high as a hundred and five pounds here from the stream from the canyon. 'Course, they used that here, and my daughter lives up on that property, and they take care of the ranching and that, and they use water from the same line, too, as I do here.

And the machine had a pump that pumped water into it and out of it?

Well, the earlier ones—it had to have the drain lower; it just drained by gravity in the

earlier machines. Even the earlier Maytags drained by gravity, and you had it close enough with a little hose where you could fill it from the pipeline that way with a dual faucet, where you could turn and get your water hot and cold, the way you wanted, with the hose over into the tub. Of course, you kinda watch it so it didn't run over! [Chuckles] It may cause a little more cleanup then.

That must have been certainly a different, though, and much easier method of doing laundry than you mother had to.

Yes. Well, 'course, first she had to fill it with buckets that way before we got the pipeline from the mountain that way, 'cause we didn't have the pressure. And what originally was the outside tank—and you packed water into the house in the early days—wood tank, and then we replaced it with a cement tank. It's still standing out here.

So you'd pack water in the house—.

Yes, they did in the early days.

And then I suppose you had to heat it somehow.

Well, the stove we had here had a hot water tank—open tank along the side that was connected with the edge of the firebox to heat it. And then later they used that, and connected with the upright boiler before the electric boilers come in. And after electric come in, then went to the electric hot water tank. So you see, there's gradual improvements all along; I've been through all of 'em. [Chuckles] 'Course, you take it all for granted now, you don't think about years ago you didn't have those things.

No, we had a copper tank set alongside the stove, and it—and connected with the fire

back alongside of the stove. And the second stove, they used the coiled pipes on each side to heat the hot water tank. And of course, if you had extra, then you had to set a hot water boiler as they called it on the stove to heat for that extra water—doin' quite a bit of washing. They had one that would hold ten gallons, and then there was another one that would hold around about five gallons that you could use on the stove extra. No, it was—you didn't wash every day! [Laughter]

No, I'm sure you didn't! Really, that must have been very hard work.

Yeah, it was hard on the ladies years ago; it was, 'cause even though—'course, whoever was around would help 'em pack in water, that way, and 'course, then quite a little bit they had to do putting in, even though we had—where it could drain outside, and got away from packing out water from the drain. But you still had to hand fill the tub, even though we had the electric washing machine first, until it got down to later where you connected up steady, and they would be set for automatic controls.

And the real old irons, of course, was solid and had a handle on 'em that was—I think you can see up on top here, two of 'em that were used. And then they come to the Mother Potts irons, where they had the wood detachable handle. And there were three irons in the set. And they'd use the same handle, that way, and just change irons. I have one of the sets out here, in the old warming oven—. And then the handle is a little cooler 'cause we had to use a cloth with those that had the iron handle on; they'd get hot eventually. So you had to have a cloth and wrap around it to hold it, or else they just simply couldn't handle 'em! So modern conveniences cut down a lot on work and made it a lot easier for persons in the house.

They figured washing on Monday, and then Tuesday'd be ironing. And of course, you had to pick good weather to dry outside, unless you used clothes rack inside. And when it got down to necessary things, you can leave others you can get by without, if it was real stormy weather. And then, of course, the electric dryer come in; that made a big improvement. It saved a lot of work. And come a stormy, cold, cold day, that way—a little snow, and turn around and put clothes in the dryer to finish dryin'—you wouldn't hang 'em out on the clothesline! ('Course, my granddaughter now, she uses a dryer altogether when she's here washin' the clothes; she don't look out at the clothesline [laughs]! It looks too far away!)

What about house cleaning? That must have changed a great deal from, say, your mother's time until now.

Yes. Well, there's less smoke, that way, with electric stove, so it'd make it easier in room cleaning, 'cause the room sometimes would get pretty smoky, and the ceilings especially. And now you get away from that 'cause it don't show, very little. Although we do use the wood stove a little, it isn't like cooking where you get smoke from grease and that on the ceiling. And then I think there's less frying now 'cause there used to be quite a bit of fried meat with hired help. It was quite a standard article. And 'course, there'd always be a little grease get away—grease spatter. So we made it a lot easier for everybody in the house, and then gradually it got easier on farm work outside, as it got down to improved rakes, and then to power mowers, and then to the baler, and also to the bale wagon in picking up. So it helped out both ways; it cut down on housework, too, 'cause we didn't have the hired help to cook for, which Mother certainly appreciated! [Laughs]

She did! She had more chance to get away. And of course, as long as her mother lived, we'd go down and see her at Carson, and take her mother on down to Reno, whenever she needed to go. The same way with an elderly aunt that lived with her. Only the first years, her mother told us not to come down unless we brought the baby with us [chuckles], as they enjoyed the older little child. And then her mother wasn't so well with the second child; she didn't get to enjoy her so much. But the older little tot'd furnish 'em quite a bit of amusement. And the younger child—of course, Mother breastfed the two children—and we went down one occasion, we were takin' her mother to Reno, and staying out later. And well, my mother was here, living then and my younger sister was here; and well, they'd take care of the two children. And it turned out the little tot—we'd never fed her with a bottle *only* used a spoon—and she wouldn't accept a bottle; she was waitin' till Mother got home. She was gonna have her own lunch. Well she was seven months old, or nearly—no, six months old, I should say. But she wasn't goin' to be put off on a bottle! So they went to work and give her a little water in .a little spoon. It was the only way she would take things. And so she was real happy to see Mother get back home! So we never left her after that; we always took her with us. In fact, that was the only time we did leave her, 'cause they didn't think that she wouldn't take the milk that way in a bottle, but she wouldn't have anything to do with the bottle! She was going to be very determined!

Has she continued to be the determined child?

Well, I don't know, maybe to some extent, I don't know, although we always got along good with her that way, and never had no troubles.

ENTERTAINMENT

'Course, there wasn't as many temptations as there is nowadays, I don't think. Outside attractions, and shows and things—there weren't quite so many. 'Course, they had the radio earlier 'cause television didn't begin to come in till in the fifties, that way. In fact, the first television we bought here, and then we had to hunt for—find where to get a picture put on it, 'cause there was no one else around who had anything to try, and we didn't know how good was the reception. Finally, we run down with a remote, and put in an amplifier, and brought back—picture back to the house. It was picked up down below the barnyard, and found a place where it would pick up Reno.

Rufus Adams was the same way; I helped him quite a while, and we had to go quite a ways down at his place before we could get very good reception from Reno, and put the line back up with an amplifier on it to the house.

Did you put up an antenna and then run a line?

Yeah, we put up the antenna and run the line back to the house—use amplifier equipment. I know I helped him quite a while. He helped me and I helped him back. And we changed off help a lot of times, that way [chuckling], and a lot of our work when his children were small, So he can tell you about it [chuckles]. Yeah, I helped him quite a while. We tried all around his house and that, and barn and everything we could think of; but we just couldn't find any picture to speak of. And then finally we went on down with the hay wagon in the field—or not the hay wagon; it was on his truck, I think, and he had a portable generator that he could use, and took a set and tried, and finally we found

an area where a picture come in. And then we got tamarack poles at the range, and run back up to his house that way on the line. So then he had a good picture at his home, too.

We only had the one station that weld pick up from Reno; it was Channel 8, I think, then, if I remember right,

And then we traded off between each other. When Mother and I'd be away from home, he'd come up evenings to our place, and I did the same down at his place; I'd stay there and took care and watched it while his family went out on trips, which worked out real handy for both of us.

This was generally later in the fall; there wasn't really outside feeding that way, so it was all right at the house; and stay there at the house overnight. And sometimes if you'd get a chance, go down in the middle of the day that way, to see whod been around, so anything wouldn't be molested. And it always worked out good with both of us.

So you had the first television set in the area?

Yeah, we got the first one here around the town, and then Rufus come in the next—had to try and see what he could find, and we had a lot of trouble findin' a picture for his. I could get a not-very-good picture close to the house; we used it for quite a while. And then when they got into the—where it could go out a ways, and amplifiers, then we looked around, found a better place down here below the barns and brought a picture back.

Having a television, did that attract a lot of people from the town?

Oh, yeah. We had neighbors in quite often to watch and see it. Oh, we didn't mind. Then Mother enjoyed havin' the children come in and watch—youngsters; they knew where

they were then [chuckles]! She didn't mind at all. She'd generally make some cookies that way, or sometimes ice cream for 'em, which we happened to have, and so they'd get a little extra lunch besides after watchin' the pictures. 'Course, you didn't have a choice; you had to take what come in on the one station for quite a while.

And then gradually others began to try around town, but the reception was pretty poor further uptown; it wasn't very good. They didn't have any luck in a lot of places; so quite often we'd have several here in the evening to watch television, especially if there'd be anything you'd know was coming on special. So it was kind of a neighborhood gathering place for that event!

No, the earliest radio I had, I had to make it. 'Course, you got the earphones and the crystal—that was before the tube come out and the amplification; oh, you could get a little, 'course, it'd be very weak, that way, 'cause they had to either come over from California or north like down from Portland. Well, you wound your own coil to begin with. And you bought the crystal; fixed up what they call a "cat's whisker," that way, and find the best spot on the crystal. 'Course, you had to use earphones on that; it was too weak to use otherwise for a while. In fact, I wound my first one on an old fruit jar—an old 1858 fruit jar, made it. Yeah, it had a date 1858 on it. The top had gotten damaged a little, so you couldn't use it in puttin' up fruit, and so I used it to wind my coil on. Yeah, the earlier Masons were dated that way—1858, had their date on it.

I had to listen to it with earphones awhile. And then the tube begin to come in, and then we got a tube radio. And then gradually others around town begin to get 'em, too. And Harry Hawkins, he had one of those early crystal sets, that worked a little better than mine,

that he bought. He could hear a little, lightly, on a loudspeaker. And I'd gone up to their house—it's in the south end of town there, the last house—and listen there with Harry different times before I made mine, 'cause he'd sit up and listen every evening to it.

And then decided you had to have one of your own?

Mmhm. Only you had to make it then. It wasn't too easy to get [chuckles]!

When was that?

Oh, it was back in the teens, later teens and early twenties. And I can't remember the exact date. Probably would be more or less in the early twenties, I think, when I made my first one.

No, Harry moved back later up to Alpine County, but he lived here with his mother for quite a few years and quite a long while after she passed on.

What kinds of things did you listen to on those early radios?

Well, you'd get news and things, and mostly that way with news, and there were some talk programs like "Amos n' Andy" was one of the earlier programs that were on it, and a few that way. 'Course! you didn't have too many to listen to, so—. That "Amos n' Andy" run for several years. Quite a few comic situations they worked out for 'em [laughing], that you could get on the radio.

And then there were some other programs that run as radio programs that way. And it took up evenings—some of it. 'Course, oftentimes if anyone was here, then they'd play like—when the older Dick Cosser was here, he'd play the violin once in a while, and

do entertainment that way. When my older sister was home, she'd play the piano in the evenings—a few pieces.

...And Travels

I was down putting in on income tax here the other week, 'cause farming generally has to get in by the first of March, but all my other income, so I don't quite qualify as a farmer now; it has to be at least forty percent in farming. That way you don't have to pay those quarterly payments before, but I did pay them last year, 'cause I realized that I probably wouldn't—I'd give more of the ranching income to the son-in-law and them—I have plenty from other securities that way coming in, which comes in kinda nice in later years.

'Course, my wife and I were savin'—was lookin' forward that way, although unfortunately, I lost her. 'Course she did enjoy a number of years; we made quite a lot of trips out in the northern country and Colorado and into Canada for a number of years. And most every year we got away for a week or two. That's why we changed off with Adams, then they'd get away—one or the other first, and whichever it was, we'd work between us. It was good because I knew everything would be well taken care of, and it was the same way with his.

No, he used to get away with an aunt of his that lived in San Jose, and they'd make a trip—lots of times go north, go up into Canada and then into Banff there and to Lake Louise, and further north, come back down. But the father never liked him to be away from the home much; he was quite worried something'd go wrong. [Chuckling]

In fact one time, a boy who later married my younger sister—a brother-in-law—helped occasionally at the pool hall in Carson in

getting papers ready especially for night delivery for the two men that delivered around Carson in those days, when Carson was a lot smaller. And he said Mr. Adams come in in the afternoon and he sat there quite a while and got a beer, and he was quite a while drinking it. And eventually another one, and finally got down and pulled a watch out and looked, and it was gettin' along fairly close to five o'clock, and he said, "The telegraph office would be closin." Said, "That haystack's fallin' over and that boy will be—" he named a place in Washington. And he says, "I just gotta get a telegram off, he'll have to come home."

So I was tellin' Rufus one day, he said they got the telegram, but they didn't come home. [Laughing] He said they didn't figure he could stop the haystack exactly from falling over.

Yeah, my brother-in-law, Loren, said they were kinda amused—he was kinda talking to himself by that time, when he made those remarks. So he got up and got out, but Rufus said he got the telegram. It was up, I think, in Seattle, Washington—a hotel where they'd stopped at different years in going north that way, and they figured on stopping there that year. [Chuckles] So he said the telegram was waiting for him.

Somehow I think he couldn't do much about the haystack.

No, you can put props against it, and hope it'll hold, but he figured they could do that here without him.

The older Mr. Adams was pretty dependent on his son?

Yes, 'course he was gettin' older in years that way. He was, as you say, very much dependent on the son. Well, of course, I was the same way here. My father and mother—I

didn't really leave 'em, we didn't leave—it was really after Dad and Mother had both passed on, before we tried to go anywhere. 'Course the children had got a little more grown then, they were getting up in high school.

First trip we took, we only went as far as Klamath Falls, and then across to the seacoast. Took in the caves, that way, on the way; come back down the seacoast.

That's a pretty drive.

Yeah, it is. Only, my wife didn't like going down over where there was mostly manzanita and it looked a long ways downhill and there was quite a lot of logging trucks on the road. [Chuckles] She didn't like that part of it too much, going on over to the seacoast. 'Course, it made nice trips to get out that way, as long as we could do it and we both enjoyed it. The children did, too.

One year we went down to San Jose, and going in, we could see the roller coaster—it would just be gettin' along where it was lighted up; it wasn't fully dark—and oh, they both wanted a ride. And well, we hadn't had anything since noon, and before that they was talkin' about wantin' supper. I said, "You want to ride on the roller coaster, we'll go there first. You can have a ride on the roller coaster, and then we'll go and get supper." [Chuckles] 'Cause that was kinda rough—we didn't figure a meal would set too good. And so, we told the children to be careful and get about the middle, if they could, and stay away from getting on the cars towards the rear, because you get quite a snap and jolt on the rear of those roller coasters. They had quite a large one there at San Jose, and so you'd hear different ones hollering, and after they got off, they were getting scared at times on the quick runs down and that. So I asked the younger daughter, Shirley, said, "I didn't hear you holler."

And she said, "I was too scared to!" [Chuckling] She was hangin' on, figured she was too scared. But they didn't ask for a second ride—one ride was enough. Yeah, it was quite an entertainment area at that time, there, going across from San Jose over to—oh, I'm trying to think of the name; it was right there on the seacoast, 'cause we'd gone through San Jose before going over to it—Santa Cruz on the coast.

All through our years, I always tried to figure to save a little ahead, and gain some each year, which come in handier in later years. Of course after the children come grown, we began to have a little more chance for trips, both in the spring and fall. And as a result, I think I have about thirty-two boxes, with thirty-six slides in each box for pictures, that were taken—areas, went up north far as Calgary in Canada, over to the Grand Canyon through Colorado, and back to Kansas City, and then south—New Orleans over the various times. Lots of the trips we did by car.

It was kinda interesting in the old part of New Orleans where there was all that iron grillwork around the porches and that, in what they call the French Quarter. First and second-story buildings—'course, they was all old brick.. And then they had a public market along the river with a levee in back of it where produce, and vegetables were sold and it was about a block and a half in length, it seemed to me, and there was a lot of vegetables in sight to be sold there—I guess quite a few people came in and bought their produce there for use.

And then, of course, down there that was interesting, too, goin' out and seem' the sugar plantations and that, as well as the old plantation homes and various places, 'Course we wasn't there exactly at the time of year when any were open really to go through; there were a few that had been more or less

worked over, where they had restaurants and that way, in parts of 'em, and those we took in.

And of course, the bayous and lagoons and that all through that area was always a brownish color from muddy water; I didn't see any clear water in the area. [Chuckling] It didn't look so good to us; we were used to seem' clear water in this country.

And then the son-in-law, Philip DeSalvo, moved there— by the later time he moved out there, and the daughter, Geraldine; and we went there one time seein' the family, and of course we did go out on a fishing trip with tern at one time, and it was around a fish market, as he had a relative that ran a fish market. And I wasn't quite used to a lot of the southern dishes that they used that time, and I kinda had to get used to 'em on the trip. [Chuckling] 'Course, they were all usin' them and they were nice, and I said they were good dishes, but just a little different than what we were used to, 'cause so many of 'em used fish, shellfish, in that way, 'cause they were near the waterfront.

And one of his relatives lived way out, down on what they called the Grand Isle. It's about the last of the inhabited islands along the mouth of the Mississippi. And of course, sometimes they got a little more of the benefit of the Gulf storms.

Yeah, once we were there just a couple years after one of the real heavy ones. Where the daughter lived, they didn't suffer much damage. At that time, they were livin' in a trailer, and it was moved off the foundation. It wasn't damaged, but it was turned off partly. And farther over, towards Mobile, Alabama, there were severe damage there— buildings was heavily damaged. In fact, a boat had been moved back—they said it'd been taken two miles inland by the heavy storms and winds. And it was set up as kinda a souvenir; it was

on the order of a tugboat. The people that had it were sellin' souvenirs from it then, and had the plague by it tellin' how far inland it'd been taken.

No, I enjoyed all the trips, and the wife as well. And going north—course we had relatives in Montana that we'd stop and see, and oftentimes we'd get an elderly aunt, Alice Orcutt, and son, Pat, going with us on up into Canada, as far as Calgary, and then come back through the mountain area. 'Course, where they lived in Montana, and you went up through the flat grain country. It seemed odd to see signs at road crossings leavin' sixty, seventy and a hundred miles to the next town. So when you went through a town, you always filled the gas tank 'fore you went on. 'Course the flat prairie land and grain land that way, until you got back again toward the mountains, you didn't have anything to compare the height of the clouds, and as the clouds were movin' by, they looked a little bit odd to us, where we're used to bein' around the mountains for a comparison to height.

And then occasionally you'd see oil wells for quite a little ways, just north of the Canadian border, going up towards Lethbridge, and of course, they were interesting to us. Lethbridge is some distance that way from the mountains to the west of it, and then further on over, we dropped over to Calgary.

In fact, one time we stayed in there overnight at the edge of the town. Just 'fore we got to Calgary, they had one of the old frontier outposts that had been a stockade and part of that was rebuilt and log buildings and showed as a museum of the way they changed the way of workin' from the earlier machinery and that, and from the trappers.

And of course, you'd see Mounted Police occasionally, as they called it—they wasn't exactly mounted then, but be dressed in the Mountie costume, kinda to keep up the

early-day civilization in that area, I expect, in the Canadian Royal Mounties. Yeah, they had red jackets, that, and trim, and 'course it was interesting to us, and it was probably worn a lot for show around the towns, I'd imagine, that way, to kinda keepin' up the early-atmosphere around Calgary and that. And then later in the fall, they had the Calgary Stampede, although that was over 'cause we didn't get there till well along in October, by the time we could get away from home and take a trip north. And that was to represent frontier days in that area.

And then it looked rather odd, in places you'd see the Hudson Bay Fur Company sign in front of a store where they were still in use from the real early times. And coming south to the town of Banff, they had a Hudson Bay Fur Company store in that town also that still existed from the real early days. And the Hudson Bay Company practically amounted to the civilization, I expect, in that area. Of course, they carried clothing, and utensils, and supplies that was needed for—in which there was a demand for them. It was interesting to go through the stores for us.

And then, of course, we stayed in the vicinity of Banff one time, just out of the edge of the Lake Louise, and the Canadian National Railroad goin' through from coast to coast passed through that area with a sideline there. And it was one of their places where they had a tourist attraction and travel—'course you see, the glacier was less than a mile away from the lake, back, which looked odd and interesting to us. Of course they run side trips for people—could hike up the paths and go to the glacier, though we wasn't there long enough to take that in. We could look at it from a mile away; it looked chilly enough to suit us. We could see a number of different glaciers, but that was one that was close, and it helped to feed the Lake Louise. But the last

time we were there—to get an idea of the snow—it was quite a large high-story motel, and the first four floor windows were being covered with wooden boards to protect the lower windows from the snow which they expected to come later in the winter. That looked kinda a lot of snow, going up four stories high, where they were boardin' 'em up for protection. They had them all ready, and they just set in on the outside of each window that way, to close the windows, to protect 'em from snow. So I was glad we saw it at the time of the year we did.

And then another thing that looked interesting—we did see storms that were startin' to occur; there was, oh, nearly a foot of snow on the ground in places before we got out, but it brought down the elk, and they got near the roads. Had large sets of horns, and you'd see group after group just a little ways from the road, where they were moving out to the lower country. 'Course, all along the park area they were protected, so they weren't as wild as elsewhere.

And then we also saw the mountain sheep come down along the road; in places they put out salt to kinda coax 'em in, and they'd stand, oh, just a few feet from the car. And the back of 'em was high than the back of the car; they were large.

'Course the rams had the curled horns, in a full curl, some of 'em a little more, 'cause they were all protected that way, and they got to live to an older age. 'Cause any guns, when you went in the park area, had to be plugged that way till you got out—the people that took guns with 'em or anything. So they wasn't takin' any chance of havin' 'em shoot at the animals in the park. 'Course ourselves, we didn't take anything that way with us, so we were all full free and clear.

And of course, late in the fall, the maple trees and the aspen, they were all beginning

to turn color, and you'd see both red and yellow which looked quite pretty along the latter part of October, on the edges. And then the tamarack—in that country it sheds the leaves—and they'd be turning yellow, too, at that time of the year.

We call it tamarack here, but they say it's really lodgepole pine, and they only shed a third of their leaves here, so they're always green. Just about all the difference between the two. It looks funny to see patches all along that way turning yellow along the hillside, but it wasn't anything out of the way, it was just the tamarack startin' to turn yellow to shed the needles. No, but next spring, they'd leaf out again, and here we have the other, which the correct name is lodgepole pine, that only shed about a third of the needles each year, so they're always green,

And of course, in the years when we went there, Canada was catering to travelers and tourist from the United States, so they wasn't as strict on the border and going through. They'd issue you a ten-day permit, or whichever you want, without really any question. And then when you came back out, they would check, and as long as you was over a couple of days, then you were allowed certain larger amounts to bring out in the way of articles, you might say, purchased in Canada. 'Course, we weren't there long enough to purchase anything, so we didn't have anything to show [chuckle] when we come through the custom that way without any trouble.

It was mainly in figurin' goin' to Canada, and we began to check, and well, neither my wife nor I had a birth certificate. And we both qualified and got the delayed birth certificates. Mine was from Santa Barbara in California, and my wife's was from Carson, here in Nevada. Seemed kinda odd that neither of us had a birth certificate up till then.. And we both checked up on the requirements, and so

when we applied for the certificate, we had the data to fill for the requirements for a delayed birth certificate in both states, and we didn't have any trouble getting 'em as a result.

Some people aren't so fortunate I think.

No, well, 'course parts they used were like the first registration to vote, the first time you registered long years before, you see. And then the first time you'd signed to get a bank account, and it that you show the mother's maiden name, as well as the married name and the father's. So we managed to meet the requirements.

As it turned out at that time, they didn't require a birth certificate in goin' into Canada. They did ask where you were born, the name of the city and that, but they didn't ask any other proof to see, so we didn't have to show 'em. [Chuckling]

But you had them.

Yeah, we did, we got 'em both. Yeah, there wasn't many couples that turned out that way, where neither one had a birth certificate.

'Course, I was only six weeks old when my dad and mother moved back from Santa Barbara, and my mother had never settled on a name for me, so I expect that was part of the reason my birth certificate wasn't filed—and there wasn't such strict requirements as there were in later years on filing.

And you didn't have a name.

Nope. 'Course, they traveled from Carson City up to Diamond Valley; it was probably pretty close to thirty-eight miles by the road, and it was the last end of November, so the baby was pretty well bundled up and wrapped; it was cold weather. And Mother, of course,

had wraps for winter, and she laid me down all bundled up on the couch, and she was takin' hers off, and the grandmother says, "What, the baby isn't cryin'?"

And she says, "No, that baby doesn't cry."

"Well," she says, "You can't leave him all bundled up." And so she picked me up and began to get me unwrapped in the clothes that way and traveling, and then she wanted to know what my name was. And my mother said well, they just hadn't settled on a name.

And she said, "You can't leave a baby grow up and name himself—you just gotta call him Arnold." [Chuckling] So Mother let it go at that. And then she gave me my father's name, was my middle name, was Robert.

So your grandmother actually named you.

That's right. Probably the name she'd figured on using likely, as she did lose a baby boy one time. And so it was probably the name she'd figured on usin', so she had it kinda handy. [Chuckle] That's the way my mother kinda thought it was, 'cause she didn't hesitate.

So we did get away quite a bit in the later years that way. And then after I'd got the broken neck and injuries, this friend of Mother's, Martha Jost, was a widow, and she liked to get off, too. She had more chances, but she didn't want to go alone, so the three of us went together for several years and made trips, sometimes in a few days in the spring, sometimes a few in the fall. Over to the Grand Canyon and Colorado, and up north—Yellowstone Park, Yosemite. So we covered a good part of the West. 'Course, some of 'em we have been to several times going up to see the folks into Yellowstone Park that way, and so we've been in and out I think just about all the entrances from it, over the years.

Over to Cody, Wyoming, one time we stayed there overnight, in fact; one time with

my sister, Velma Lamar, my wife and myself. And another time we was with Martha Jost, my wife and myself. And they had quite a museum of Buffalo Bill, and his doings in the Wild West Show—paraphernalia. There was a saddle there that's pretty well-ornamented with like Mexican dollars and foreign coins that way, where they were thrown up into the air, and one or the other would shoot at 'em and have a bullet hole through the coin, or a bullet hole on the edge of the coin: trick shooting. And then they were used on the saddle to ornament the saddle afterwards, so the saddle was well-ornamented—saddle and bridle. The only thing, the horse had a lot of extra weight to pack. [Chuckles]

OPERATION OF THE RANCH; CHANGES IN METHODS

I can't imagine you ornamented your saddles and things like that on the ranch, did you?

No, we didn't. No, I'll say not. Stayed with plain leather. 'Course I had to learn braiding; you always had a quirt or bullwhip that way, braided, and things for my part.

Did harness repair from the time I was a little fella to keep harness and saddles that way in repair. So it was only occasionally you took something to a harness shop to be repaired, unless it was heavy tugs or something that way, the leather tugs. 'Course there was a harness-maker in Gardnerville for a long period of years.

None here in Genoa?

No, he passed on eventually quite a number of years ago, in fact. He was an older man, along in the teens and twenties. And harness began to drop out in farm use, and of course, when tractors come in, then it

dropped down where there wasn't very little call for harness repair.

In fact, I see an account in the paper awhile ago, a man that'd been im Montana—he'd moved over to Idaho—and he said he had a hard time finding the tools and sewing equipment to handle makin' harnesses. He said he had to learn a lot from scratch, 'cause he couldn't find hardly anybody that did that type of work any more. So he said he's in the business that way, making harness for show purposes mostly now, and dude ranches and such.

He said he'd still have pieces of equipment he'd like to get that he said people that had tern wouldn't sell 'em. [Chuckling] They were too antique. [Chuckling]

Did you have your own equipment when you were doing your own harness repair here?

We had some equipment, like equipment for cutting leather, and of course, the sewing you did mostly by hand sewing: wax linen thread with beeswax—you'd mix your beeswax with tallow—and punch holes with an awl, and sew with hand needles, getting way back before the heavy sewing machine.

Pretty time-consuming I imagine then.

Yeah, it took up time that way, but of course, you did a lot of it in the wintertime that way when you were snowed in, and after you got through feeding, it took up your time, didn't have to watch snowflakes falling—too close!

Didn't have to count them at least.

No, you bet, 'cause they did have some severe winters: 1915 and '16, the picket fence out here in front was covered —you look out

after one of the heavy storms, and there's no sign of it. By the time we got through feeding then, it was generally afternoon, 'cause it was pretty slow moving around with teams. You had a furrow in the snow behind you in pulling wagons—sometimes even tried a sleigh.

And then back in 1920, it was rough again, too. Heavy snows. And then back in the fifties, '55 and '56 was pretty heavy; it wasn't quite as bad though, but it was pretty well snowed in for a few days. Snow was piled up here to the middle sash of the window from slidin' off the house.

I used a cle-track cat then, 'cause a wheel tractor, you couldn't get around too easily, and I had a cle-track that I used, and it was opening the roads every day for feeding, 'cause the winds blowed, and if it didn't snow, the winds were blowing, so everything was generally filled in from one day to the other, for a month's period or so, through January and along into February. So, it was a little more than fun feeding! [Chuckles]

And of course, it was after that when we got a baler, and went to usin' into baled hay. Before that, it was loose hay they had all stacked out—first it was oblong stacks, and then eventually it went into round stacks throughout the valley. And then of course, along about that time, everybody begin to go into baled hay, and so it was handlin' bales after that.

Then later, we put up a metal hay barn, 'cause it got quite a bit of storm along the mountains here, and far more moisture than you do out in the valley, so there was quite a bit of damage in baled hay stacked. 'Course with the hay barn, we got away from it. Besides usin' the older wood barn for hay that we kept and sold largely to people with horses that way, come and buy a few bales at a time.

It was hard to say from one year to the other just how much hay you'd need for your own cattle. You always figured it was cheaper to keep plenty on hand, even if you had quite a bit left over, than it was to go out and buy it. 'Cause if you got short that way, generally the price would be higher than what ordinarily you would expect.

The hay that you grow on the ranch then, is just mainly for your own cattle?

Yeah, we grow plenty; I do sell quite a little to people who come in and get a few bales at a time, for one or two horses, around that way—buy some along as they need it. They don't keep too much on hand sometimes. [Chuckle] They get half a ton, or get a ton, well, they got a big supply. Probably don't have too good a place to store, and have it set outside in the open that way. And of course here it's inside the barn until they get it. It makes it look a little nicer, I guess, to them.

'Course now it's all baler and pick-up; they pick up from windrow in the field, and it's automatic balers, and quite a bit of it is put in with the bale wagon, where it picks up the bales and loads 'em, and you then back into your hay barn and it raises 'em up and sets 'em off, and then the only handle where we built up higher with an elevator that way, haulin' hay—baled hay, and build up to a higher height in the hay barn, So it cuts down a lot on hired help, and also for cooking in the house, which a person doesn't mind in the house; I know my wife didn't a bit! [Chuckles]

I'm sure she didn't.

No, she thought it was a lot easier. And then of course, as the daughters got a little larger, they liked to drive tractor and truck, and so Mother kinda lost out a lot

on household help, which was kinda to her disgust sometimes, but they always had plenty of what they figured was very good reasons to go out and help Daddy.

Well, that must have been very difficult for her, though, having to do all that cooking.

Yeah, earlier it was, but of course then if it got down to where it wasn't too much—it was largely family, maybe one other person or so that way then in the later years with baling, and the girls were growing up, 'cause they liked to get out and drive tractor or truck. That was something different.

How much did your wife help with the out-of-doors work? How much was she involved in that?

Well, sometimes in moving cattle, she'd drive a truck that way to help. Not too much on the ranch, she didn't really help that way—occasionally. She did learn to drive, but she never liked to drive too much on the road: she figured she was too nervous, so eventually she let her driver's license go, in the last few years, because there got to be more traffic, and so she didn't like to take chances.

So of course, when myself and my wife went on long trips, I had to do all the driving as a result. [Laughs] I couldn't get her to help that way, 'cause she didn't like to take chances, even when she had the driver's license. So I used to chew licorice if I felt I got a little sleepy; I found that worked fine with me. Take a drink of coffee; always kept a little licorice, chew on that, put it in, and of course, it'd dissolve slowly, but it always seemed to work good with me.

Most of the people drink coffee, and of course, we would stop and have meal that way and get coffee, too, but then I always

kept licorice in the car when I was makin' long drives, goin' to the north, and goin' into Canada.

'Course after we went into Montana where cousins lived, then generally one of the cousins that was home would drive a lot then and get the mother to go along with us. She was gettin' way up in years—she lived up in the nineties, she was nearly ninety-five—and she enjoyed goin' out too. She was the same one that I told you that nearly drowned.

Ninety-five is a good, long, healthy life.

You bet it was, you bet it was—she eventually had quite a little bit of heart trouble, and finally passed on from that—heart trouble finally.

'Course, they also, her and her husband (one son stayed home and helped), they came down here quite often for a number of years while my mother was living in the early thirties. And after my wife and I were married, most all the relatives managed to get around and see us—my wife kinda figured they wanted to see the new member of the family—for a couple of years. So, on the whole, we all got along real nice.

Visits that way back and forth. 'Course the aunt, coining from Montana, they'd stay here sometimes a couple of weeks, and her husband had relatives in southern California, and they'd go on down and see them. So it made a [good] trip, plus there was also cousins around Stockton and Modesto, and so they made a general family visit on their trip down, going over to California.

They were on property where it's—on a wheat ranch, dry farming out easterly from Conrad, Montana and about sixty miles south of the Canadian line. The first year that we was up there with 'em, we saw quite a wonderful display of the Northern Lights,

which occurred most every night. And the other years, it never seemed quite as bright, but that year they got quite bright. They said they were a lot brighter than usual, and I could believe 'em after other years when I was there, because it was practically an every night occurrence, it'd light up a third of the way down across the heavens, of the various arrays and shapes of the Northern Lights, which was something comparatively new to us, 'cause it's only once in a while that we see them here.

Do we see them here once in a while?

Once in a while—I've seen tern, but it's years between., I happen to be out late, occasionally it'll show. And then along in the thirties, there was quite a prominent display of Northern Lights. It was before my wife and I were married—in fact, I was down to Carson that evening, and comin' home, and the display came on a way later in the night. There was a dance at Markleeville, and people comin' home from the dance, and the display took the form that the—like the radiator ornament or the door handle would start to glow, and they began to think they'd drank to much The next day, they found out it was an unusual display of Northern Lights that caused things to show glows and throw off reflections. I never happened to see that, but [chuckling] I missed it 'cause I'd come home and I was sleepin' then.

They have that show in the far north that way where things will emit glows, but that was the only time I heard of it showing this far south. And then of course, there was halos to the north, but they didn't connect that with the glows from the radiator ornaments and things, which was a big surprise for those going home. [Chuckles]

No, there was a lot of changes from hand work that way, and then it got down to machinery, so I had to learn how to handle machinery, and do repair work on motors and engines as time went on. It was a change from the horses. 'Course horses had a lot of hard work, so they wasn't exactly sorry to see machinery come in—mowing machines especially that was—made it a lot easier, and of course, a lot quicker. You gained in time from that, from mowing with the team, and mowing machine.

'Course rakes—and then the rakes improved, and the side-delivery rake came in, made it easier to handling windrows. And then they used the old-time wire dump rake for bunching a lot on windrows, until later, when we got down when the automatic balers come along, and then they picked right up from the windrow with the baler—baled hay—so that dropped the part of having to bunch, and made it less work. It also made it easier in the house for the ladies—there was less cookin' when there was less help. Shows the way that time's changed as it went on.

I was reading yesterday in Fred Settelmyer's oral history, and he said, "And I've always felt that a large ranch operation was far more complicated than that of a factory."

Well, you did—you had to know a lot of ways in repair work and that, and be able to fill in most anything, you might say, that needed, come along, so in that, there was complicated you might say. And like in the earlier days when it was a stack—a person was sick or something, held get on and take a place on the stack that way, or out on the mower, or pitching hay, or on a wagon, or forking hay into the barn with the six-tine Jackson fork. 'Course I was doin' that, well, by the time I

was fourteen. That's where I made the mistake in glancin' up at the sun—there was a double cable come down, and when you were putting hay into the barn with the carrier—and let go of the wrong cable, and pulled three fingers into the pulley, and that's why I got three fingers cut up. And that happened, it'd only be a few days —just a few days 'fore high school started. And we figured we'd be finishing our barn work and most of the second crop, so I'd be able to go to school, so I had to learn to write left-handed because the fingers kept bleeding for quite a while, and any little jar—it was so much cut up on one especially. So, my writing, I don't think looked too good at first, but anyway, I got passing grades. [Chuckling] I think teacher was a little bit sympathetic for me.

At least I'll give 'em credit anyhow—'course as I went on, I learned to write better after a while. And I did keep it up a little bit, so I didn't altogether forget I learned how to write left-handed, even though I was more or less right-handed.

Although I did learn to use an axe either way—either left or right-handed. If you're workin' with another man fallin' a tree, if he was usin' the axe right-handed, I'd take the left hand and get on the other side to cut a notch—falling wood for winter. So, it did come in handy all right, to use either hand at times.

Same way with sawing—when there was hand—sawing in the earlier days, a person used the left hand easier on the seven, eight-foot saw, well, I'd just slip on the other side and take the—use the left-handed, and it didn't bother me to change either from one hand to the other. No, just things you learn to do as you grow up that way.

Could you explain a "Jackson fork?"

I'd pretty near have to show you a Jackson fork, I know. There's six teeth in it, and you take the width across the hay wagon, and you learn to use it, you could get off a load in around eight forkfuls, while a lot of men'd get their load tore up and take quite a while, so a lot of the time I stayed at the barn and just forked steadily that way. 'Cause you keep the wagons moving that way, and keep going.

You just fork the hay from the wagon—?

Yeah, you set the fork in, and it raised up through a double cable that'd come down with a pulley and a fork, and it'd pull the fork up, and then it'd snap into the carrier, and then go in on a track into the barn to where you needed, and then whatever part of the barn you were filling, you'd trip the fork and dump your forkful of hay, pull it back with the rope out, with a trip rope back out and set for your next forkful to take it up.

See, you had a track run down the length of the middle of the barn, and there's a carrier on it that moved down the track with the forkful of hay and went up to the carrier and snapped in the carrier, and then it'd move into the barn. It saved a lot of handwork in putting hay in the barn from the way it was when we came here. They had to unload by hand; you drove in from one end of the barn and out the other, and then pitched hay off each side, which was a lot of handwork, and then they put in the carrier the first year I was here, my dad did.

And then of course, if I wasn't out forking in it, then I'd generally help in the barn, and I did get pushed off a couple of times in the empty bin, when they had the Jackson forkful of hay miss the carrier, and swing over on the side, and the empty bin was in back of you, and well, it was kinda fifteen-foot jump down.

As long as you could make a jump out of it, it wasn't too bad—you could pick your landing spot. In fact, I always took—where the danger was that way, always stepped in and took it. I didn't figure I'd ask anybody else to take it, figured it was my place.

So that was kind of early mechanization then, wasn't it?

Yeah, it was, that was the earlier part, was that carrier and Jackson fork. There's a fork down here in the barn—the Jackson fork and the carrier s in the barn yet—I've never taken out the cable.

You can get a lot of injuries, you might say, in farming—it wasn't altogether too safe [chuckles] sometimes. Although you just took it as a matter of fact, 'cause you grew up in farming; you didn't think anything about it—you just think havin' an injury—made the best of it, and went on, as you was able to. I got caught in a runaway one time with the wire dump rake when I was a youngster, and [got] thrown off on the rake, and had a rake wheel go over my leg—I didn't get caught in the rake fortunately, I was clear that way; and Dad was away at that time, as his mother was quite sick, and the children had gone home to see her in Santa Barbara, and we were just finishin' up and was hauling barley in from—it would have been bound in the fields in those days with a binder, and then they would haul in and stack it for a stationary thresher. And so of course, I was doin' irrigatin' in between times, and the leg was pretty sore and around the house I walked quite good—I'd get away from the house, I kinda used a shovel to help walk. And eventually after the swelling got down to the lower part of the leg below the knee, I found that where the rake wheel had hit the bone, there was a piece of bone broken and pushed inside. In fact, it was nearly over

a year or more before it healed up and got level again, but I didn't want to let my mother know how it felt, I was tryin' to put my best foot forward. So I'd walk around real good when I was inside of the house. [Chuckling]

Of course, threshing was quite a few people with stationary machines. First year after we come here that fall, and was threshing—well, I was told to stay around the house and not go around the machine. Well, there was a lot of interesting sights to me, and of courser seem' the steam engine run, throwing out puffs of smoke. Well, I had to follow what Dad and Mother told me, so I figured about the best I could do was get up on the gatepost and sit where I could look over and watch it. So, Mother walked down just a ways—she couldn't get out very far, and Mrs. Frey had probably come down to help that way with threshing—she walked down. Well, of course, I didn't say anything and she didn't see me sittin' on the post. And then when the great-uncle come in, he went out to look, and of course—I don't know, I said hello to him, I think, as he went by, so well, they found where I was. I was stayin' away from the machine, but then I was tryin' to see all I could. [Chuckles]

And of course, they threshed until it got dark, sometimes use a lantern to mark down the sacks that way—the weights—before you come in for the evening meal. 'Course, in the fall, the days were gettin' shorter and gettin' along October and that way—but then when it began to get a little darker, it was more interesting 'cause they used straw that way to fire the boiler on the threshing engine. They had long belts 'cause the engine would be quite a little ways from the machine—seventy-five feet or so—and they had a long belt between 'em. 'Course, this would throw out these little

kernels and grains that way that's in between on the stalks of the wheat and barley—a lot of them'd be thrown out and they'd look like you saw a lot of sparks goin' up in the air. So it was quite interesting to watch 'em when it got very dark. Yeah, there'd be a shower of sparks going out all the time. 'Course, every time the fellow that was fireman put in another forkful of straw, well, that was an additional group of sparks fly out. 'Course, daytime you didn't see 'em—with the smoke in the evening, they'd show up with color; they'd go up oh, fifteen feet or so, sometimes, from the engine 'fore they'd cool and drop down. But wheat has little joins in between the sections—that's be those little joins'd be what it'd be—the other straw part would burn off in between and maybe go up as little glowing particles.

Maybe you could describe for me the whole process.

Well, they had their crew, and then of course, the crew would be around twelve or fourteen men on those stationary machines. There was the "water bucker" they called him—had a water wagon that hauled water for the steam engine. Then there was the engineer, and the third man was the fireman with the engine. And then the others around the machines, separator man that was taking care of the machine and watchin' for repairs and oiling. And there was two forkers always, pulling up the grain with a four-tine Jackson fork; and a team of horses and a derrick driver for each one. And then there were two hoedowns; they feed the threshing machine, and they'd change off every little while and be relieved by two others. Then there was a sack tender, and the man who was handling sacks and weighin' put out; there'd be a sack sewer—in the larger machine, it kept sack sewer pretty busy. As I got a little older, I

worked on it a few times, and you didn't have any time to waste in sewin' sacks.

Sewing the tops shut, is that it?

Yeah, sewin' the sacks shut across the top. No, it kept 'em pretty busy; and then of course there would be piling of sewed sacks to one side, and piling back that way from the set-up. See, the grain was mostly all bound bundles, and then they stacked, you see, in the wagon they were pulling between the two stacks that way, and the forkers would work and pull up and keep up onto the wagon to feed to the feeder back to where the two hoedowns'd keep bundles going in separately that way so they wouldn't stack up the machine.

On these larger thirty-six inch machines, which this was, thirty-six inches was the length across the concaves and the cylinder. And on one occasion, they had some trouble with the self-feeder and they had to work and take out and was fixing up above in the [self]-feeder, also a concave, in the machine. And of course, the self-feeder didn't start up until the machine reached oh, about the speed—it had a governor on it—and when it started up to speed, they'd forgot and left a hammer and a pair of horseshoe pinchers and it went down into the cylinder. Well, of course, the horseshoe pinchers come out, they were tore apart and the handles were bent around like the letter S, and it tore out a row of teeth in the cylinder and broke a thirty-six-inch concave. And the son of the separator man was just finishin' bolting up the section in front. Well, when that hit, he dropped everything and went out across the yard on the run. Well, you couldn't blame him, with that noise happening right in front of him. [Chuckling]

And of course, the machine got shut down, and they took it out, and they had the broken

concave to replace, and spent a good part of the rest of the day puttin' new teeth back in the cylinder that was all torn out. I remember the way the boy was running—he sure didn't lose no time [chuckling]! He'd have won most any race right then, for the first hundred feet. And then they had cylinder teeth scattered all through the machine—it started up soon, workin' 'em out and gettin' 'em out—it'd broken off and went on back through the sieves and screens on the machine, so they had quite a mess on their hands. There wasn't any threshing done for the most of the rest of that day. Repairin' the damage.

So, the machine stood stationary, with this big steam engine.

Yeah, it stood on four wheels, and they'd pull in, set it up, and move it dependin' on the number of stacks you had —finish the grain stacks, then move it to the next. They'd move it with the steam threshing machine. Incidentally, I've got on one of those slides of the two brothers up there about six miles from where my folks live in Montana, where they gather up old steam engines from all around the country. They had, oh, a row of a couple hundred feet of 'em, one alongside the other. A lot of 'em they have in workin' order—the two brothers run a ranch; in the wintertime they work in the shop and repair engines. Then they stage a threshing party in the fall and invite all the neighbors to come in and help thresh for part of the day, and then have a big picnic in the afternoon. It's a community gathering.

It wasn't exactly that back in the early days, was it?

No, no it wasn't. But all the neighbors pitch in and run through some grain, threshed

that way, and put up. And they have this every fall, a threshing bee. And it'd wind up as a large picnic in which the neighbors'd bring in cakes and things that way and cook food and contribute—they probably contribute the meat that way for the barbecue as a general thing. Then the cousin said it's quite a big thing. Says the neighbors from all around there can get there—it's a big crowd, so they have a lot of help to run the machine. [Chuckles] 'Course they had that particular engine all painted up so it's quite stylish, as well as the threshing machine. That's the largest collection of steam engines that I know—I saw names that I'd never heard of, when I went down to lookin' through 'em, around 'em. Types of the various kinds from way back in the earlier steam engines on down to the later ones.

What were the kinds that were used around here?

Case. It was the Case that was used here—Case threshing machines and Case engines. 'Course, they'd use wood—pieces of wood from old boards and that and wood to start the fire, and then they'd get it hot then they'd feed straw, and burn the straw then keep on. Then of course, they had a hay wagon that would pull in under the blower at the end of the threshing machine and fill the bed handily, pull it up by the threshing machine where they put it off to feed the boiler and keep up the steam pressure.

What did you sew the sacks with?

It was sack twine—they come in skeins—took the two skeins apart and braided it into a three-braid, and you pull out the center loop that way, and you'd have the two strings with your needle. The needle would snap on; it was a "spring needle" as they called it, and it was

slotted on the side, and it'd spring in where you could slip it onto the twine. And you learned how to throw two half-hitches over for the handhold on the eye on each side and sew between, then throw two half-hitches on the other side, for the other handhold on the sack—and it got so you could do tern pretty quick. And then you could turn the needle and pull it back which made it cut itself loose, and you'd be ready to slip it into the next. The needle had that long slot in that one side that way, where you could pull it in, and then towards the front was where, when you turned it over, it would cut itself loose—cut the twine.

How clever.

Hmm, yeah, they were made to use. Well, the needles, some of 'em wasn't nearly as long as this long square nail. 'Course, they'd have—they'd have a long slot that goes down about that far on 'em on the sack needle.

That must be six inches at least, isn't it?

Yeah, they were different lengths, but most of tern sewin' liked the longer ones they could get. I've seen some as long as this, then some of 'em would be shorter, but they generally prefer to get the longer needles if they could—it was easier to handle. You'd learn to push it through the sack, catch it and push it with the back part of your hand, then catch it with the fingers on the other side and pull it through. You'd get so you could do it pretty fast—you'd be holding the sack together with the other hand. You kinda had to keep up.

How many bags would you figure that you would do in, say, an afternoon?

Gee, I really never tried to count—too many to count, to be honest with you. I've

seen a larger machine sometimes that had just one person; occasionally he'd get to where he couldn't handle it and they'd have to use two. I have handled it and kept goin', but you have no time to waste [chuckling]. You didn't have time to talk. The sacks come off pretty fast that way in that large machines

What is a wire dump rake?

Well, they had teeth that were made out of about a three-eighths steel, and they dropped behind the way, and they worked with a foot-trip, so the teeth would raise up and leave the windrow, and then drop down again until you pressed your dump lever to cause the teeth to raise up. And they'd drop and they'd take about—between a twelve- and fourteen-foot width that way, and they're referred to as a "wire dump rake" in the early days. There's one down here at the stack yard.

What was its purpose?

You pick up the hay following the mower, or pick up like loose grain that was left, where you could rake up what the binder had dropped in dropping the bundles. See, the binder'd cut and tied 'em into bundles, the grain. Then you picked up the bundles, hauled 'em in and built stationary stacks for a stationary thresher, when they come around in the fall and threshed that way, from the stationary stacks. And then later you got to the combine, where it was cut and threshed in the field; and then of course on that you had to work and sack the grain and take care of the sacking. And it got away from the stationary machine and the handling, which made a lot of less work; it made a combination of the two, and it was all done out in the field.

And then you picked up the sacks after the combine had finished that way and hauled in

the grain. So work kept getting less as years went on that way, and the improvements in machinery. And then it got so there was quite a few smaller combines that way, so they didn't have to wait for a commercial machine traveling around—you could cut your own grain when it was ready that way. They took a smaller swath, the John Deere put out one, it was only a five-foot cut, which we finally got one and had. In fact, I still have it.

And they were towed with a tractor and it had a John Deere two-cylinder engine on it to run the combine. There were a number of those sold and used here in the valley. So there was a lot of changes from the time I first started in helpin' on the farm till later years, as they got away from the hand-work down to mechanization. Of course, you had to be pretty near a jack-of-all trades, as Fred Settelmeyer put it. [Chuckles] He wasn't wrong about it in that way. Be able to take and fill in and do anything that comes along—sewing sacks to handling 'em. Same way in stacking hay and everything that was needed—you learned to do any of the work that come along as the time went on. And then of course you had to learn how to take care of an engine and do engine repair, 'cause that type of machines, you couldn't take in exactly to a garage to repair. You had to learn machine repair—if a bearing was bad, you'd take it out and get a new bearing and replace it. Sometimes even pour the babbitt bearing, and you'd pour the babbitt in the shop, which I've done many a time. 'Course, you had to learn to be a little careful in handling babbitt—if there's a little moisture in your mold that way, well, there was an explosion and the babbitt went up in the air. So generally you liked to use glasses to play safe.

Hay, of course, was first with a hand scythe. And the blades were approximately three feet in length—what we used to cut hay,

which in those days was mostly timothy and orchard grass and native grasses. It'd be maybe five or six people using scythes, following, oh, fifty feet or so behind each other going around and around the field and cutting. And of course, they had to stop every little while to whet the scythes to keep it real sharp, besides grinding and sharpening on a grindstone at noontime or evenings. And each one carried what they called a scythe stone; it was, oh, probably ten, twelve inches in length, and it was a carborundum grinding compound, or some of them were made out of native stone, like the grindstone—made of fine grit, so as to keep the scythe sharp.

And then the next improvement on that come down, was the Wood mower and the Buckeye—was pretty close together. I've never seen the Wood mower in operation. I've seen a few usin' the Buckeye when I was a youngster. The blade was four feet in length and pulled by a team of two horses. And of course, that was a vast improvement over the hand scythe, as well as speeding up. It didn't—only cut a four-foot swath.

Then the next improvement, Deering come out with the five-foot mower. Then McCormick about the same time also made a five-foot mower; it was used with a team, which was just about the limit for a team to handle, and it cut with a five-foot sickle bar. And of course, the sickles was plain, and you had to grind 'em at least every morning and night, and sometimes with tough cutting you'd change one or two times in between in the morning, so a person kept pretty busy grindin' sickles. I've been in that shape! [Laughter]

And then it got down in near the first World War time or a little after, and they come out with what they call a serrated sickle. It had little grooves cut on the underside in grinding,

so it left the teeth with little sharp points, something like the teeth that were used on the reapers and binders in cuttin grain. And they lasted longer; you didn't have to sharpen 'em quite as often. And of course, when the point— sickle point got sharpened down to where the section came to a point, well, then it was time to put new sections in the sickle [chuckles], so—.

And then as time went on, then they come out with the improvement where it combined the rake and the mower into the swather. And then the length was put out from twelve to fourteen to sixteen foot in width. And the reels inside, the winding reels, would turn the hay into the center and leavin' the windrow. Some of them used the canvas drapers. And now they nearly all use sort of a worm reel to turn the hay to the center and leave it down the center of the swath. And they're self-propelled with an engine of their own, that way, and so one person combined what was two jobs before, in handling [chuckles] and speeding up.

And going back, the first one I knew was what they called a "wire rake" or "wire dump rake," which used either one or two horses, and pull as many feet till the rake would be full, and press a trip lever, and it would dump and leave that, and then the teeth would drop down and pick up to where they filled for the next dump. And then you could go crossways and make bunches out of 'em, which generally afterwards the men'd go around and trim up the edges—make it where it would be easier to pick up in loading loose hay onto hay wagons, where thered be a pitcher on each side of the wagon pickin' up the windrow, and the man 'course, drivin' the wagon would be loading, keeping his load leveled off that way to take into the stack yard or the barn. In the barn then first they drove through and then it was pitched off by hand on each side. And then

they got to where the Jackson fork came out, and the smaller four-tine Jackson fork had a cable or rope to a pulley on either side, so that it would pull and swing over, and it could dump onto a bin on either side, which was an improvement.

And then they come down to the carrier, where you put a center track through the barn. And the carrier—pick up a forkful, and it'd raise up to the carrier and snap on and then move into the barn. You could dump wherever you wished along that way. It was then that they used a six-tine Jackson fork, which would take the width all the way across the load of hay for each forkful. 'Course, in learning to set the fork and keep the nose of the Jackson fork down, you'd take a good heavy forkful of hay—learn how to space, so you didn't tear your load up. So I got in on usin' that when I was, oh, quite a long time before I was fourteen, cause before I was fourteen I got my hand caught in the cable; I let go of the wrong one of a double cable and pulled my hand into the pulley that was on the fork. That only happened a week before school started [chuckling]!

There was oftentimes men on wagons that would tear the loads up, so that it would take quite a while forking the load off. The next wagon'd be there waitin' for the one to be unloaded, so a lot of times they'd change teams that way, and unhook from the wagon, hook onto the empty, and go on. I've stayed and just forked steadily in the barn, because I learned how to handle a Jackson fork, and it didn't tear my load up. Usually I could take a load off in eight forkfuls with a six-tine Jackson fork. And of course, in some of the other larger areas, they did use as many as an eight-tine Jackson in forking, although we've stayed with the six on our use, and got along fine.

And of course, then out in the open stack yards, it first was oblong haystacks.

And the derrick usin' the Jackson fork, and the stacker'd be swingin', putting hay close to where he wanted it, so he didn't have to handle it quite as much, keepin' his stack level. When the hay was a little damp, then they'd add and put on salt about every so often so it would get away from the risk of it turning brown or possible fire.

Salt?

Mm-hm, yeah it'd act as preservative. And also—cattle liked the hay better in the winter; they cleaned it up better, too—I guess it had a little better flavor and taste with a little salt where it would melt from the warmth of the hay curing. And it also got away from danger of possible spontaneous combustion from too much heat developing, if they happened to get a hold of hay that was a little bit too moist in early morning and stacking.

Was that a real problem with the spontaneous burning?

Oh, yeah, there were haystack fires and spontaneous combustion sometimes. It wasn't too often, but it happened.

And then after the team mowers, first come the tractor: it was either mounted on the side to the tractor or else mounted on the back—a pull type—usually a seven-foot bar on most all of them, so you got an additional foot cut over the time, which kept cuttin' down on the time that way and fieldwork, making it somewhat easier.

And then came the swather, which went to twelve- and fourteen- and sixteen-foot, plus also, as I told you, where it moved the hay into the center and formed its own windrow.

And then as time went on, the stationary baler was equipped with a pickup so it could be moved out in the field. In the first one

they had to have a man on each side to tie the bales, which was still a lot in use in the second World War. And then they gradually swung to an automatic tie, so the bale would be tied without any help from a man on either side. And also the length of the bale was adjusted, so the baler had become very much automatic. And then there was one type fixed where the bale would be tossed back to a wagon pulled behind, and the other fixed so it would push the bale up, so a man on the wagon could stack the bales in the hay wagon. As it got filled, it'd drop that wagon and pick up an empty. But of course, they had to watch that the bales were dry 'cause if the bales were too moist, you'd run into the danger or problem of having spontaneous combustion or fire in the stack yard. So most of 'em got so they'd leave the bales drop on the ground, and then they'd use a bale pickup, that was pulled alongside of the wagon and pick the bales up and hoist 'em up to the height where you could pull 'em off and stack 'em on the wagon.

And then the next come along was the bale wagon, where it'd pick the bales up, and it would wind up stacking 'em on the wagon, and you could bring in all the way from fifty-odd bales to over seventy, depending on the size of the bale wagon. And it worked by hydraulic where the wagon would tip to an upright position, and the bales could be set off on the ground, and go back for a next load without havin' to handle any. [Chuckles] So you see, there's been a lot of improvement in farming.

Yes, it sure has cut down a lot on the labor, hasn't it?

Yeah, it did, and also made it a lot easier for ladies cookin' in the kitchen for farm help [chuckles], which my wife certainly appreciated!

And then also in the household, years ago, they generally had to do most all the baking, 'cause out in the country usually there wasn't a near enough store where bakery bread was attainable, although now it's got so it's—most of the stores carry bread, and as far as pie baking and cake baking

Just to carry that a little further, what kinds of things did your local stores carry then?

Well, mostly some canned goods, flour—to a certain extent that way. Although a lot of the farmers would buy flour from the local flour mills years ago, which now all went out of operation. There isn't any here in the valley; at one time there were three.

Along in the teens, the alfalfa begin to be used more. In fact, it goes way back to around the 1880s to some use, although at that time it was considered more or less of a flower and pretty to look at more than it was for feeding livestock! The neighbor that lived here said the first he saw was a patch of alfalfa was planted in here where our house now stands. And I found large roots remaining underneath that way, so it backed him up. And he said they all thought it was a pretty garden flower to look at till they discovered that the livestock liked to make use of the—as well as the pretty looks of it in blooming [chuckles]!

And then they gradually went into field use, and better types of alfalfa begin to develop as years went over, as more—some of the different diseases showed up as time went on and different strains—one of 'em was Lahontan, developed in the Fallon country, used quite extensively in this area in planting alfalfa.

And of course, the timothy, a little orchard grass, and clover was considered quite a good racehorse hay. When I was a youngster in the teens, you'd often bale a stack by the stationary

baler, and we've had hay that we loaded on freightcars that went back to Kentucky for race tracks. In fact, there was quite a bit shipped from the valley that way. It was a long ways to take hay, but I guess they figured it was quite good. The race horses did good on it and enjoyed it. When it got back there, then it was kind of expensive hay [chuckling] in my belief.

There was many a lot shipped out. We shipped from here, and other ranches up along this side of the valley that—where they had partly sub-irrigation and that, and raisin' timothy and the moisture with the orchard grass, and a little clover. And well, the buyers come around and buy it to ship back to the Kentucky area where they was raising race horses.

And then the changes went on years ago in the grain. At first the grain was cut by hand. And a person had to tie each sheaf by hand—in cutting the grain that way, to leave it in the bunch, and a person followed up and tied them with a piece, a handful, of the standing grain. It'd be longer to wrap around, and twist together, tuck under to make a tie so they'd be bundles to make it easier moving and loading.

And then they got down to where the first of the reapers, the McCormick, was invented. And that done away with the hand cutting. But then they still had to tie the bundles that it left from the reapers. And then eventually, it got down to where the binder—and they were self-tying and used twine. And the knotter—'course, the knotter would give quite a bit of trouble; it would stop every once in a while that way. And sometimes it would get out of adjustment and wouldn't tie satisfactorily. 'Course, once in a while the bundle, the twine would break on it, too.

And then afterwards, the bundles had to be picked up by a pitcher and loaded onto

a wagon and hauled in, and then stacked for the threshing machine to thresh from the stationary stacks. And there was quite a crew with the threshing machine—a lot of times all the way from ten to fourteen men, altogether, moving, handling the sacks, and those that were with the machines. So that made a lot of cooking for ladies in the house, too.

And then the next improvement on that was the combine, where the grain was cut from the field and threshed. And then it went to the person that way for sewing the sacks on the combine. Another person drove the tractor that pulled the combine. And then the next on that improvement was the self-propelled combine. It'd be handled by one man; it was that way. And then they also had bins where they stored grain until where they'd stop and be largely up in the north, more so than around the valleys here, where there were large grainfields and grain was their main crop bein' raised.

And those combines got to where they had twelve-, fourteen-foot cut that way in their sickle combine—and even sixteen. I know I've seen where my relatives live in Montana that way, and of course, they had elevators to handle the loose grain to blow into grain storage bins. And then later it'd be hauled out to where it'd be loaded into boxcars and special grain cars. It'd eventually come out to all the grain terminals that way, and also to mills where grain was ground to flour and flour products was made.

But a lot of the hard wheat was raised in that northern country and went into the grain mills. And 'course, along where there were boats on the waterfront there, a lot of grain was shipped overseas.

What was your market, though, for the grain that you grew here in the valley, generally?

Well, lots of it from the valley used here was used in—sometimes in ground and rolled barley for feeding cattle. And most all the flour mills had a barley-rolling machine, where the barley went through; it'd be steamed first to kinda soften the kernels. And then they went through between rollers and flattened and the kernels broken, so it made it easier for cattle to digest and secure more nutriment from the grain. And quite a little bit of barley was processed that way and was used in feeding and fattening beef, and used also now in 4-H children's programs with their sheep, lambs, and in livestock feeding. It's mixed with molasses and by-products that way.

And then the Jackson fork eventually was superseded in haying with—what they use is nets laid on the wagon. And they'd take usually one net, fill up about half a load, and then lay the next one on, then fill the other half a load, so the two nets would unload a load of hay. They'd pull together from each side so they tripped in the center. And they'd pull it by a double pulley, then take it on to the stack—the net loads. And then the person who was on the wagon could trip where the center would break apart to drop the load wherever the man who was working on the stack could work to swing it handiest—save his work in moving, so he didn't have to move so much.

And then lots in wild hay, we'd use what they called "buck rakes," in which the eight-, nine-foot teeth were—around about fourteen of 'em—set ahead of the two horses, and they'd pick up the loose hay in the field and bring in. And then they did have overhead stackers on them, where we could pick and raise up, and it'd drop over onto the stack that was from each buck load. Then also we put out the net with a—having an iron stake driven into the ground, where you'd drive in and drop the buck load on the net and take it on the

net onto the stack—it was a little easier for stacker than the other type. You could scatter it around and keep your stacks more level, so they didn't, well, settle to one side a lot of times—sometimes tip over! [Chuckles]

And that was all before it got down to the balers—the balers where they pick up out in the field was the last improvement in the way of haying. So there have been a lot of changes over the years to make it a lot easier, and also with less help, and easier work for the ladies in the house.

And of course, along the foothills here especially, where we get quite a bit of storm, more so now than out the valley, they start to usin' the hay barns a lot to protect the baled hay from rain and storm, and storm damage on the top layers of bales that way. And then here at ours we use the older, wooden barn to put in timothy and orchard grass hay, which lots of times is sold to people for horse hay; and of course, if we happen to have a heavy winter, then additional hay we can use in feedin' cattle. In the larger hay barn, the hay is dumped from the automatic hay wagons—in that way, you can get away from a lot of handling of bales, and also quicker in puttin' up hay—it takes less time. You almost need to go out and look to see 'cause it's kinda hard to tell a person, unless you're really more or less used to it—that type of farming work.

And of course, the tractor now in time has replaced horse work almost altogether, so you rarely see a horse out in the field now. It's all tractor work. And 'course, it increased—where you could cover more acreage, and bigger equipment to handle. The same way in plowing the field or disking: tractor disk became wider and took up a larger area of ground, and you could disk heavily and really get away from a lot of plowing where it'd be all

done by disking. And then use land levelers to help level, make it easier in irrigation later in the summertime.

So tractors begin to be more horsepower as years went on, that way—there's the diesel engine now, so most all places have diesel engines as well as gas-powered tractors. The diesel engine is a little more efficient and makes better use of fuel, and used less fuel than the gas-powered tractors for heavier work, as time goes on.

And then in seeding, it started out in the early days, the sack with a rope tied over from the back part of the sack to the front part where it was open, and hold over your shoulder, and along the side; and then you'd catch two or three fingers, depending on the type of grains you were using, and see, you'd throw it broadcast on the ground, then follow over with a light harrow to scratch and cover up.

And later a grain drill [was] invented, and that took place of the hand seeding: first usin' the small grass seed, to use in front of the grain drill, where you were seeding for alfalfa or timothy or orchard grass, and the other larger drill would plant underground the wheat or oats or barley—whichever happened to be planted. And then you could adjust closer to what the amount that you wanted to plant to the acre that way. So it made better yields, and also covered more ground, and was a lot easier than doin' it by hand. [Laughs] And then, of course, grain drill has increased in size, as tractors come into use, so it would handle wider strips of ground and seed faster.

And then 'course, there was an increase in various bugs in that way. And then there were noxious weeds. So they've got into—spraying become a necessity as years come on. They need to watch that way and spray patches that show up of noxious weeds to keep 'em

down and killed out. And 'course, sprays have become more efficient over the years from what the earlier ones were.

What were the earlier ones?

Well, they used a dust at first, that I know of, for mostly what's called "white top" (it'd come in the alfalfa seed from Utah)—a grayish white dust, but it wasn't too efficient that way; it didn't kill it out all right. It was a type that spread from the roots instead of the seed. And now they have the other various names of the chemical sprays. They keep improving, and it's mixed with the liquid and use a liquid, mixed in a barrel, and spray now.

Has the problem with weeds and bugs been increasing over the years?

I think they have—there have been more that have got brought in at various times. So we have to watch now for Canadian thistle, sometimes, that show up. And there are—besides the "white top," as they refer to it, there are some others in some places they have to look out and watch for and spray to keep down. Although the Canadian thistle and white top are the two worst here in the valley to have to watch for, 'cause they both come up from the roots underground, and it's trouble to getting the roots killed out that way to kill the patches out, as they keep spreading and gettin' larger if they're let go, and no spray. And then there's also puncture vine; it's—have to kind of watch for. It's hard on automobile tires. [Chuckles] 'Course, when I was a youngster, none of those were known; they've all come in during my time.

Would there have been any way to prevent those from coming in?

Well, people didn't know what they were in the start, and so you didn't try to get on and keep 'em down; and 'course, you didn't have much way in the real earlier—until sprays begin to come out to combat 'em and kill 'em down from that means. First, it was only either disking or hoeing, if patches showed up. So the weed sprays are quite efficient in keeping down on—and then you have to keep watching for 'em that way 'cause they can get carried sometimes by birds, I imagine, as well as other various ways of—even like puncture vine sticking to a person's shoe.

As weed controls came out, how did you learn about them?

Well, at first, they noticed this, as they called, white top. It bloomed and formed a pretty white blossom. In fact, there were some patches around Carson that people used to go and pick on Decoration Day and take to the cemetery, 'cause they bloomed a little before Decoration Day, and they looked pretty. Of course, in the bloom stage, they didn't—seed wasn't carried until after they ripened a month and a half, two months later. But there was a couple of patches on this edge of Carson that way, but they didn't realize that it was really a dangerous weed that would spread in time. [Chuckles]

So when it begin to spread that way and show up other places and then in cultivated areas, and then some came in on the alfalfa seed from Utah where it seemed like they had some rather heavier infestations. And if the patch gets thick, they crowd out all other types of grass, and you just get down to the white top, so no doubt it was not a weed that you wanted [chuckles]!

And of course, the Canadian thistle, well, that had stickers, so you knew you

didn't want it around. And then when it came up from the roots underground, as well as from the seed, it presented two problems in the way of spreading both from the seed the roots; the patches would keep getting larger. And the white top spread the same way; the underground roots lived over from one year to the other. And then finally county ordinances developed and required spraying to hold 'em down, which they are here, and I think in most every county where there's—they have the county weed district.

When sprays and things started coming out to control these, how did the farmers learn that the sprays were available and how to use them?

Well, and then the county got to buying and then reselling to farmers on the weed sprays and that, as they found it was more efficient for various areas. And then there was also, the county had spray rig equipment that they put out and handled—watching various ways. And then, course, state highway had to go in and watch it along the roads, too, 'cause weeds started to show up along the roadway, and puncture vine especially that way. So there's spraying both by the county and the state highway department now, goes on every year, 'cause quite often puncture vine'll be found along the edges of the roads. So it doesn't pay to get too far off the paved highway sometimes! [Laughter]

And of course, where you see patches along the road like on the county road, well, you tell the county weed district man that way, and then they come along—they do a little special watching for it to give it a little extra treatment.

Then the dairies, they started out—'course, first it was all hand milking for a long period of

years. Then the milking machines developed. 'Course, the first ones weren't too efficient; the cows would dry up rather quickly. And as time went on they got to where there was quite a bit of improvement. So now milking is done altogether by a milking machine.

And then they improved on types that way, and then also in the dairy barns, the improvement in handling the cows. And then it got where dairying become more—pretty much specialized, and farmin'—a lot of the farms dropped out on it, which included ourselves, where we stayed with the range cattle and that. Well, it was easier for that way, 'cause they—you really had to go in, where you had a milker, and 'course, then you had to be around for mealtimes for milker, so it made a lot more work in the house. So my wife was quite happy when we dropped milking—made it a lot freer for us, for both of us! [Laughs]

And then in that way, at first in the individual farms, in milking, the milk was separated and cream was taken into creameries and made largely into butter that way. And then it began to go into the whole milk and selling milk products that way, from larger creameries. In fact, the last one here in the valley just closed down recently; it was bought by Model Dairy in Reno, and now milk products are brought back from Reno.

And then they have tank trucks that pick up the whole milk, where it's stored and kept cool that way in larger dairies, they go in, and get around a hundred cows or more involved that way in milking. Now it's taken into Reno from—. 'Course, they figure it's more sanitary conditions, I imagine, for use, which probably is no doubt true, that way, 'cause a lot of the milkers—milking machine now is handled in pipes and run through and stored in the cooling tanks, till it's picked up by the tank

trucks. And they're stainless steel now—developed into their use. The same way with the storage tanks at the various places where milking is done. And then it's cooled that way with coolers to keep down the rise of bacteria, by cooling down to below the temperature where bacteria seem to thrive.

How did you do it when you were milking here and selling milk—what was the process?

Well, we didn't sell milk really—sometimes a few people who lived here in town would come in and get milk that way—occasionally, one or two, or so. But to separate—and then you keep the cream in ten-gallon cans in the water tank with cold water around it to keep cooler. And generally, the cream would be picked up about twice a week that way by cream trucks that would run and take it into the creamery where it was made into butter. Although ourselves, we made butter ourselves for years; for quite a long period of time, we'd make our own butter. It was just kinda from habit, you might say, from the earlier years. 'Course, homemade butter was nice, and buttermilk was good, toot

Then, of course, we always kept pigs which used the skim milk out in the storm' tank, and it was mixed with the other, and it would sour rather quickly, 'cause if a pig was fed on fresh, sweet milk, he'd get a little too much and often bloat and kill himself. So on sour milk, it didn't cause him to bloat. So we always let it sour and kept feeding from the tank where it's a little sour. Pigs didn't seem to mind it; they all seemed to enjoy it. And of course, we had chickens; then the cheese formed on the top, we'd put out some of the cheese for the chickens to use. They enjoyed eatin' the cheese. It was the same as cottage cheese now that you buy in a store.

I didn't know chickens liked cottage cheese.

Oh, you bet they do. They see you take out a bucket to put in a little trough, they come so they can get around each side and line up thick and crowd one another for room to get in and get their share! 'Course, as they gradually got filled up, they'd go off; then others'd keep gettin' in. No, it was good feed for chickens.

And 'course, we put out fresh milk that way—a pan for the dogs and cats that way. We always had a dog or two, and thered be always some cats around. And I've seen dogs'd go over and help the chickens out, and they'd eat some of the cottage cheese, too; they seemed to like it as well. And I did the same as a little youngster—rake off some of the top—it'd all be white and nice underneath—and get a handful, and eat the cottage cheese.

In fact, for myself, I got along pretty good from watchin' Dad and Mother, till my grandmother and grandfather come back when I was a little fellow only around between two and three years old, well, there was too many people around—Grandmother caught sight of me and said, well, the baby was gettin' cottage cheese out of the swill barrel! [Chuckles] So Mother kinda got scolded 'cause she didn't realize that I was kinda doin' that once in a while on the side [laughing], so when they made cottage cheese for the table, well, that wasn't near as good as what I could get outside! So I wasn't interested too much in eatin' cottage cheese at a table [laughs] Those tricks little youngsters do on their folks. [Laughing] Pert' near all youngsters around the farm—boys, especially—get hold of a handful of cheese that way that soured in the barrels or else in the concrete tanks that way. Rake off the top part, and it'd be all white and nice underneath—well, it was all good and healthy; none of us ever got sick. [Chuckles]

Kind of have a morning lunch or an afternoon lunch that way sometimes.

And of course, they'd bring milk in the house and let it sour on the stove, separate, and make cottage cheese to put on the table quite often. The stores never carried cottage cheese for sale years ago; you always made your own that way, where you had the dairy cows. No, it was all good—'course, if you had it in the house, you'd add the salt to it. Well, that where you used outside for the chickens, that wasn't salted. It would be a little different flavor. And maybe that's why a youngster liked it sometimes—a little handful occasionally, as well as kinda gettin' it on the side! [Laughs]

Then, of course, years ago, in cleaning ditches, it was pretty much all hand work—in the springtime, goin' over ditches, cleaning out sediment that accumulated, and dust blown in. And then eventually, the backhoe was invented, so now that's taken the place of all hand work in ditches—the backhoe scooping out sediment along ditches. And then there's also weed sprays that help to kill grass that'd grow in ditches where the water stands a little.

The backhoe has been a big help in a lot of farm work in the way of digging ditches and trench work, or anything that way. It made it a lot easier and certainly a lot faster. And then, of course, most all backhoes has a scoop on the front for loading dirt or rock or gravel, for moving. And of course, then the dump truck was another handier invention where it'd be dumped either in one pile or scattered along, and made it very good.

So there've been a lot of changes in the way of farming, and a lot easier ways to get along [chuckles], as you look back over the years—'cause it started out as a hand scraper with a team, first. Then it got into the Fresno, larger scraper, where they used four horses

in scraping and moving dirt. And then, of course, it went to the tractor; there was a scraper behind in handling, moving dirt to level a field. And then they even have some that will pick up and load—self propelled, and some pulled by tractors for spreading dirt in doing more even leveling and finishing.

And of course, with the cattle and horses, they were bein' fed especially in the corrals that way, and horse manure and that was a fine place for flies to hatch and develop, so we had quite a job combattin' flies years ago; and after we got away to the tractor and less horses, then the fly dropped off, so there're not near the flies around that you'd see years ago. We'd have fly traps set out, regularly, catchin' flies, and then thered be some get in the house at the very best of it. No, now you don't see—very few flies, and of course, there are sprays that can be used in killing flies, too, that show up—as well as the flyswatter [chuckles]!

How did you combat the flies?

Well, they made—with the wire screen, made a round or square box that was around two feet or so high, and then run a narrow, wire-shaped cone up in the center, and put a little of the cottage cheese, or like they always had, in underneath. The flies would get in and go up, and you'd catch 'em in those screen containers, and get rid of quite a lot.

And then this electric fly catcher came out, and the first one we had—in fact, I made the first one of our own; I got hold of one of the neon sign transformers (it had one of the sides burned out, but one side was good), and made the first from that, and spaced the wires so a fly going between would complete a circuit, and well, he got electrocuted. There'd be a zip, and he'd drop down underneath, so it got kinda fun watchin' the zips, as the fly would drop underneath. We'd put a little of our

cottage cheese under it to coax it underneath, or if you had a little beer, it worked good, too, that way; from the smell from the beer, the fly seemed to like to come. So we got rid of flies pretty fast with the electric fly catcher.

And then it got where you could buy a commercial one, and it worked on the same principle with the—like from the neon sign transformer, some of the wires were spaced about a half an inch or so apart, but a fly go between that would make a closed circuit, so a spark would jump from the negative to the positive side of the wires that way, and the fly didn't exist any more! [Laughter] So the electric fly catchers were quite handy. There've been various shapes and types of 'em developed. The first one was, oh, more than two feet in length and about a foot and a half in width. In fact, I have one down here in the shed that way; we bought it to replace the first one that I made. So it got down so flies didn't become a problem as years went on. And of course, it made it lots more helpful around the home that way, keepin' fly population down.

And then they went to spraying the oil sprays on ponds and that to kill mosquitoes, 'cause mosquitoes used to be quite thick at night, especially down around the fields and ranches that was out in the valley. Where we lived up here on the west side, there'd be an afternoon breeze, and that would push the mosquitoes back down into the valley, so there wasn't too many mosquitoes around here. We never had much of a problem around the houses here along the foothills. It's one of the advantages of livin' along the foothill! And you catch that afternoon breeze, and it would change the temperature from the top of the hill down, and that wind would always be going out to the valley, and push mosquitoes back, and keep them away. But, of course, down along the sloughs, thered be quite a lot. And they were quite thick around hay, too, in

fields until they started to spray, And so now you don't see very few mosquitoes, as they spray with the helicopter around—over ponds and still, standing water to kill the mosquito larvae off.

So there have been lots of improvements over the years. It's hard to think of 'em ordinarily unless you happen to get into something like this, and can think back over the years between the differences between then and now in the ways we combatted 'em. 'Course, the flyswatter was the early start, and of course, it still survived a lot of the improvements for a lone fly or two [chuckle] So now you hardly ever see a fly in the house. And he doesn't last long if he does find one around—you generally can catch up with him. [Laughs] As well as the fly sprays that you could use to ward 'em off along the edge of the doors and things that way—a few flies that might show up.

And of course, some of the sprays work real good on a hornets' nest, too, that occasionally shows up around. I had one out here on the side of the house last year that I used one of the fly sprays on, and it very effectively got rid of the hornets. 'Course, years ago we had to kind of use a bucket of hot water that way to try to get rid of a hornets' nest when they begin to develop and start gettin' larger—if they showed up too close around the house or out in a tree limb where you could get at it, 'cause you didn't like hornets gettin' too friendly [chuckles].

Wed run onto 'em at times when gathering cattle in the fall on the range, and once in a while it'd be a year when thered be a lot of hornets that—pret' near every old rotting stump or rotten log, thered be a hornets' nest somewhere around the edge of it. A fellow kind of had to watch when he was goin' along or hed first find a hornet that might get too friendly! [Laughs]

And then there was the larger yellow jacket—had the kind of a thin waist that way—and their sting was even more powerful than a smaller hornet. And then occasionally, you ran into a nest of bumblebees; they weren't—ordinarily, didn't bother too much. They'd kind of stay by-themselves, and they didn't bother a person, unless you happened to really disturb their nest. We'd run onto them—and then they slower movin', so you had a better chance to get out of the way.

And what was rough with mowing with a team was to run onto a nest of hornets out in the hayfield—caused many a runaway with teams. As well as the person on the mower—he'd have quite a time [chuckling] if he happened to run into where hornets were down on the ground or just partly above ground, and you didn't realize it until you ran into them. And then once in a while it'd happen, too, we'd run into a skunk—that wasn't too pleasant either in the hayfield. [Laughs]

No, I've caught a skunk with a mowing machine, where the skunk would get killed, but he generally left the aftereffects of smell, though, in the meantime. So you wouldn't smell very good when you come home; you'd generally have to wind up and change clothes before coming in the house [laughs]! Yeah, that'd be quite a smelly time! 'Course, after while you'd get kinda used to it, and you wouldn't notice it too much, but another person would! He could tell what had happened!

I doubt that you were allowed in the house!

Nope, generally you'd change out around the woodshed! Change clothes. Had a milker one time, come from Italy in the part of Italy where he didn't know what skunks were. And

he came here, and he was milkin' at a place in the south end of the valley, and then a few years later, he milked here for quite a while; he said he had relatives in Carson. And he got a new suit of clothes; he put 'em on (and he'd got a car by then); he was goin' down to Carson. And he said it was right around after the first World War time when fur prices of various animal furs was pretty high. And he said he stepped out of the bunkhouse, and he said, "Here was this pretty little animal with a white stripe down his back and tail settin' up in the air come around the corner, and so I stopped and looked at him," he said, "I begin to wonder if that was one of those little animals that the fur was worth a pretty high price." And he said he had a stick handy, and he said, "I hit him with the stick and whoosh!" he says—he says, "I didn't go to town!" [Laughs] And he says, "They told me to bury my clothes to get rid of the smell," but he said, "when I dig them up," he says, "they smelled just the same." He says, "I lost that good suit of clothes; I only got to use it one or two times." [Laughs] So he said, "Next time I see one of them little animals with the pretty stripes," he says, "I backed off and get the other way, and didn't get very close to him," [laughter] he said, "to give 'im a wide berth" [Chuckling] "Cause," he said, "that was an expensive lesson for my part, and I lost a suit of clothes!" [Laughs]

Well, we had a skunk show up here a few nights ago. I go up to my daughter's house evening meals—she has me come up. 'Course, I give things in exchange for 'em. I put out some feed for their dog, generally, that's here, and a lot of times he follows me up, and this time he followed up and some of the feed was left. And evidently, the neighbor dog come back 'cause I found about two inches of the end of a skunk's tail and lots of smell! And the dog food was still there; it wasn't disturbed, so the dog left in a hurry, apparently, so I don't know

whose dog got the worst of the deal. I knew that our dogs didn't have any smell on 'em, so it wasn't ours! [Laughs] The next morning the smell had drifted off, so all we had was the end of the skunk's tail out there that he had nipped [chuckles] and broken off! [Laughs] Yeah, he was short on his tail—he was one of those real large skunks with a wide tail! [Chuckles]

No, our dog followed off at the right time, but somebody else's dog come along and wasn't so lucky! He tackled the skunk and came off, I guess, second best!—'cause he evidently left in a hurry; he didn't finish cleaning up the dog food [laughs]! No, some of the hazards around a farm!

Rufus Adams'll tell you about when he stepped off a flume one time when he was a youngster and stepped down on top of a skunk. So, he said he got the benefit of the smell, and he said the skunk got off without much injury. But he said his mother met him at the door, and he said she handed out clothes and told him to go out and change in the woodshed [laughing]! He can probably tell you about it if he happens to think of it! Said his mother wasn't very happy; she thought he ought to be more careful and look where he was steppin'! 'Cause they had a flume out in the back of their yard where water dropped off before there was a washing machine; they used to set the tub there to let the water run off the flume down on the clothes to help wash clothes easier [chuckles].

No, we wasn't that fortunate here [chuckles]. The mother didn't hardly see the need of a washing machine when they had that drop of about three feet or so from the flume down to lower—where the water ran out from where they had an early power plant; it was one of the places that had power for their home earlier that way, had their own power plant, way back around shortly after

the turn of the century. And the second ranch to the north of them also had a power plant that way, run by water power. In fact, there were only a few places where you could see an outside light when I was a youngster, where they had their own power that way, and had to leave their light on—a few lights—to help use power day and night that way from the plant. And you could almost—coming over down on the Kingsbury grade late at night, horseback sometimes, then you could just about count the places you could see on your fingers on one hand where ther'd be a light after about nine o'clock or so at night, where they had their own power plants that way and left the light to burn all night. It sounds funny to tell it now, but I've seen it that way when [laughing] you had enough fingers on one hand to count the places you could see from the Kingsbury grade that had their own power plants. That was before electric power'd begin to come into use to any extent in the early teens.

So the Adams had their own.

Yeah, they had their own; they had their own power plant. And then another ranch that was early day was James (and then later it was Cook), and that had their own power plant. And they were two that were visible from here. And the Schacht ranch out in the valley—they had a battery plant, and 'course, they didn't use the light much at night 'cause they had to recharge the battery from the gasoline engine and generator.

They weren't so fortunate to have hydroelectric?

No, they wasn't where they could have any mountain stream; they were out in the valley. But here along where there's ranches near a mountain stream, and then also the ranch this

side of Adams's had electric power, too—they had hydroelectric power for their use. So there were three fairly close together to the north of us that had the benefit of their own electric plants.

'Course, sometimes the lights weren't too bright that way, if water happened to get rather low in a drier year, and then the plant wouldn't run up to speed, you see, and it would—the lights would be quite dim. You'd notice that in all three of the places; they were sometimes very dim. In years when they were rather dry and not much snowfall, and the water got short towards the latter part of the year, and plants begin to run slower.

And then it used to be that post holes was all dug by hand when I was a youngster and it had been that way all along. And of course, you didn't dig too many post holes in a day, especially where there were a few rocks involved, like it was along the foothills here.

And then they had the augur was invented—eight and ten inches in diameter, some of 'em were twelve—where unless rocks were too heavy or small, they'd handle 'em and dig a post hole in a matter of a minute's or so time. And a few more minutes to move to the next post hole and they were raised and lowered by hydraulic equipment from the tractor and the auger. And of course, up here around the corrals we had a lot of rocks, and went to usin' the backhoe to dig post holes where we struck too many rocks for an auger to use. In fact, some of 'em were big rocks that were too large to move—dig a hole alongside and lower the rock down below ground level—there was quite a few down around the barnyard in which that was done—some of 'em was five and six feet across. They were more than little pebbles. [Chuckling] We used to kinda make a joke about the oversized pebbles. There's still a few in sight in places, but there's quite a few we buried over the years

that was too large to move without drilling and blasting. Kinda shows the effects of what's happened in centuries back in cloudbursts from the canyons.

No, they had little places where some people who built houses up closer to the foothills found out what could happen in just a heavy, heavy rain, in a few hours time where there's some snow that could be melted, 'cause they found their driveways washed out, and gullies two and three-foot deep across the roads in places. So as time went on, farm work became a lot easier as machine work became involved.

I don't think we really discussed any buying of the ranch property as I remember now—.

No, we've mentioned it once or twice a little, but we haven't really discussed it.

Mmmhmm, of course, after goin' north on the trip, and incidentally in the town where you saw bread two bits, that was, if I remember rightly, was in towns where there was a bakery—you got three loaves for a quarter. [Chuckling] Yeah, I think there was several places, too, and that was around where there was a bakery, and they was buyin' 'em at the bakery.

And of course you noticed in there [refers to a diary] for the price paid for meat was very cheap compared to later years. Bacon, the same way and potatoes—oh, I remember then potatoes in a hundred pounds not over a dollar a sack. Lots of time at digging it'd only be six bits? and then generally in a month or two, the priced raise to around a dollar, and sometimes as high as a dollar and a quarter. So we raised potatoes here several years and got up to about five acres that we figured we could handle in the fall on account of frost for digging. Store some in the cellar, and then

generally have to cover some in the pit. Put straw on and then cover it over with dirt and figure in later winter or early spring, market them then, as the demand increased for potatoes. Sometimes in the spring, the price'd get up to around two dollars a hundred, which was, oh, it was quite good.

And then in the land, the property here at Genoa was bought from the Freys in 1909, and we moved in on August 16th. The price for it was thirty thousand dollars, which we went into debt for at the time, and since the Freys were leaving thirty-two head of horses (although they did manage to keep some cattle that they had out in pasture that didn't go with the property), the horses' values was quite high—even a crippled brood mare sold for four hundred dollars in the year or so after we moved here. And we had eight horses of our own from the two teams from going north, so we sold most of the horses and put the money into payin' off on the property, which was a big help along.

And then of course, there was quite a bit of teaming then for the first two or three years after we come here before trucks started to come into use on hauling, and then the earlier trucks was the hard rubber tires—they weren't pneumatic. One of the names was a White truck, and they were chain-driven back to each rear tire and they were hard rubber, so they didn't travel too many miles an hour on dirt roads.

And then in 1916, we began to go more into cattle. And we had also a dairy, which had a milker to take care of all the time.

And then the property for sale at Sheridan—fifty-two acres—which we purchased for the animals for spring and fall feed for livestock, outside of the dairy.

And then went along till 1920, and at that time, we bought the cattle range at the Lake, which was 2,448 acres countin' meadow and

timber land and mountain land all together. And the price on that was eighteen thousand that we paid at that time. We did incur some indebtedness on that, and the farming dropped following the wartime that way, so there was several years 'fore we had that altogether paid up—prices on cattle dropped to quite an extent.

At the end of the war?

Yeah, it was after 1920. It held up till just after 1920, and then they dropped.

How long did they stay down then?

Well, they didn't start to raise—they were raising a little by the later twenties, and then in 1929 was the stock market crash, and then prices dropped again on everything, following that in through the thirties. But we managed to get paid up by the early part of the thirties, so we stayed in the clear, and felt quite happy about it, even though prices were low on everything, but you raised a lot of the produce that you used, and didn't buy so much, 'cause there was quite a bit of garden in those years and your own potatoes and of course carrots—tomatoes we canned, as well as garden peas and beets—my wife pickled beets, along with cucumbers—pickled for uses later through the winter and the rest of the year. And then also cabbage, and used sauerkraut a certain amount to extent—we put up quite a little bit of cabbage and sauerkraut. Of course, after it began to cure, we generally wound up and bottled it, so it didn't get too "sour," you might say. 'Course now I hardly ever see, except sauerkraut in the stores.

There's a sauerkraut cutter out here in the cellar that was on the property when we come here, for slicing cabbage into barrels.

It's oh, probably two-and-a-half-foot in length, and around ten inches or so in width, and there's a blade on an angle, set so that the cabbage, as you slice over, it cuts off a thin layer of cabbage each time you keep turning the head till you got down to the center core in slicing. And of course, we used salt that way, and pressed down and then it'd form its own brine as it started the fermentation of the salt, and that. I know in earlier years, when there was quite a bit of help, we'd put up close to a fifty-gallon barrel—sounds a lot, I bet, to you. [Chuckle]

And of course, there was the milker and one man, or two other men, a lot of the time working, and the summertime was of course more extra help in haying and that. Springtime, there was two men in shoveling and cleaning ditches for nearly a month lots of times, so you had quite a bit of use for things that way, plus tomatoes that were canned and put up in bottles. 'Course the bottles we used then was two quarts. Quart bottles were rather not too large—they did use a few, but mostly it was two quarts in size.

And of course, we put up peaches, pears, and then there's the greengage plums were canned, and then we also dried quite a few apples, and dried prunes. So you alternated between fruit in the jars and dried fruit that way for desserts a lot. 'Course there was rice occasionally used for variation for dessert in rice pudding. So, all in all, we had quite a bit of our own produce that we used that way in the kitchen—it all was quite nice, I'll say.

And of course, they got less use for so much—we kinda dropped on the amount of canning later years, as we got away from more help, and less cooking in the kitchen, although of course, we still always put up tomatoes most of the years—some peaches. 'Course peach trees don't ordinarily live too

many years, and it's got down to now where we run out of peach trees. They died off over the years, and didn't have too good of success in a couple I planted. One caught just the other year in the lawnmower—it was about five foot in height—and it got cut off so it didn't survive. The children usin' the mower didn't notice the tree, and got too close. [Chuckling] So I'll have to plant another one now, or two.

'Course, riding back 'n' forth in the twenties to the range, I used dried apples lots of the time, and a few dried peaches for my lunch that way—riding where there was a good part of the day in the saddle, and it was around twenty miles by the way the road run, going through to Lake Tahoe and into the range. I was riding a saddle mare that objected to hearin' a little noise of anything wrapped in paper—she was ready to go to bucking—so I soon learned that it didn't pay to pack things wrapped in anything in paper. If I took anything that way, I'd wrap it in cloth, and get away from any noise.

No, well the mother of the mare was a Pine Nut mustang—the mare was a little larger, but was sure-footed that way, and had tough feet that followed the type of the mustang, so it was only a time or two that she ever had shoes on, and one of the times I got caught in the snow and I had to take 'em off, 'cause the snow would ball up under the metal shoes so the horse'd be walkin' on stilts. [Chuckle] And then they'd break off, and there'd be one foot low, and it just didn't work too good [chuckling]—an unequal proposition. So mostly that way, the feet maybe'd get a little tender, you get back in there where it was rock, and what good part of the way was sandy. And then it'd be nearly a week or so 'fore it'd be used again, and the feet'd be toughened in by that time and ready to go again.

And I had a pretty much white collie that followed a good deal, to be used with the

cattle, and during the hot summer days he usually followed goin' into the range, and he'd get back in the sand, and go along a ways, and every once in a while he made a little yelp and lay down and rolled over and stick his feet up in the air to cool his feet off. [Chuckling] The sand was hot on his feet, and I guess, maybe bein' light-haired, his feet mighta got a little tender. The first few times he did it, I didn't tumble what was the cause—I was wonderin' whether he was sick or not, but finally I found out it was just a way he had of coolin' his feet off. [Chuckling]

In riding the dog was very handy in the fall, get out to where there were patches of willows and aspen and such (and the dog's name was Maj), and told Maj to go in and see if there were any cattle in there, and he'd hop in and run through—if there were anything, a little while later he would start barkin' and he'd bring anything out that was in any of the covered areas. A dog was a good help that way. 'Course, cows or young calves didn't like a dog—there was a little trouble that way.

Of course the older window panes here in the house are all hand-blown glass—take it on moonlight shinin' on it, and well, you can imagine seem' a lot of things if you want to. These aren't—these are new—but there's older. There's some that have been replaced, but there's a lot that are the older hand-blown. And they have a twist in the glass in blowing, and they'll distort things looking out through the window. If you move your head a little, you'll see the change of limbs and things, through the distortion of the glass. So you can see why, in some of the New England states, that anything seen through a glass window wasn't acceptable in court as evidence. [Chuckling] On account of the distortion from the hand-blown glass that of course were used in those states, and some got out

this way even as late as 1885, and probably a little later, when this house was built.

Well, I suppose where there weren't any glass manufacturing areas right around here, were there?

No, I don't know where the glass come from—I never heard—but it is hand-blown glass. If you observe and watch in the windows, you can get where there's waves in the glass, and it does change the effect of looking through and seem' like a tree limb that'll—bein' offset—it won't match up with the other side of it, and such as that. I heard Grace Dangberg say that she has quite a bit of hand-blown glass in her house there in Minden, and that was built around, I don't know, sometime after 1905. But here, all the older—'course these double windows, I put them in here when we began to change in getting water into the house that way, over the sink, and of course, they're clear glass.

You put those in when you brought running water in?

Yeah, after we'd put in a sink that way; when we put it in, there was one long window and we took it out, and put in the two double above. No, I made window frames and all—it's carpenter work I've done, so I made it try to match the rest in the house.

So pret' near all the work done around—carpenter work—that was what I've done over the years, since I learned the trade from watchin' from a youngster and on up, and then of course, did manual training in high school, and some carpenter work there kinda added to it. I did build one house in the earlier years for a sister, Velma Lamar. The house was, in the later fifties, moved to Carson on property of my other sister, Hazel Andersen.

Well, we built it on the property here, and then later after she moved to Reno, she sold it to the other sister Hazel, in Carson, and they moved it down and they're renting it at the present time in Carson on a lot she has.

Must have been pretty sturdy, to survive a move to Carson.

I didn't figure on it falling down, by any means. It was built during the Depression years, when lumber and all was very cheap, compared to later prices. And then we used a four-by-eight plyboard finish inside—I think right in the Depression years, the lumber costs, nails, didn't come to only a little over a thousand dollars. Of course, I did all of the work, and there was no hired help on it, including diggin' out, and rocking up and putting in a stone cellar under it here, for part of it for use for storage of fruit and things. So that's why you can kinda say a farmer was pretty much a jack-of-all-trades, if he was successful.

And I also learned blacksmith work—did blacksmith work repairing, and then of course afterwards acetylene and oxygen welding come in, and then we bought an acetylene outfit. When the first electric welder was made—it was along in the fifties—it was from a B-52 bomber generator that you could buy in surplus sales. I mounted it using a transmission and usin' the power take-off on the tractor. And then in later years, I bought another welder that plugs in and uses 220-volt, which we use now altogether. So improvements kept showin' up as time went on. [Chuckle]

Rufus Adams and I needed a calf-branding chute, so we wound up and made it here, between us. We alternate—it's down at his place now, and we move it back and

forth with the hydraulic lift in the back of the tractor—raise the branding chute and move it, but it was all made here on the place, with arc welding, and electric arc welders.

When was that?

It was somewhere along the later fifties. It was after my father had passed on, and he passed on in '55, and I think it was just a year or so after that.

No, we did quite a bit of electric welding on things that needed it in there for a few years that way occasionally —repaired. It kinda replaced the blacksmith's shop and the forge, in that part. 'Course cutting metal—used the acetylene to cut metal and arc welder a lot in welding. 'Course if something had to braze, then they used the acetylene in brazing.

Then there was an evening course offered in high school on welding, and well, we both took the course on welding, although we'd done a lot before. It helped a little in different types of rods that way, and welding steel, which was rather tricky, and you had to use a special rod to weld steel—something like steel springs, and things that way, anything that you made out of them.

We got down to 1950, then there was the thirty-four acres that adjoined the field at Sheridan that came up for sale, and we bought that. 'Course at that time, we paid the lady cash for it. We had a right of way through part of it goin' into ours, so that gave us a pretty clear way to the road then, as well as increasin' pasture there.

The people that owned it lived over near Gardnerville, and they had cattle in it in the summer, and after the husband passed on, they finally wanted to sell that, so we purchased it. 'Course that was bought for cash then. They did remark they had one

other offer, but it was under credit, and they said the cash looked better. [Chuckling]

And then of course, as the years went on here, milking began to go more into whole milk that way, and began to drop less from creamery and cream, which we used to separate and kept the cream in ten-gallon cans—creamery truck come around twice a week to pick it up. Then as it began to drop that way, and then milkers began to get harder to get, too. So we dropped out eventually from milking, and stayed with just the livestock and beef that way, and plus selling some hay, because we had other income that way, so we didn't figure we had to work quite as hard. And of course, we was gettin' older, too.

'Course now, the son-in-law, they bring quite a bit of dead tamarack out from the range, and saw it and cut it up, split, and they sell wood now. 'Course wood is up to high prices—around a hundred dollars a cord, in tamarack.

And of course, the time when I worked for my own, we had to split by hand, and now they use the gas engine and hydraulic wood splitter in splitting. Just shows the modern improvements. So it's kinda hard to realize how many changes have occurred just in my lifetime. Some of 'em way less—only in recent years. The wood splitter hasn't been on the market for too many years.

So as a result, they haul quite a little bit of wood down in the fall. I still have a number of cord out here yet. In fact, I was at the daughter's last night, and there's a person living across the road down here called and wanted to get a cord of wood. So they're probably deliverin' it—might even be deliverin' it today. 'Cause they've finished now and it's all split up to use that way, for like in the fireplace or that. 'Course, I use a

little in the wood stove; I split it up a little smaller using an axe that way. Have to get a little exercise. [Chuckling]

And of course, these chain saws used now out in cuttin' out in the wood and the timber—time when I was young and starting, it was hand saws: seven- and eight-foot hand saws where the two used to cut up, and cut with them in four-foot length, and bring down and split, and then used the circular saw that way, run by the tractor to cut up in stove wood lengths.

Run by the tractor?

Mmmhmm, yeah, the circular saw would be belted to the tractor, from the power take-off on the tractor. Earlier, it was a one-cylinder gas engine to run the wood saw. It was a cast iron engine mounted—a person had one here in town, and they went around and sawed up wood in the fall. And then later as you begin to pick up an engine for yourself, then we did our own sawing with a stationary circular saw.

At present, we got one that mounts on the front of the tractor, and operates from the power take-off pulley on the tractor, and that's easy to move. The front can just raise up and fasten back to the tractor and move to where you set it down again, and put the belt on to use, on the front. Another one of the modern conveniences. [Chuckling] And of course, it speeded up sawing wood a lot, toot over what it was when you had to cut by hand.

'Course, now the daughter and her husband—Roy and Shirley Giovacchini—[and] the two older children, Robert and Lisa, a lot of the time on the weekend'll load up wood for the orders around the weekend that way—they're helpin' loading it, so a lot of it's kinda family work—the loading and selling.

They had a fella that was here staying that did the splitting with the wood-splitter, although the older boy did split some at different times, when they needed, earlier in the season.

Ralph Twaddle, my wife's brother, was five years older than my wife. My wife was born in 1902, and so his birthday was—in fact, it was Decoration Day in '97. And 'course, both he and his cousin Earl Smith, they had very curly hair, which they didn't like, and they used everything they heard of to try to get the hair straight, and as a result, they finally lost most of their hair.

And then when he worked his way largely through the University, he worked sometimes in the state Printing Office and sometimes on the job as a water man—distributor in Carson Valley, summertimes. And when he graduated from the University, he went in the employ of the Nevada state Highway Department. And at that time there were only two survey crews for the entire state. He was a member of one of the crews, and his salary at that time was sixty dollars a month.

Then later he moved to California, went to work for the California state Highway Department. And then eventually he went into bridge designing. And on the old Highway 40, going over the summit there to California, there was a couple of bridges or so built in on the curves in between rocks, and they were all designed by him. They're still standing on the old road whenever it's used.

And then later on he went to some bridge designing in cloverleaf approach, designed the bridge across the river at Redding; last year when we were up there and rode across the bridge, he said that was one of the bridges he'd designed. He came up there as a resident engineer when it was built. Then since his wife was teaching in the college there at Redding, he got transferred to that Highway division, In later years, it was all specialized that way

on bridge designin' work for the California Division of Highways—cloverleaf approaches and things of that order. He's still living at Redding.

Is he in fairly good health?

Yes, he is. He enjoys seem' the grandchildren any time they're here and they get up that way and see them. I think he wished he lived closer! [Chuckles]

His wife Evelyn, passed on also. But his wife's Sister, Lucy Hunt, and her daughter, Ann, live a few miles out of town, and they have him come out every evening and have the meal with them. So he gets a little driving out and back and forth. And then he treats them generally on Sundays in return to a dinner, that way.

His sister-in-law's daughter does pottery work and makes pottery there. And they have a place up near Lassen Park along Highway 44, where she sells pottery in the summertime that she makes through the winter months. And she makes a lot of it special—places names on it for people that want special presents for Christmastime.

WATER AND WATER RIGHTS

What water rights did you have with this property?

Well, it turned out the oldest goes back to 1852. You see, this is the first land claim in the state, in the low land, in '52, and some of it is '55. And the land we bought up near the Sheridan—six miles south—that had an 1852 water right in the river.

Is the water right in the river on this property too?

Yes. It comes out from the stream, They called it West Fork, and some of it's called the west fork of the West Fork. And it goes by different names along down through this way, but water was diverted that way by local dams in the earlier. Now we pump for quite a little bit of the land, as the channel's been dug out that way, and the water got a little lower, which was all to an advantage as drier years, it assured a little better bein' able to secure water, as long as it was available in the river.

Yeah, there were two dams here on the property at home, across the stream where our water was taken out when we come here. And then it become a little better and easier to— ditches were changed to put in—to pump into a ditch that way. And then there was some, I looked, that was added at a later right, the upper edge of the ditch. So it goes back to the earliest water rights in the valley; 1852 was the first that there was any claims made on water rights.

'Course, the land here was settled on in 1851, and then they started to keep records in '52, when there was more people were comin' in. And the company set up their own organization, as you saw in that little book, *The First Settlements in Carson Valley*, it was kept by the station.

When I was reading the newspapers, I found a notice of the Genoa water schedule.

Yeah, that referred to water that came out of the canyon here that was used in the town, after they decided on the rotation order we use on the lots here around the house. And then the farming land, we also get two days a week, and then on every third Sunday—the way it alternated between the farms here, They were each left so many hours each day, and then they entered into a stipulation between themselves and they used all for the time

allotted, which was ten minutes to one till three the following morning. And the two larger farms had—one was on a Monday and Tuesday, and another—ours—come in on a Thursday and a Friday, run till three the following morning. And then the two smaller places came in on a Wednesday and Saturday in between, and then Sunday, they worked a rotation order to more balance up for the hours time allotted by the court decree in 1881. And then over a few years, the town was worked through meetings, and divided between the town lots, where they start at three o'clock in the morning, which was kinda early.

Well, you see a mountain stream, there's more water develops durin' the night and runs along, and as it starts in the day, it begins to slack down, in the hot days in the summer. And I guess that was probably the reason for it, so it gave those a little benefit of more, and then there was various hours allotted and scheduled to the owners of the lots around.

And it got down by 1889, they got to where it was settled fairly firmly, and it's held to that 1889 division ever since. 'Course, there's been some lots bought by others and consolidation of places a little, but it didn't affect the division or the use of the water. So it's held as it's recognized now as a legal division, the way it's worked out.

For these lots here, we get from six-thirty till nine on Tuesday morning for surface water here on these lots.

And then we also bought the property that was the Raycraft Hotel, and they had a two-inch pipeline for their use there, and the hotel had been torn down before we bought the property, and then we rebuilt the remaining house that was there, where the daughter now lives. And then we pipe the water on down and use it here, too, as well as up there on that property, so it gave us good pipe water to use.

Down here, it reaches as high as 105 pounds pressure.

That's pretty good, isn't it?

Mmmhmm, you bet it is. You got a nozzle on a hose outside—water'll go clear over the house and come down on the other side.
[Chuckles]

In the paper it was noted: "Robert Trimmer, Tuesday six to nine—two-thirds of the stream." How did you measure that you were taking two-thirds of the stream?]

Well, it was sort of a division. Well, there was a later user come in and wanted to increase on it, and we stood a lawsuit on it and we won out on it, and they won thirty minutes, or one-sixth out of it, after the suit. So they used from six to six-thirty, the people on the other lot. Then at six-thirty, it'd turn on down here, and we'd take it from six-thirty on to nine.

I see, so it's by time.

Yeah, it wasn't actually one-third—there was one of the cards that was printed later, tried to get in on a third, and we never could see that, and it wasn't used that way, and we could prove it wasn't. We had enough proof we could show it wasn't. In fact, one time they divided for a while for a couple of years, for the people that lived there, or a little longer. They used it from six to six-thirty, and turned it on down, which worked to our advantage, in case of a suit that way.

And it was just kinda an attempt on the reprint of the cards in the later years, goin' where they thought they could gain a little on it. [Chuckles] Only it didn't work out. It was for the other people, but it didn't work out that

way, and of course the other one was kinda a newcomer that come in, and they thought they could take advantage of it, but it didn't work out.

They thought because the water had been used before, is that it?

Well, on this card that way it could, but there'd been several years that it'd been used only from six to six-thirty and then the whole rest of the stream was turned down here on our use, 'cause we were the last one on the line, and it was further up, where this other place was. Most of 'em were set more definitely, but this happened to be one for some reason that wasn't.

And then in the case of the suit, Mrs. Frey was alive, and of course, we brought her back from Healdsburg as a witness, and she said it actually started in the family. It was Klotz lived there, was a widower, had a large family of children, and planted all their lot in garden. And at that time they needed a little more water, and there was years when there was heavy snows, and they just obliged 'em by lettin' 'em use part of the stream, and of course, after five years, they gained the right to use some. [Chuckles]

And that was the way it come in; but they do get water another time of the week, where here, we don't—it's just once in the week. But they get part of the stream along with a neighbor in the lots right above us here, on that. But that was how it come about—it was tryin' to be neighborly for 'em and tryin' to help out the family, way back in the later seventies.

Well, they kept on usin', of course; afterwards they could claim the use after five years, that way, for part, and that's why it was never settled as any division—it was left kinda

up in the air. Then of course, we stood a suit on it, and we come out where it was only a sixth, instead of a third, that they were entitled to use.

Yeah, it started—it was all over bein' neighborly, and tryin' to help that way, and then not watching, let it go too many years by the Frey family. So, by 1881, it was the amount of use, although it was never settled as to how much it was. They Just used a part of the stream, and the rest come down here. Kinda guessed at division during a long period of years.

And this pipeline with the Raycraft property, that was put in in the real early days. In fact, the early line was made from boiler flue that was taken out from the Virginia City mines, 'cause apparently they had to change flue pretty often before they got the water piped over from Marlette Lake. The local water must've had quite a bit of mineral, and the mineral made a coating on the boiler flues, so they'd have to make an often change—new flues put in boilers. And this discarded pipe—I have the tools down here in the shop that they'd use—they'd heat the end of the pipe and shrink one end, and the other one, they'd flare the other, so they made a slip-joint pipe. And it's still in use, that boiler flue, down almost to the Raycraft property—there was only some put in there, but it's all clean and polished inside; that steel boiler flue was tough.

And when the Raycraft family moved here in 1864, and as he filed as an intervener in that suit, he said the pipes were in operation when he came here in 1864, and he didn't know the date it was put in. That was in his file; he was an intervener, I found, in the suit.

In the suit that you filed?

No, in the suit between the town and the ranches in 1881. And he filed as a third party,

or intervener, and that's the way he described the pipeline that was when they came here. They arrived, he said, the Fourth of July in 1864, these families, and they used oxen, and of course, the sons was helpin' along with what they called goad sticks that way, to poke an oxen occasionally, keep 'em movin' along. And they moved out south of Genoa where there's springs along and camped for a while tryin' to figure where they'd settle. And his daughter, who married Jim Campbell, she said they had four goad sticks, and she said they stuck 'em in the damp ground and she said the four cottonwood sticks grew, and became four trees. [Chuckles] And the trees got killed in a fire in '58—all but one. There's still one surviving that we pass coming in—she said, that was the site where they camped. She said they cut the cottonwood down along the Carson River there in the Dayton area where they camped, and then from there they come up here, and sticks hadn't got dried out enough but what they stuck 'em in the ground and left 'em, where they'd camped.

She said that was how the four trees originated up there. And then they moved back and bought a property up here, where the grist mill was—lived there awhile, and then eventually, they got hotel property here in town, and they went to keepin' a hotel, which was the property we bought in 1939 largely so wed have use of the water up there, and of course, the water right moved on down here since they owned it, for the property here.

After that, for quite a few years, we used a windmill and tank for water here at the house. So the windmill still is nice to look at. It's kept kinda as a standby in case of the pipeline—havin' to do a lot of work on it.

What do you think about the Newlands Reclamation Project?

It started way back, 'cause they run into difficulties in the early days with the mines along through Brunswick Canyon, starting with the Mexican mill. And from there on down, there's one mill after another, down along going into the canyon. And most of 'em used water power to run, where they'd catch the river water from a ways below one mill and flume into the next to run the stamps in the mill. And 'course, trouble was upstream farm use that way, and water'd get slack; they were a lot of times breakin' dams on the river, getting more water for the mills. And in fact, they eventually run into a lawsuit on that; that was named the Chandler suit in the early days. And of course, a lot of that stood and was used in the repeat in the suit after the Newlands Project and that—between that and upstream water users on the Carson River. And 'course, there was a lot of additional testimony: we put in some additional testimony on it, and even put in one map from myself. Well, they said, "You go ahead and make it."

I said, "No, you should."

"You can handle it. You don't need to get an engineer."

I had map experience. I added the few acres that could be included. And the engineer from Fallon down here—Lahontan area—he said it should be included, so I added about nine acres on it—an additional early-day water right—to ours here, to our land on both sides of the road.

How do you feel about that Newlands Project? Should it have been built?

Well, 'course, it helped that part of the country out here. 'Course, it's caused additional expenses up this way, and a lot of time and litigation involved, 'cause actually, it come in as surplus water at the time when

they were built that way, and they was tryin' to establish what that was for a reservoir down there at Lahontan Reservoir.

'Course, there's a lot of sandy ground there was put in cultivation, and they used a lot more water than what we to use up in this area for irrigation.

The boy—my sister Hazel's first husband who died, Arthur Beaty, who was later my brother-in-law—he worked along the land with the man that was doin' a lot of leveling with large equipment and government owned—leveling. He said they had trouble when the Indians on the Schurz reservation come by. They'd empty gasoline into anything that'd take it. So he said one day—'course, most of the equipment used diesel, but they had some gas they used in starting one thing and another, and it went in smaller tanks. And he found it was empty, and he didn't have too much to go back to Fallon on the weekend. So, "Well," he said, "I'll get even on the next fellow that come."

And they also used ether in starting large Cats in those days. He had two-gallon-and-a-half can of ether, so he poured that in the gas tank and went on. And the next Indian come along, got that out, and put it in a Chevrolet car. They used a vacuum tank in those days, and it'd take usually about three miles before the gas would begin to get mixed from the gas tank into that quart vacuum tank set up by the engine.

When he was coming back Monday morning, here's the Indian's car pushed alongside of the road—stopped. It was a Chevy. He said, "What's the matter?"

"Oh—" he said.

"Car run good?"

"Oh," he said, "it run fine, and pretty soon whoom!" he said. And he had the hood up lookin', and he said the top half of the engine—it had blown off the top section—it

had turned over like a lid, when it got a good load of ether in the mixture; it was too much explosion!

So he said the Indian agent come up, and he wanted him to pay for the damage to the Indian's car. And he said, "Look here," he said, "we didn't give the Indian any gas or any ether." He says, "They stole that out of the tank. So we don't feel we're liable for it." He said, "It was taken entirely without our knowledge." And he said, "Cause he didn't know what was ether and what was gasoline, it was his own lookout and not ours!" [Laughs] But he said the Indians kinda left the gasoline alone after that, after the one Indian had had the difficulty.

He said another time it was a short day, and they were goin' home late in the evening in the Model T Ford they were driving, and he said they see a dark spot in the road—it had been storming; he said they thought it was a mud hole. Went to straddle it, and he said, it turned out to be an old black sow that was layin' down. He said the car stalled on top of her, and he said every time she'd kick, something would break underneath. He said eventually she bounced around and got up and crawled off, and went off as though there wasn't anything wrong! But he said they wasn't able to drive the car [laughing]! He said it was pretty badly damaged underneath! He said they were very careful of any dark spots in the road after that [laughs], and didn't try straddle 'em by any means!

Do you think there was enough water or is enough water in the Carson River to have warranted building that?

Well, there's some years it runs short, like the last couple of years, it was pretty short up this way. And I guess they run a little short

in Fallon in the last ten [years] on their dam, too, that way—down pretty low. 'Course, like the storms now this year, it'll have everything filled up, so it'll be all right. So it kinda varies from year to year, according to the storm conditions. 'Course, I think it was the first irrigation project started in the country, if I remember right.

'Course, I remember one of the—the way it was used—George Sanford handled the upper part this way of the Carson River through his law office. And where they'd get down around the Soda Lakes and the swamps, he had a picture of a building where the water was over halfway up the building that had drained off from the farmland, and they used that—claimed as excessive use of water there, where the swamps had filled and gained in height.

There's both advantages, of course, for that part, and there's some disadvantages on upstream users to some extent. They have talked about upstream storage, but I don't know whether that'll ever come about or not. It's kinda hard to say 'cause the cost is so much higher now.

I notice that clear back in what—about 1914 they were talking about upstream storage.

Yes, mmhm. But one of the bad difficulties with that is there was a number of large ranches in the valley like Dangberg and Dresslers, and you see that was limited under that federal law to a hundred and sixty acres, and they'd have to divide up that way any of the larger places to come under that, to go into an irrigation project. And that was one of the bad drawbacks up in this part of the way for larger ranches that had property way over it. The Settlemeyer across the river is around nine hundred, the Schacht ranch is now there, and they were all larger, and there

was quite a number of places that were way over in acreage that way. And 'course, none of them would really vote for anything that way because it was a hindrance to them.

Although Pittman, when he was U.S. Senator, for that Rye Patch Reservoir on the Humboldt, he got it waived for that. He managed to get votes enough in Congress so it waived on that irrigation project for that Rye Patch reservoir. I never heard of it bein' waived again. As I gather, he kinda worked where there were quite a few—a number of federal judges appointed different places, and well, they'd vote for him to make the waiver; he'd help 'em work all the votes for them in creatin' the federal judgeships in various locations—states—for a senator, that way. [Chuckles] It was the way I've understood here, the way it was worked about and come about on that Rye Patch reservoir!

"If you'll vote for my favorite pet bill, then I'll vote for yours. Get my friends that was in Congress to do the same!"

But it didn't work for this area.

No, I don't think it ever come up; I never heard it come up anywhere else since then. It's the only one I ever heard it bein' used for. And it was under that—the way it was worked in.

What would be the advantages of upstream storage, though, for the ranchers in the valley?

Well, thered be more water later in the fall that way for quite a lot of places in use, when the river would get lower. 'Course, last year we went a little short ourselves here that way. And most of 'em did up along 'cause the water got real low, where it wasn't really enough to pump that way from one to the other. 'Course, we got quite a bit of seepage or drainage to raise the water from somewhere down a little

farther south near Walley Hot Springs, on down along the stream here.

So it's kinda hard to say whether it was good or bad; it was good in some ways and bad in others [chuckles]—hard to say just which one would've been the best. 'Course, it made a lot of farmland out in the Fallon country.

'Course, along this side over here there was quite a lot of real old rights goin' back to 1852, out along the foothills here and on south on this west fork of the Carson River, 'cause the first settlement was made here, and they all started to use the water and got most—under the date of 1852 was the earliest rights in existence.

It sounds like those would be pretty secure, then, from challenge.

Yeah, it is that way. As long as there's any water available at all, you're good under that because—. Some claimed that since the ranch here was the first one taken up that way, it was the first on record that could be considered first that way in the use of the water in '52! But then they all run just about the same; I don't know as there's any advantage, particular, in that.

'Course, the first water was taken out from the streams along the west side on the edges, along from the west fork that way. And some places are called the "west fork of the west fork." Some places it's called Walley's slough, and then called the Brockliss slough further up the valley—the name of families of various settlers along it. And all the early rights come off of that stream there, and then later it moved over to the main river in quite a few that way, and used pumps to pump out of the main river in later years after electric power become available. Although a few places like Dressler where Hollister is

now; and where Adams lives; and then the Childs—later it was Campbell; and then the James, and then later it became Cook, and is now James Canyon ranch—some of them had their own electric power from water power from usin' the mountain streams that way, piped in. And they piped down and ran the pump from the river from their own power. The Childs didn't have it, but the other places did have. So they were in with pumps before the electric power was put in this way; at that time it was the Truckee River General Electric Company before it became the Sierra Pacific Power, before they changed their name. So there was individual power plants along the way.

So it was really a conversion from the earlier use from the slough that way to the main rivers as channels begin to change to some extent, and water courses changed, and the older sloughs begin to become kind of an unreliable source.

'Course, changes started way back even in the 1860s in logging for the Virginia City mines, and floating cordwood down the river cut out river banks and caused the channels to deepen and widen. Theodore Hawkins said around 1860 where the main river bridge is now, he said the channel was so narrow that he jumped it horseback on a saddle horse! He said they just—banks just kept cutting out when they'd float the cordwood down—strikin' the banks that way in high water and it started widening the streams.

It shows a picture in here down from the north end of the valley by the Cradlebaugh bridge, where they have their riverboat out with their bedding and that, and the crew that was following the cordwood down the river where it got stranded on the sides, and working with cordwood back into the river to get it on down to the old town of Empire where they had a cable across the river to

catch and hold up the cordwood. And then from there, it was taken out and loaded on railroad cars to go on to Virginia City after the railroad had been put in. Before that, it was hauled with teams to Virginia City and Silver City and Gold Hill. So the teamsters lost out; it all went to the railroad then.

CARSON VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND THE COURTHOUSE MUSEUM

My wife also graduated from the University of Nevada. She taught two years and then came back and worked in the county offices in Carson a couple of years up to the time when we were married. And then we moved here to Genoa to the ranch.

And then she became a [school] trustee for a long period of years, up until the schools were consolidated under the state laws, and the Genoa school was moved to Gardnerville. It came down to one teacher by that timer there wasn't so many children here. And they'd been moved from the old schoolhouse on the hill in 1916 down to the courthouse. And for a number of years after I'd finished, there were still two teachers. And 'course, that made the school in the center part of town. And the older building was sold to Fred Allerman, which was eventually torn down. The lumber was used up around his place south of Genoa. The school bell was brought down, and now they have it in the museum; I made a frame mounting for it so it sets upstairs; and on the Fourth of July they slide it out and ring the bell for celebrations. [Laughs]

I think that custom started back in the—you might say back in during the wartime. They'd ring the bell or blow fire sirens on the Fourth of July at noontime.

Which war?

I imagine that was that Korean conflict. I don't remember it particularly before, but I think it started about in that time. So we've just kept it up since. Have it on the movable A-frame, so it's easy to slide out, inside the door. It sits just inside the door that opens out on the porch in front of the building.

You mentioned that your wife was a school trustee when the schools were consolidated. How did she and how did the people in Genoa feel about that?

Well, they really didn't care much about it- they'd rather have their own school. But it came under state law, and county-wide council did—now they've got more children, they're goin' back to making other schools now. There's one that'll open up in Jacks Valley this year or just out of it, as you passed probably.

And there's another one out in the Garnerville ranchos besides the Gardnerville. And the one out to the west of Minden is a high school now. So they found they had to branch out again [Chuckling] in later years! 'Course, there're far more students nowadays.

Your father served on the school board, too, didn't he?

Yes, my father was on the school board at the time the school district was able to obtain the courthouse from the county, after the county offices had been moved to the new courthouse in Minden. (My father was Robert A. Trimmer.) So it was used for a school building, and then later after the schools were consolidated, then the trustees of the consolidated district passed the title on to the state and it was used for storing quite a few of the artifacts that later were used in the log cabin museum across the street.

So along in the sixties was when they found the chance —I think it was about 1966 when they begin to see the chance where they could get it, for those that had established the Carson Valley Historical Society. So it was Mrs. [Anna] Dressler and [Dorothy] Heise, Grace Dangberg were among the earlier three in helping to start the first of the organization. And 'course, it enlarged more. Then I became involved in it at the time when we were working to secure the old courthouse here for the museum purposes.

Then following that, they cleaned up two of the lower rooms—well, really it was three, I imagine—and used first for displaying first articles that were obtained from different people that donated. And then they worked and raised funds and repaired the upstairs of the building and replaced the porch in the front, finally, that had been taken down earlier in the century. There was donations, and some were secured from Fleischmann Foundation sometime, and the county had put up some of the money. I think it was around a forty-four-thousand-[dollar] fund that was raised for the exterior restoration work and replacement of damaged bricks from the sides and the back, and waterproofing some of the lower part. In fact, they used a clear waterproofing over all of the outside brick after they'd finished the sandblasting and cleaning.

And then they changed the window glass and used a plastic material that they were usin' in the school, 'cause if a rock strikes it, it very seldom would break it, so it was less temptation for children to try to throw rocks through the window [chuckles]. When there wasn't any breakage, it was no fun. The schools found that it was quite good in their point, and we felt it would be a good thing to do here, 'cause it had had—before we bought it, there had been a lot of windows broken in it, and they had to board up a lot at that time.

So we first replaced the glass, and then they found out this other material was available, we changed and used that in part of the restoration project.

So now the museum—they have a party and a luncheon nearly every fall. And a few years back I was given one of the awards along with Hans Jepsen—a brass plaque that way for the work and help on the restoration of the building and identifying the rooms, and the arrangement and furnishings—cause they found that only two of us seemed to know much about it. After Hans Jepsen—whose father was a county clerk for a long period of years up until his death in the early twenties—and Hans had also helped him here, and then he became county clerk after his father's death in Minden.

So Hans had remembered quite well as to how the arrangement of the rooms were and which the various rooms were used for in the county offices, and the way the courtroom was set up for use. And the jury box was set on the side that you don't usually see it (after the fire of 1910), which the way the judge faced it was to his right, while the jury box for the witness sat to his left. Although that arrangement was in the federal court at Carson City, in many cases where I had attended as a juror. So it wasn't too uncommon in some ways, although it was quite a while to convince some of the members of the historical society that it was that way, even though the railing and molding and trim showed on the side where the elevation for the jury box and the elevation for the judge's stand and desk. And then after Hans told 'em the same, well, they had to believe it was correct, then! [Laughter] So they restored it that way, the way it was after 1910 for the courtroom.

And then, in the earlier days there was a half-moon table, as it was described, in the county commissioners' minutes, which

the sheriff was ordered to obtain for the courtroom. And that had been moved before the fire of 1910, and it was bein' used in the justice court in Gardnerville, and it had been set out and got weather-beaten, and so we obtained it and refinished it and put it back now where it was way back in the early days. It seems rather odd to see a half-moon table, but it's there. It's for the attorneys and counsel in front of the judge's desk. It was refinished by a man by the name of [Walter] Long, who had worked quite a number of years till he retired from the museum in Carson City. And he does part-time work here at the museum now in helping in restoration work, and that, and working up exhibits—and one of which'll represent a teacher and his school desk, represent an early-day schoolroom. And in fact, they just had an organ donated a few months ago to add to the school collection. People in Carson donated the organ. 'Course, they can get quite a tax reduction for an evaluation and appraisal and donating to a nonprofit society. And so that also makes an addition to our schoolroom [chuckles], as the organ was made in Germany and was quite ornamental.

When the historical society began to go about getting the building from the county, who did you have to see? What kinds of things did you have to do?

Well, we had to take it up with the state legislature in order to secure the building. And they had to pass a special act to permit the transfer of state property to the historical society for the use of the historical society. So I made several trips seeing the legislative committees that were involved that way—plus the state archives, in getting their consent also.

Was there anyone who was particularly helpful?

Well, I went down with Grace Dangberg. And then there was Eva Scarselli. And let's see, there was another lady that—Ethel Wallace was there at different times. And I happened to be the only man that was in the group! I was kind of misplaced [laughs]! 'Cause I've lived here that way and could help them out, where all the others lived on the other side of the valley various places, so I was the only close resident here that knew quite a bit about the building at that time—its uses. I also told 'em where they could find more about it in the earlier commissioner meetings minutes of when the building was started to be built in 1864. And then it was where they found like where the half-moon desk was ordered in '65 through the sheriff, to purchase along with the chairs and benches for the jury, and things, and articles needed to equip the jury room and also the courtroom. So they had quite a little bit as time went on to secure that way to get back as far as they could in restoration of the courtroom.

When you went to talk to the legislature, were there any legislators who were really helpful?

Yes, they were willing. We didn't have too much difficulty that way. The legislators were willing—thought it was a good idea to see the building put in use again. Where it was standing, it was just being used as storage by the state archives. And 'course, that way with their permission—and see, their only worry was in case it was a fairly recent organization, it might fold up. So they did put a clause in that if the historical society went out of existence, then the title would revert back to the state. But there isn't much likelihood of it now.

And then Grace Dangberg, after the sale of the Dangberg property, put up a hundred

thousand dollars in the trust, in which the interest is used for the historical society purposes. That was a big donation.

So they use the interest from it in paying for some of the help that is connected with it steady during the summertimes and in part in that way. Of course, at the rate of interest nowadays it amounts to quite a bit a year in interest. So I feel myself that it's on a pretty firm—very firm base. And 'course, those that donated five hundred dollars or more to—in work for refurbishing on the inside, they made up a bronze plaque which carries their names for all those that put up five hundred or more. My wife and I are both on that plaque. So you could say, it's kind of a memorial to my wife. And then there's other donations of smaller amounts they have on the scroll inside—others that helped that way at various times.

Of the two of us, Hans Jepsen passed on two years ago now, so it kinda leaves me as the only one that knew much about it [laughs]. 'Course, I wasn't in the building as often as he was, and a lot of it I saw when they still had the names on the doors and that, when we moved in as the school in 1916, along during the latter months of the year, along in the wintertime. So as a museum, it's quite well established now. And there's a lot of visitors come through and see that, and also over to the log cabin each year, which is run by the state society. Although the log cabin is pretty much specialized in real early days and when the first group come here and then the Mormons later. They don't show very little of the later—more or less, the articles they used in the real early days along in the fifties, and into the sixties, while we try to stay most of the articles in the valley 'and down even to the later years, for our displays, which also are gradually increasing as time goes on.

People donated?

Yes, they donate. 'Course, like the organ—the people donated that, and also get a tax deduction, which they figured they needed. And they asked it to work so it would show up on—it could be used for last year; it was around near the first of the year when they started. Then it give them the benefit and makin' use of it for last year's income taxes.

So the building itself, it went through two different fires, although the heavy brickwork in the walls, which is around twenty-two inches or more in thickness, stood and withstood both fires, and the woodwork was replaced. Once it was way back in the seventies, and then the other was in 1910 in the fire. So it was a very sturdy building by the builders, the brickwork.

'Course, the downstairs, all the original downstairs partitions were put in with brick, and then the upstairs were wood. 'Course, some of that was changed also in the WPA days when the school went into use of one teacher, and the stairway was moved over to one side at that time. And the recorder's room and the county treasurer's room was combined all into the one. And then when we got back in the restoration, they figured it would be best to move the stairway back to the center of the building, and so we put up one partition to one side and the other we left open more on the displays in the entrance. And the stairway now sets in the center part of the building in its original location, where it was placed after the fire of 1910.

The man that did a lot of the restoration work was a carpenter raised in Smith Valley as a younger fellow, and he took a lot of pride in it and really did an excellent job. And he used the same types of construction that way. 'Course, they had the same banister in existence. He had to make one of the newel

posts to replace, which had been lost when it was changed to one side, and an upstairs railing around the staircase well. He also found marks so he could tell how far apart the spacing was to the supports of the railing, so they was all put back to the same size and same spacing.

And then he also worked and built the blacksmith's shop; he donated that part on time on himself, along with others of us to help for—in the part of the jail, as Gene Felton had a chance to get a lot of blacksmith tools from a blacksmith by the name of Miller, who was between Minden and Gardnerville—a few buildings that was called "Millerville" in those days. And then he only had a modern bellows—it was a cranked blower, and we had the old-time leather bellows here in our blacksmith's shop (it was on the first land claim), so I donated the bellows and forge to make it entirely an old-time blacksmith's shop, with the leather bellows. I think the name underneath the bellows showed it was made in West Virginia and was brought out west in the real early days.

'Course we used it here in making horse shoes and welding iron and that for years, and I learned blacksmithing on it. I figured by really givin' it to the society, it would make a really authentic, early-day blacksmith's shop.

'Course, lots of the tools that were down here in the blacksmith's shop were made from the iron that was secured from the Forty Mile Desert in the early days—blacksmith's tongs and that. They weren't purchased; they were just made as they needed 'em, so in time there was quite a variety of tools, and even including the round wheels that are used to measure the felloes on the wagon wheel and then to run around again and measure the iron tire to put over it. They'd make a chalk mark on it and count the number of revolutions that run around the wood felloe, and then mark where

it ended with a second mark, and then they could also run around the wagon tire iron, and cut down how much they figured they'd need for it to shrink and make it come tight onto the wood felloes on the wood wheel. Sounds a little complicated maybe, but—.

I think I follow. You're saying "felloes?"

Yeah, "felloes" or "fellas" we may have to look that up to be sure—I wouldn't say—. They always called it as "fellas" in this pronunciation, but you have to remember that very few people had too much education even at the time when I was small—those who were grown people and working especially. So words were often mispronounced and got local meanings.

There were quite a variety of tongs that the blacksmiths made and used. Lots of times the handles'd be two or three pieces of iron welded together. And a little trick in welding—they had to use a forge coal, and that coal didn't contain any sulphur. If there were any sulphur in the coal, well, you just couldn't weld with it; the welds wouldn't adhere.

And then they used borax for cleaning irons, too, in preparing for welding, and putting a little on the hot iron just before it would start to get bubbly to the stage of where it would melt. And you could hammer it together on an anvil to weld.

The early-day blacksmith could turn out an amazing amount of articles in blacksmith work. 'Course, now it's largely replaced by the acetylene torch, in welding and heating. In fact, we use that ourselves now, and we rarely use a forge. I took in exchange and took the forge bellows that the blacksmith had there at Centerville—or Millerville, I should say, in between—and his name was Miller. And so we have that here to use in case we need it, while our old-time one is up in the museum.

Where was your blacksmith's shop here on the ranch?

It sets right down here by the driveway. Have to take you down to see it, I guess, so you can see—'cause all you're getting is the information I'm telling you. Of course the shop gets cluttered up—quite a lot of tools and odds and ends got stored in it over the years. Also quite a few handmade horse shoes around—is hung up on one side there on the rack in the shop, along with a few that was purchased later, when the ready-made horse shoes come into use. At the time my father was living, though, it was all blacksmith-made horse shoes. You didn't see a shop-made one.

CEMETERY BOARDS: GENOA AND MOTTSVILLE

You were involved with the cemetery board here in Genoa, too?

Yeah, I mapped the cemetery first. And in fact, there were two of the younger sisters of mine were buried here. And Mother always like to move them, so after Mother had passed on and we had the newer lot in the Mottsville cemetery, I moved the two graves up there. 'Course, we had permission from the county commissioners at that time. They looked kinda surprised that they were required to give permission for the removal of a grave. 'Fact, the district attorney—checked with him first, and he assured them that that was a part of their jobs [Laughter] It was something they'd never been involved with then, back in the fifties. So it let the family—since all the older members of the family are buried in Mottsville, it kept the family that way in the same cemetery.

And I was also a member of the Mottsville cemetery board, in fact, still am, which that'd

be probably the oldest cemetery in this part of the state.

The two [Mott] brothers both had ranches adjoining—one with Mottsville cemetery, and the other to the north. See, a Mott child passed on, and was buried a little ways back of the house, and then the next person passed on near the area, wanted to know if—the relatives—they could use the same area to bury the person, and well, it started a cemetery. I guess it was the first cemetery in the valley, outside of the graves around the local places: like back up into the yard here, is a set of two graves. The Walker family, when they come here, their two children passed on and is buried on their place, back of us here.

To the south?

Yeah, to the south.

So that was the first actually start of a cemetery in this area, this Mott family. Neither of the Motts lived too many years—one got killed with a cylinder goin to pieces in the threshing machine—struck with the blades that way. The other didn't live very long either, and later the widow of the Mott—she married Mr. Taylor that played a lot for the local dances and that. He was a violinist. The Boones put up two markers there, and one is on this Mott family plot. Mrs. Mott didn't believe in individual markers, and the lot is all filled, as I understand it, but one grave—the family did have a plot of it, but there's no markers; it shows they put up a center monument that way, is where the cemetery was started. It's about five miles south of us—in fact, that's where our family is buried, there. And a lot of the old-time, early-day people.

It sets just kinda off the present road, beyond the present road; you don't see too

much of it. You can see they have the marker up. The old road runs in front of it, and that's the way that they enter. They turn and go and come in by the old road.

Yeah, I think it is [the oldest cemetery] 'cause there was the Mott family—and then that child passed on and was buried in back of the house. And a neighbor next asked if they could use—be buried there, too. And well, it just enlarged from there on. And Genoa cemetery didn't start till in 1860—the present one—in the sixties for the present one. There was one in the west part of town and more or less considered a Mormon cemetery. And a number of those graves were moved later down to the present cemetery, although there were still—like this Sam Brown who was killed by Van Sickle in a shooting scrape—he was buried in the older cemetery, and his grave was never moved. So there's probably a few graves existing in there.

And then there were a number of graves around different part of town. Frank Walker told me that when he was a youngster there were two graves in the upper part of our yard, although there were no signs of any grave when we come here. And the same way with the Walker family; there were two children that were buried in the lower part of their place, which adjoins ours over here.

I guess they didn't want to use the, you might say, as they called it, the Mormon cemetery, as they come out here and were gettin' away like my family was—in fact, in the same wagon train. And so one child who was small fell off the bed and didn't survive the fall, I heard him say.

How did you go about mapping the cemetery?

I used a plane table with the- -drawing board and sighting equipment.

How did you determine who was in which grave? I understand that they were pretty sadly marked.

Well, they were. 'Course, some we knew from havin' been here. And others in the area, well, we just had to indicate a grave we—the name had been lost, but you'd find there was a grave there either by feeling with a rod or knew where ground had sunken and shown a grave.

And Rufus Adams's father-[in-law], Arnold Juchtzer, who lived next to us, he took care of the cemetery for several years. He made cement crosses that way and put up in places where they could identify where there were graves if they didn't know what their name was. So they tried to mark all that they could that way over the years. 'Course, there's probably some that still is unknown. But they did get quite a few located that showed a little sunken over the time. And some where it was known—where maybe only one name was put up on a marble or stone marker, and they knew there was adjacent graves to it of the same family. So it was quite a little undertaking.

And then during the thirties that way in the WPA days, they did a lot of cleaning up in the cemetery. And there was a lot of wooden markers that had fallen down, and they were all taken out, and there wasn't anything to replace them, showin' that—it kinda made it a little bit harder.

Although both of us knew where quite a few of the markers stood, and of course, some of the graves were a little hollow. And so Arnold Juchtzer, he used the cement crosses that he made here at his home and set up to mark those graves. And where they knew a name he'd put it on them, and people where there were no relatives living in the area now. So he tried to do the best he could under the circumstances to show where the graves existed, and names of those that had been known to us.

Well, I'd taken up surveying in high school, you see, and that was why I went down to try to help out to locate and get down to a map. I have one copy of the map here I ran off and could probably get it out and show it to you one of these times [chuckles]. And Rufus has the others, brought in at a later date, and 'course, added more since he's been president of the cemetery board.

And then after, of course, after moving up there, I didn't have the interest here in this, so—didn't have anyone here directly related to us buried, so I kept on with the Mottsville cemetery and am still one of the trustees. 'Course, we have quite a few unknown graves up there as well, 'cause many of the older ones were a two-by-twelve plank that way and the name was painted on 'em, and over the years the name had become lost and also the plank would rot out at the bottom.

And then there were graves where there wasn't any marker put up. Also we had a number of ours that earlier wasn't marked, but we knew where they were, as they went out in a row, so in later years we put up granite markers for them up there, so they all were marked eventually. 'Course, with the family members Edward and Elizabeth Trimmer coming from England, one of the sons put up a marble marker for them between the two graves with a name on each side, and then put "natives of England" on it.

And that's in the Mottsville cemetery?

Same way with the grandmother on my mother's side— Harriet Vallem and husband Peter—buried there. And of course, with my father's mother and father, Robert and Sarah Trimmer, they moved to Santa Barbara, so there's a number of the family buried in the cemetery at Santa Barbara. My dad and mother lost the two older children, Mabel and Violet

before I was born, from pneumonia within a week's time; they're buried at Santa Barbara. Dad and Mother hardly got over that. Mabel was a little over four years old, and the other was a baby, around nine months or so in age. Pneumonia was pretty rough in 1903. In those earlier years, there wasn't too much treatment for it. In small children it was often fatal.

So I've done quite a little work in the cemetery in those later years that way, both here at Genoa and Mottsville. 'Course, there were some graves had wooden fences around here that were pretty badly deteriorated, and they were taken out in the WPA days, which also kinda didn't help in keeping locations.

And ther'd been a few like Norgaard and Haines family—theirs were moved from here to—one of 'em moved from here to Reno, and Norgaard was moved to northern California, that I happen to know of. And then the others had secured the lot. In fact, the Hawkins family—one of the younger, got the one lot—one of the lots where the Haines family were moved from.

One of the Haines family—it wasn't till in the twenties when they were—graves were moved to Reno. Haines had been a senator, and he lived in the north part of town. In fact, he had donated the land for the cemetery here in Genoa to the two lodges, and then the other part was for the other people that didn't belong to either the Masonic or the Odd Fellows lodge. So after they begin to work to get it all together, then they got a deed from the Masonic and a deed from the Odd Fellows, turning it over to the Genoa Cemetery Association.

And they had their records of where their lots, according to their numbers, so we did get quite a bit from them of the Masonic and the Odd Fellow—where they'd kept 'em up back in the other century until they kind of dropped in adding later burials to their records.

How many people in town were members of these lodges? Were they fairly significant?

Quite a number from the graves in the earlier days. And from the picture of the Odd Fellows, it shows quite a string of a group that was a member. Then they had a band, and they'd lined up in front of their building. It looked like the lineup was nearly a hundred feet in length of lodge members in the picture of the Odd Fellows, so back in the days when in town there was a lot of teaming going on, there were quite a few Odd Fellows at various times back and forth—probably more so than there were Masons.

Not many Masons?

Well, there are quite a number of graves in that corner. When you get time someday, I'll take you in and you can see it up there in that section. It's marked now. John Fettic, with the Boones, as they prepared the granite slab with the names for the three sections, and John Fettic—living here—he built the rock marker and set the plate of each one of 'em in the section to mark the sections that had been Odd Fellows and Masonic, and then the Genoa section, too, as he referred to it. So he identified what had been the three sections of the cemetery in the early day was all combined that way. And the lodges, which I thought was very good on their part, since they weren't too many interested particularly, they were willing to turn it over to the start of the cemetery association here.

And of course, they got their records that they had of the earlier lots, goin' back in the sixties and seventies, into the eighties. So it made it quite a help that way in tryin' to locate where some of 'em—where there wasn't any marker to follow by. 'Cause they made pretty much standard lots of twenty by twenty feet, and they were laid out and well separated.

And 'course, in the Genoa section, it wasn't quite as well separated, as one adjoined the other that way, as neater rows for cemetery lots. And some of them were varied in sizes.

And then, of course, there're a number of families from the south part of the valley who were buried here, too. Like the Snowshoe Thompson, his wife was a Singleton; Singleton was a Mason and buried in the Masonic section with members of that family. And of course, when he [Snowshoe Thompson] passed on, then he was brought here and buried out in the Genoa section, since he wasn't a Mason. And people often wondered why he was buried here when there were cemeteries closer, but that no doubt explained it, since his wife's folks had relatives buried here in Genoa, so—that's way it always looked to me was the reason why.

Well, that makes sense, I think.

Yeah, I think it does, too, 'cause I can show you there's one of the granite markers of the Singleton family, but there isn't markers of the others. And no doubt the other graves were adjoining the one that exists.

'Course, there's one of the graves up here was the stage driver for the Raycraft by the name of Zirn. My father was on the stage along in 1893 or approximately that time; when he was coming over, coming downhill from Jacks Valley, he got a little too many drinks aboard by then, and foot slipped off the brake and he wound up and fell off the stage. And the stage was full of people, and my father was sittin' up in the front seat, and he managed to grab the reins and then slip over, and got the stage stopped, 'cause the team started on the run that way when the stage started crowding 'em.

So they got down to where the James ranch was at that time, and they turned

around and went back and picked up the stage driver, whose name was Zirn, and took him back up to Abednigo Johns's first place—that's where the cement block building is there in Jacks Valley. And 'course, he was looking not very good; he had a badly broken leg as the stage coach wheels had run over it, broken his leg. And well, they didn't want to move him any farther till they could get a doctor to come and look him over. And Abednigo Johns says, "You can't bring him in the house; he looks like he's liable to die any minute—can't have him die in my house!" So they wound up and got an older mattress from him and laid it on the porch and put him on the mattress, to leave him while they turned the stage around and come back to Genoa, so the Raycrafts could send a doctor back to help him out.

They brought him back and kept him here at the hotel then, and he recovered from the broken leg. And then they had a mining claim out here near Carter's station, and he stayed out and worked on that quite awhile. And there was a stone there; it was kind of mixed with marble in places there. And when he was workin', he had it slide on him, and it killed him, so they used the stone to mark his grave. And the name of Zirn is cut on it. I'll have to show it to you.

It's a square stone that sets, oh, maybe two and a half feet above ground, and probably about two foot square (they squared it up). But it slipped some way when he was working, cutting, drilling, and usin' the wedges that way to break it loose. So it was used for the marker after it wound up and slid on him and killed him.

So there was many an accident years ago.

A LAST LOOK AT DIAMOND VALLEY AND GENOA

In 1909, when your family went north, did they sell the land in Diamond Valley then?

Yeah, they sold the land in Diamond Valley, and started north. See, we had relatives living there. Dad had a sister living near Lewiston, Idaho—she passed on just, oh, a couple of years before—and then my mother also had a brother there in Lewiston, Idaho. And there's another brother along the Salmon River. They went north in 1895, the brothers and Sister of my mother's.

And also speaking of the twin sister that nearly drowned, she later recovered and to show how her memory was, after her and her brother had finished the grammar school there, they took the state examination for teacher and passed it. So it didn't affect her mind [chuckles].

I guess not. Well, I was wondering about the ranch.

It was a little small for things that were larger that way, and then there was the haul

coming out this way. And Dad figured they'd try; they'd heard quite a bit about that country up through there, but they found there was lots of drawbacks, and most of it a long ways from railroad and market in those days. 'Course, that was before trucks came in. And finally we wound up and got back here, and this property was for sale, and so in looking it over, then they'd decided they'd tackle it. Of course it was kind of hesitant on account of goin' in debt \$24,500 on it. But then on the other hand, Frey had thirty-two head of horses, and we had our own with us—eight head—so we didn't need but very few of his. And horses were sellin' at around four hundred dollars for an animal, for a brood mare. In fact, a mare that was lame that way—brood mare—sold for four hundred dollars, and some was higher, so that helped out in payin' off quite a bit of the property right in the early start. Bought cows up at Lake Tahoe, and went into milking and dairy here.

To whom did they sell the land in Diamond Valley?

It was Fritz Luhrs. His wife was a Neddenriep, and Neddenriep really, I think, helped him buy it later. And he didn't stay on it too many years; they finally sold to the Heise family, and it's all cattle pasture through the entire valley now.

One of the women who's working in our library had come across an old plat map of the area along the west fork of the Carson, running through Diamond Valley and down through here. It had no date, and she showed it to me, wondering if I could help her date it. And I noticed that it had Trimmer in Diamond Valley, and I said I would ask you, but I was pretty sure it had to be pre-1909 then.

Yeah, it would be before 1909. 'Course my grandfather's name was Robert, and my father's name was Robert, only my father had the initial A—Robert A. Well, it'd be before 1909. She'll know it wasn't the day before yesterday. [Chuckles]

No, she's sure about that. And she thought it was maybe right around turn of the century.

Yeah, it could've easily been. Did it mention any other ranch names around Diamond Valley? There was probably the Scossa, who used to be Snowshoe Thompson, 'cause they were there a number of years later. And then there was the Ellis family that lived across from us—Johnny Ellis.

Yeah, you see, [Scossa] married the widow eventually of Snowshoe Thompson, and so that is where the Scossa come in. The other Scossa lived here in the south end of the valley on the west side along the road, along the foothills. They were related, the two families, and Joe Scossa was down here in the valley.

And then another property was Dudley, for quite a number of years, in Diamond

Valley. Of course, up in the far north part you run into the Hawkins family. Not the north—I should say the south part of Diamond Valley. Should correct it; north is coming this way, they were the opposite direction. Let's see, I think there was some Neddenriebs—. Yeah, Neddenriep was here in the south end of the valley.

This map didn't extend—I think just into Genoa maybe—and through then down around Woodfords.

Well, I'll help her look.

Unfortunately, it's too big to xerox and can't be removed from the library.

No, no, they can get lost all right, and I don't blame them for tryin' to be a little careful. Come down some time, I may have to come to the library and take a look at it.

* * * * *

Let me ask you a very big question: Genoa, from the time you moved here to now, has changed a lot—.

Yes, well, it was going downhill when we moved here, cause teaming was moved over more to the center of the valley, and then the freight teams were hauling largely from the railroad depot at Minden by 1909, on going out to mines. There was—out there like in Bodie there was some going on in that at various times; it was kinda up and down, depending on the various ore strikes that were made. And so it was off to one side, so we didn't see any large teams coming through here. I've seen them loading, unloading as a youngster before trucks come in there at the depot in Minden, and then going out

to the south along what'd be 395 now. The Masonic was going at various times, out from Bridgeport a few miles. And then Bodie was up and down different times; there's quite a little bit going at different times in Bodie, and the last, I think, was in the thirties in Bodie.

And then, of course, it gradually swing to trucks, although the first trucks were solid rubber tires and the White had chain drive from the transmission to the rear wheels on 'em. And so they didn't travel too many miles in an hour that way; it was all slow speed on those solid rubber tires.

So then Genoa was gradually losin' out, and there's quite a few empty houses over the years. And then, of course, it got down to 1916 when the courthouse moved to Minden, then all the county officials that were livin' here left, and that left a number of more vacant houses. So for quite a while there're quite a number of vacant houses around. And some other people had moved out also at different places.

So the town got to be quite quiet, as you might say, for quite a period of years, and then begin to start building up more in the thirties and later on. A few come here in the later thirties that way when they couldn't find anything to do; they could get a cheaper house here, where they worked out somewhere else. 'Cause like these brick houses Thorrington built, following the 1916, the sheriff was living in it, by the name of Andy Earl. He moved over with the court to Minden, and he sold the house and lot for four hundred dollars. In fact, the man that bought it was named Herman Peterson; he was working at the Schacht ranch, and Schacht let him have the extra money to buy it.

So that was really a low—quite a few years at a low point in price of buildings. And the house adjacent to it, where Mrs. Gray lived, she moved to Carson; she was quite a good Catholic and wanted to be near a Catholic

church. She was gettin' older in years, and her house stood very much empty for quite a number of years, until the Meyer-Kassels purchased it and begin to repair it. And then he did paintings there in the little building they put up in the back in that. In fact, he painted portraits of several of the governors here in Nevada and Utah—I believe some in California, too—over the years.

And one of the pictures he painted was lilacs; we have one of the reproductions in here. He got most of the lilacs out here in the yard—his wife did—for the painting.

We had white lilacs, and there wasn't hardly any others in bloom in town. There are a few other bushes around, but those in here of ours were blooming. And she got white lilacs from here and some of the red and purple lilacs mixture, too, and—was in the painting. So then she gave us one of the duplicates of it! It's hanging up here in the living room.

Has Genoa continued building up since then?

Yeah, since then, yeah, it kept on building. And then they begin to build out away from it, various kinds of subdivisions to the north, kind of back around the cemetery, and then out in the adjoining land on the road here to the north. So there's been quite an increase in size around in —more or less in recent years along in from the sixties on, where some of that like near the cemetery didn't start till long after—in the sixties.

How do you feel about that?

Oh, it's something kinda hard to say. 'Course, there's more people comin' in the area, and I guess there's a lot of places to live. Kind of have to take it as a matter of fact, some of it. 'Course, where they built on brushy ground, it wasn't takin' up good farmland in

those cases; that was one advantage from that. Although I notice a couple of houses out back from the cemetery have been built right in front of the large canyon, and come a heavy cloudburst, they'll be in a very bad position.

Probably the people don't realize what force there is when a large amount of water'll come out, especially from a deep canyon like that is, it goes clear back to the top of the mountain. An alluvial fan built up at the bottom, shows there had been cloudburst there in ancient times past, and something can happen again.

In fact, even this heavy rain last spring that took off snow—there's one of the new houses had quite a wash within a few feet of the house. So they were gettin' a little firsthand information, they could be in a bad place. In fact, I heard one of the neighbors of theirs that was—he's on the historical society board—when the fellow started building, he told him he was building in a bad place right in front of the canyon. "Oh," he said, "the architect—" There's a tree on each side, a nice pine tree, and he told him he should build right between the two trees. And he wasn't lookin' at the canyon behind him! [Chuckles] So he was taking the architect's advice where to build, but the architect, I think, was rather badly informed as to what could happen.

Is it going to change the character of Genoa?

To some extent it did, and more—'course, there's only one small group here that was taken in on the town. The others were outside of the town itself; they haven't enlarged the town that much—the main part of town. There's quite a few of 'em that join in the town activities and that.

'Course, it makes more travel. Because you didn't—used to see very little travel on the road for years, and 'course, now there's quite

a bit more travel. You back out —before you get out on the street, you kind of look up and down to see whether anybody's comin' or not! [Laughs]

Can't do like Dr. Baker used to do in Gardnerville; he'd come out from his home there (he was a veterinarian, by the way, from way back in the teens)—he never got over it; he'd pull out on the road, everybody else had to get out of his way. He was fortunate that he never got struck, 'cause he was gettin' quite old—older, and going to the post office or store, he said he hardly ever glanced either way; he figured the road was his, and the other fellow could look out! [Laughs]

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